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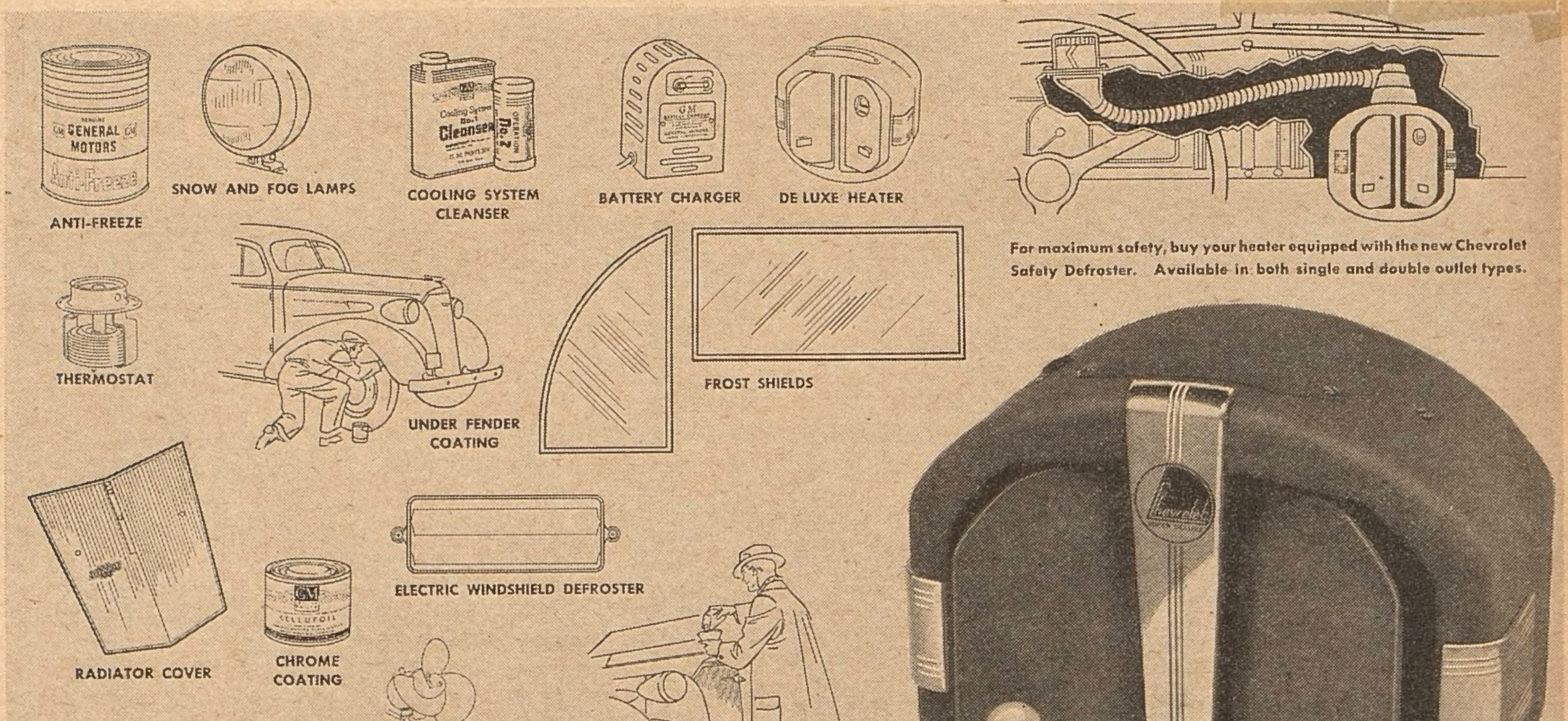
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OCTOBER 23, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Sex

OUT of the darkness of prurient prudery . . . away from the depraved ignorance and the vile imagery often associated with the source of all human life . . . out into the sunshine of uplifting knowledge, bringing intelligent guidance upon this sacred subject—that represents in a small degree the revolutionary changes that this country is now facing.

The heartrending anguish that the race has had to endure . . . the life-destroying horrors that have brought misery to untold millions . . . much of this anguish of mind and weakness of body can now be effaced through our new-found freedom by carefully searching for old physiological truths that are ever new.

Happiness is a great human objective. We all strive for sublime contentment . . . life's complete fulfillment.

Until the recent past, the venereal taint was allowed to run rampant throughout the land, without hindrance. It was a hidden satanic monster that no one could publicly discuss. Its victims were everywhere.

Every human life in the past has paid toll to this gorgon horror. No one can escape this common inheritance. Divorce courts are crowded, due almost entirely to this frightful evil.

We may all thank God on bended knees that at last this devitalizing and destructive influence can now be openly attacked. The benefits that should accrue to the race from this change in public attitude are infinite in character.

And, with the bars down on the subject of sex, masculinity and femininity can now learn what has formerly been termed the inner secrets of virility and vitality which have been a closed book to the general public.

Some determined students have delved into these physiological mysteries and have profited amazingly through their efforts.

Sweetheart days . . . the enticing enchantment of marital experiences—they can be greatly prolonged through the knowledge that is now everywhere available.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

A few marriages have extended the sublime joys of romantic mating, although the nuptial knot in some instances creates a home that at times becomes a devilish inferno. Between these two extremes are innumerable variations.

Sex is the source of all life . . . it cannot be reiterated too frequently, and the subject should be studied intelligently and even reverently. Within its sacred precincts there are possibilities of assistance toward priceless personal development. And if this sublimely important subject can ever be analyzed and understood as thoroughly as many other less important life problems, it will not only bring a broader understanding of ourselves and of humanity in general, but we shall be better balanced human beings, with more poise and with a degree of added strength, vitality, and virility which will indeed help to fill life with fruitful achievements.

Many of us are still chasing after false gods. All women worship at the shrine of beauty. They have acquired the erroneous idea that all feminine attractions are superficial . . . on the outside. Beauty parlors are crowded with patrons.

When the knowledge of sex life is more thoroughly understood the true source of feminine charms will be unearthed, and although beauty parlors will still be popular, the various means of developing the inner forces that are the real source of feminine attractions will be discovered and profitably used!

The puzzling mystery of the enticement of uncomely women for superior men will then be revealed.

And masculinity also will discover the secrets of added powers which will greatly add to their manly characteristics and will insure additional health and happiness to both sexes.

Bernarr Macfadden

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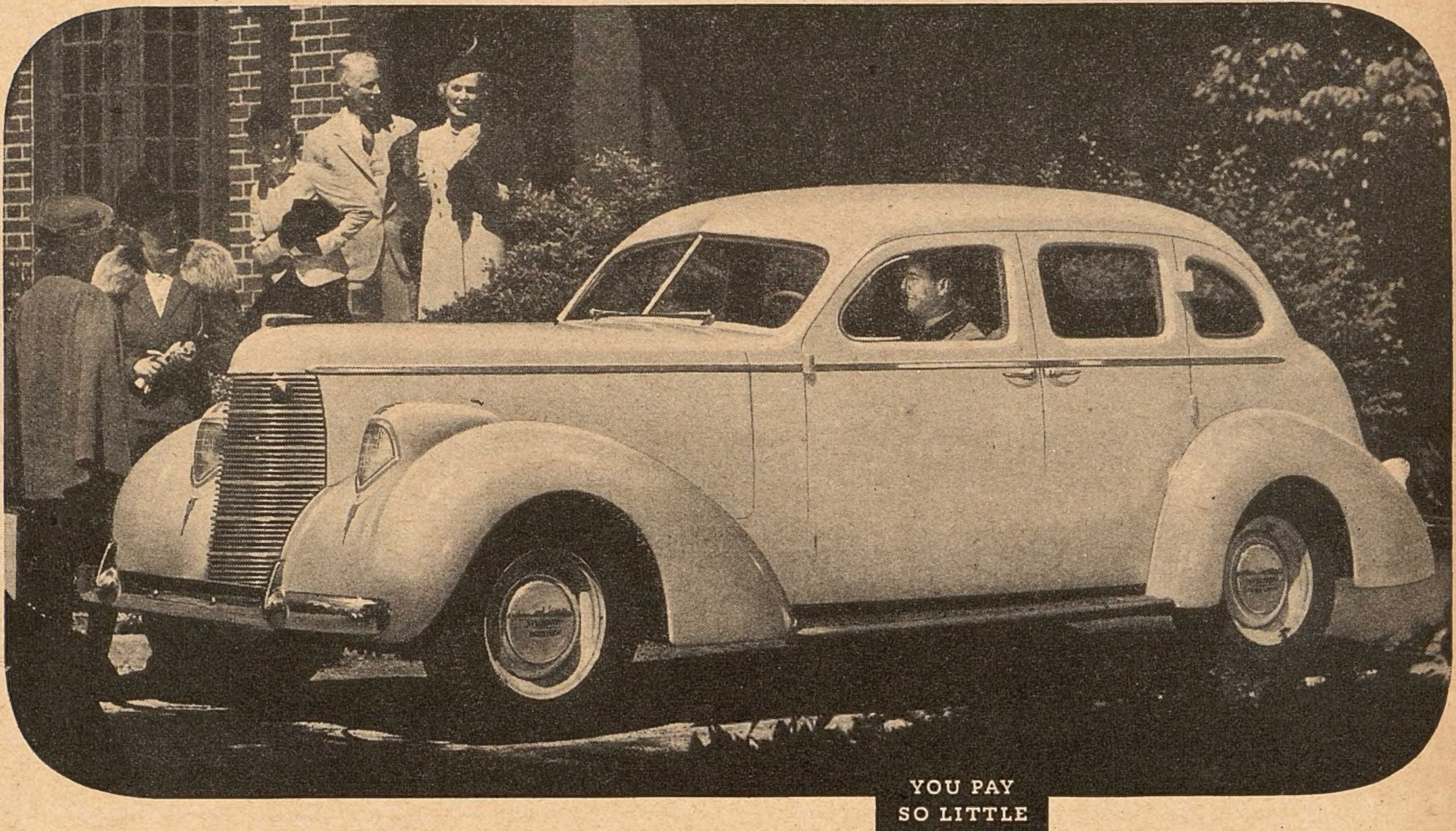

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WILL LABOR SEIZE THE BALANCE

Beginning a brilliant new series—A revealing survey of things to come in the battle of giants that's brewing

BY WILL IRWIN

SOME fifty years ago a riotous little ward heeler cursed with the liquor habit got religion, became an evangelist, and specialized on the evils of strong drink. The prohibition movement in politics, already two generations old, had crystallized into a party and was nominating tickets which invariably took a bad beating. He perceived the reason. The average man, even when convinced that liquor should be abolished by law, would not give up his vote on that issue alone. So this new convert founded the Anti-Saloon League, which never nominated a ticket of its own, to hold the balance of power. Before an election, its representatives interviewed the two candidates and endorsed the one less friendly to John Barleycorn. By this method, from which they never departed by a hair's breadth, they gradually dried up the United States, until by 1920 they accomplished national prohibition.

Fired to imitation by the dramatic result of this method, minor groups have been trying to apply it ever since. None, however, has achieved the startling success of the Anti-Saloon League, perhaps because none other has had the same iron discipline and the same effective nucleus. It is being tried again in 1937; and this time it has those two assets. For in spite of occasional bluffs and outbursts, Labor's Non-Partisan League, political expression of the Committee for Industrial Organization, has no real intention of forming a third party in the United States. Although its outlook and that of the passionate prohibitionists lie as wide apart as the poles, it exists to apply the same effective methods. And as events move on toward the important national election of 1940, it bulks larger and larger.

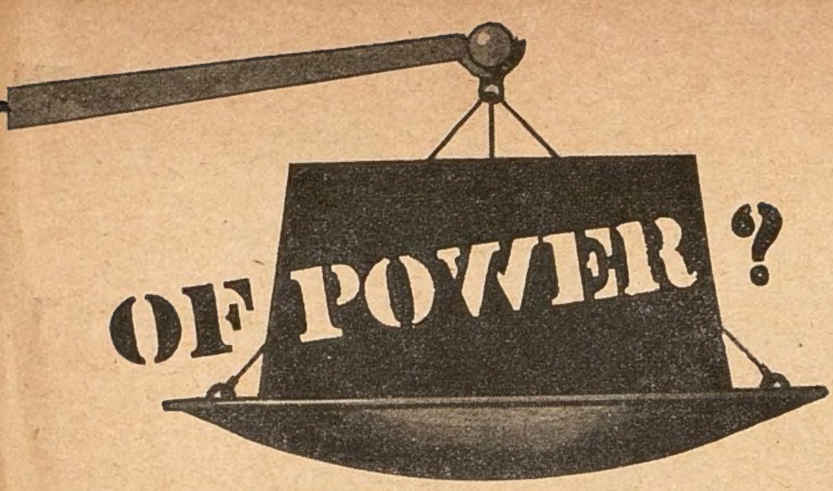
By 1912, politicians with whisky on the breath and a flask in the pistol pocket were shouting from the platform that demon rum was destroying American manhood and must itself be destroyed lest we fall like Rome. And it is not impossible that by 1939, after a few lessons in the by-elections of the previous year, certain politicians who got their start by knocking "subversive forces" will be telling us over the radio that the permanence of the republic depends upon unemployment pensions, limitation of injunctions, hours-and-wages bills, and—who knows?—the higher legality of the sit-down strike.

When, about a year ago, the C. I. O. broke away from the American Federation of Labor, it advanced two obvious reasons: The failure of the older body to emphasize industrial unionism as opposed to craft unionism, and its refusal to enter directly into politics. Leaders of the A. F. of L. insist that the first of these issues was a pretense to screen a struggle for power. Already, they point out, some of their strongest unions, including the rebellious coal miners and clothing workers, proceeded on the industrial plan. But there is no difference of opinion as to the political issue. That was a definite conflict of principles and of strong wills.

Long ago Samuel Gompers, wise and statesmanlike leader of the A. F. of L., surveyed the possibility of an American Labor Party and utterly rejected the idea. To begin with—he asserted—it was impossible to organize labor 100 per cent. Indeed, the older nations, where unionism had gone much further than with us, had never achieved anything like 50 per cent. The labor vote would always stand in the minority. Even in his time, a Farmer-Labor Party existed in the radical Northwest. The farmer is, or wants to be, a small capitalist; any alliance between him and labor, Gompers felt, would not stand the test of years. His Federation established headquarters in Washington, where it maintained a powerful lobby to guard the interests of labor. But he squelched any movement toward either a Labor Party or endorsement of candidates in any party.

In conflict with this set of ideas, John L. Lewis, Sidney Hillman, and Major Berry created Labor's Non-Partisan League at the same moment when ten powerful unions, led by Lewis, broke away from the A. F. of L. Lewis, the fiery man of action, Hillman the philosopher, Berry the politician formed it as the frank expression of labor in politics and the reversal of the Gompers policies. They made no bones about that. The public, thinking, as usual, in conventional terms, saw in it only a new political party—the third party, long prophesied by political messiahs, which would create in this country the natural alignment between Right and Left. But John L. Lewis was the phenomenon of the hour; and the public took it for granted that he would run for President in 1940, either on a labor ticket or on that of a democracy taken over by Labor's Non-Partisan League. This was good ballyhoo, and the management of the League let it ride.

Probably, although not certainly, Lewis, Hillman, and Berry held the same attitude toward the immediate, enthusiastic endorsement which shot forth from the American Communists as soon as Labor's Non-Partisan League announced its own birth. These disturbers, with their low voting power and their high nuisance value, had long before realized the futility of a simon-pure Communist ticket under the emblem of the hammer and sickle. They adopted the policy of the United Front: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em—and run 'em." By this policy, by letting the best minds of the party do its thinking for all the other members, and by discipline like that of a monastic order, our American Communists make up for their insignificant number.



Already they were shouting for that unnatural alliance, a Farmer-Labor Party. Here was a Labor Party ready-made. None of the triumvirate controlling the League could justly be charged with Communism; nor could any of the leading organizers for the C. I. O. Ten years ago Lewis was leading a fight almost murderous in its violence against the Reds in his miners' union; and until 1936, he voted Republican. Hillman, leader for twenty-five years of the workers in men's clothing, has again and again fought the independent Communistic unions of the New York clothing district to a standstill. And Berry, while a labor leader, was also a Democratic politician.

But in politics, slapping a hand which holds out a sheaf of votes runs against the code. Moreover, the Communists are masters of agitation and ballyhoo—the tactics which make the front page. Let them come in—they would add strength in the beginning and the League could squelch them if they should ever reach toward leadership. The A. F. of L. and the National Civic Federation said hard words. The triumvirate, charged with selling out to Moscow, impersonated a dignified silence.

Possibly Major Berry, while he remained second vice-president of the League, cherished some idea of a real party, with county leaders, district leaders, and a national ticket—John L. Lewis for President—in 1940. That would be the instinct of a trained politician. If you believe Washington gossip, there was some friction. But just as it began to throw off sparks, the Governor of Tennessee appointed Berry senator to fill an unexpired term. Eli L. Oliver, who combined experience as a labor leader and as organizer for the Non-Partisan League, stepped into his place as executive manager. Younger than his colleagues, a dynamo of smooth energy and a zealot for labor, he began to apply the policy which Lewis and Hillman probably had in mind from the first. Briefly, it is this:

The League exists solely to get out of government as much as it can for labor. It intends to do that by casting its votes in bulk for candidates of other parties rather than by nominating candidates of its own. For example, the New York branch of the American Labor Party has already endorsed LaGuardia, New Dealer, for mayor of the metropolis; while just across the Hudson River the New Jersey branch is preparing to back Republican candidates against the Hague machine. Almost as a matter of course it will play with the Progressives in Wisconsin and with most of the incumbent Democrats in California.

" Our single object," one of its frankest and most intelligent organizers said to me, " is the interests of labor. We bar no legitimate method. In 1938 you may find us, in four adjoining townships or counties, backing a regularly nominated Republican, a Democrat, and a Socialist, and running our own ticket. But that last would be an exception—a case, for example, where both major parties refused to make concessions to labor."

" Concessions? " I asked. " Such as—"

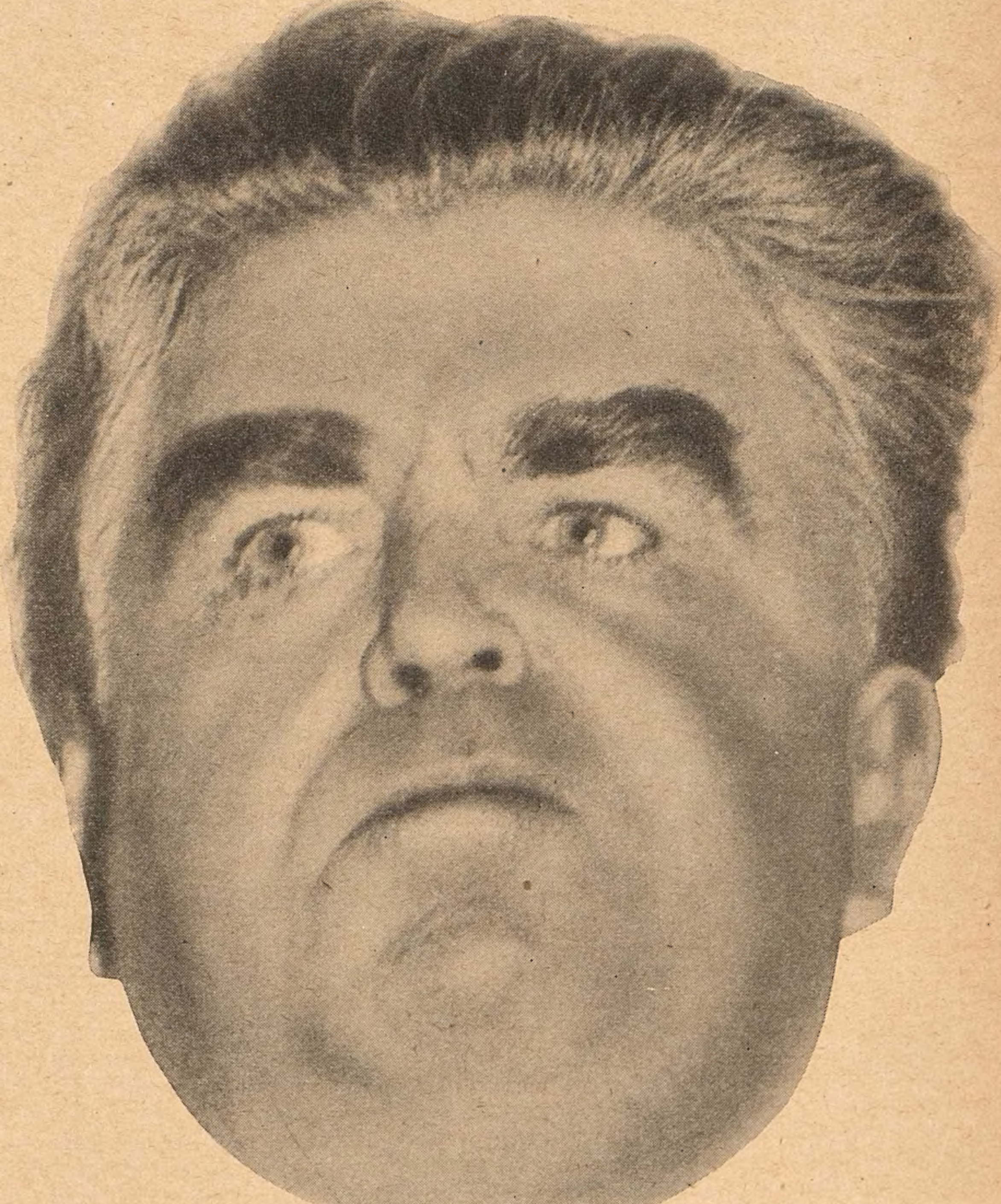
" Oh, endorsing unemployment insurance, for example. Coming out for revision of the injunction laws as applied to strikes. Backing minimum-wage bills. Also, candidates must have good labor records."

" Then all this talk about your own candidate for President—is that moonshine? "

He hesitated before he answered.

" Not necessarily. It's possible but unlikely. Yet in certain special circumstances it might be good tactics. But it would be only a means to an end—another exception to our regular policy."

In this exception may lie the eventual weakness of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Going back to the classic



example of government by balance of power, the Anti-Saloon League passed at the very beginning a self-denying ordinance: It might never put forth a ticket. None of its members might run for office—if one of them did, he signed his own order of expulsion. For those clever clergymen who sat in Columbus with certain churches behind them and the political pulse of the nation beating against their fingertips well knew how personal ambition can sully zeal for a cause. No one ever ran successfully for office without a series of compromises; and there comes a time in any campaign when the average candidate prefers victory to simon-pure principle.

This leads directly to a question discussed much and anxiously at Washington—what are the personal political intentions of John L. Lewis, leader of the C. I. O. and also of Labor's Non-Partisan League?

His closest followers declare that he has none, even though now and then he uses the League for a tactical ruse—as on the recent occasion when he growled at the White House for failing to force the wages-and-hours bill through Congress, and when on the eve of Labor Day, 1937, he hinted to the President that labor might run its own ticket in 1940. Set that down as a bluff—one advantage of the League's broad policy lies in its ability to make such bluffs—and still the question remains. The simon-pure trades-union man regards a leader with ambition for office as a physician regards a "political doctor" whose chief aim is not healing bodies but getting himself elected coroner.

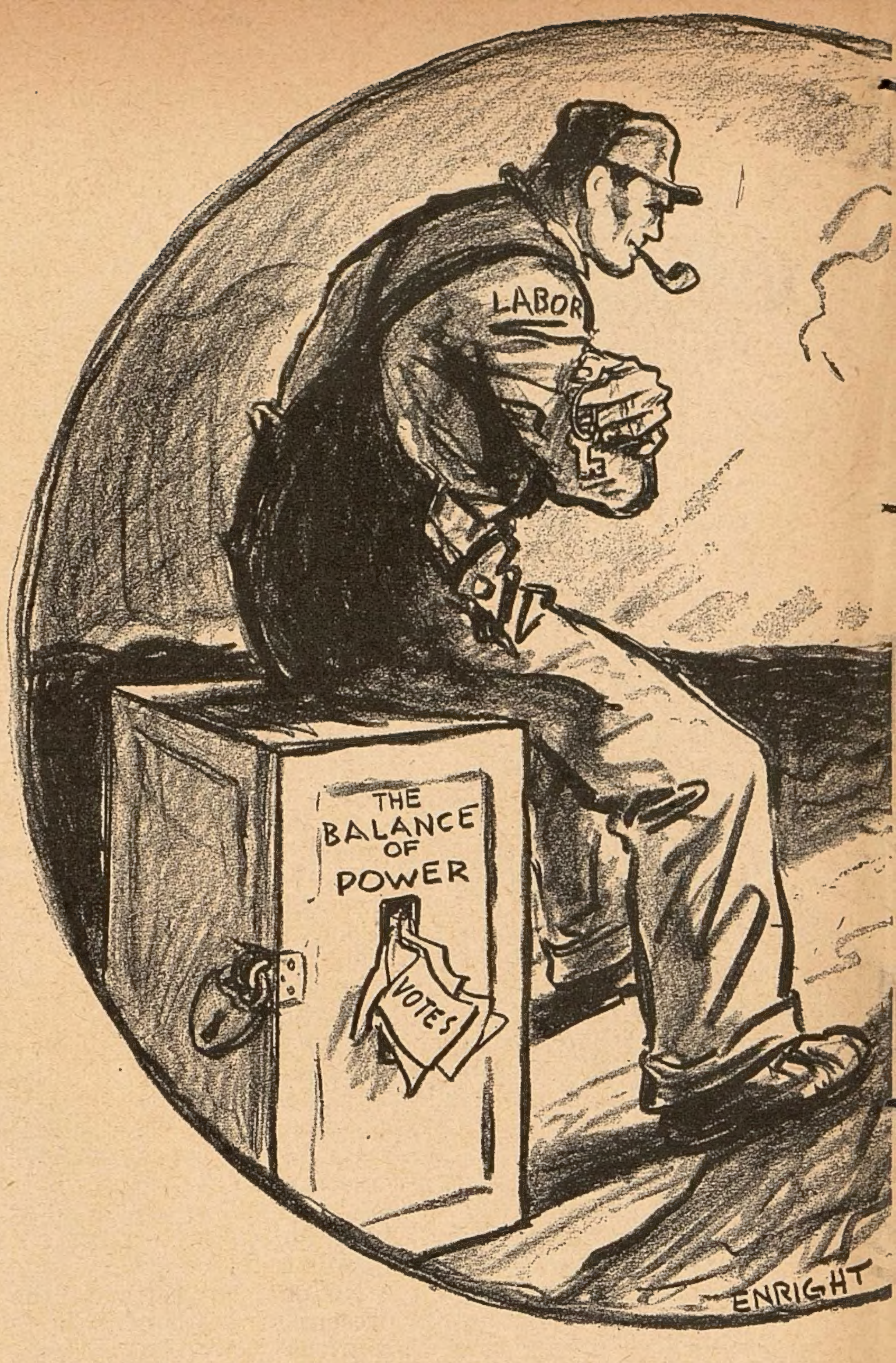
Lewis' intimates say that he works solely for the interest of labor. His opponents, and especially those of the A. F. of L., charge him with a thirst for political power and note that under President Hoover, whom he supported, he was most prominently mentioned—and doubtless not against his will—for Secretary of Labor. His constituents retort that in 1929 his miners' union had sunk to its nadir—only 100,000 members and shrinking at that. At that time he could have done much better for labor in the cabinet than in the coal fields.

It is different now that he has gathered up three million workingmen, infused them with his ideas, imparted to them his crusading zeal, and given them the kind of organization which—they say—will double the power of labor, man for man. He remains primarily the labor leader. His political shifts are entirely consistent with the theory that the interest of labor was always his guiding star. So they say—and Lewis holds his peace.

To make an intelligent guess at his future, it is necessary to consider the unusual and interesting character of Lewis himself. He comes of straight Welsh stock; and certain individuals among the Welsh, rather than among the Irish or the Highland Scots, manifest the extreme of Celtishness—its flashing brilliance, its imagination, its love of a fight, its moodiness, its tendency toward drama. That last quality is strong in Lewis. By instinct, he dramatizes all his works; which is one reason why during the past year he has disputed for front-page space with President Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor.

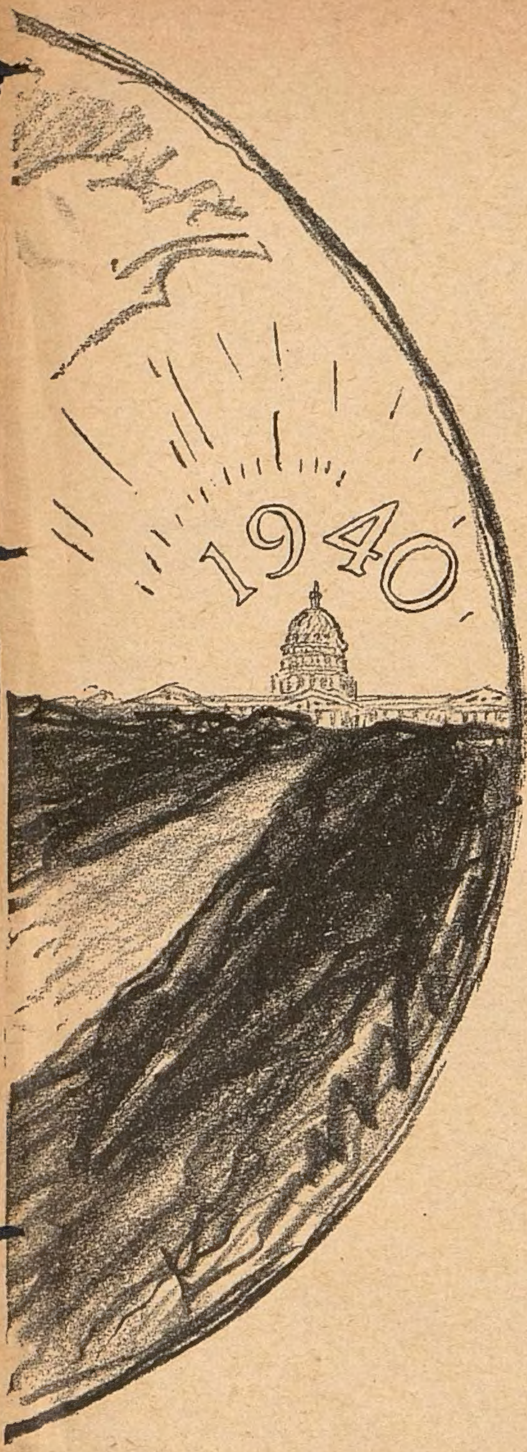
HE'S playing a part," said an A. F. of L. man who, although opposing Lewis with all his might, likes him personally, "and what an actor he is! Say! If he had a different face and figure, he could get three thousand a week at Hollywood!" But his beetling brows, his hard, armor-plated countenance, his thickset figure serve as appropriate make-up for the act he is performing now—the strong, domineering character who walks on the enemies of labor.

Roles of that sort are popular in these days, when the average citizen of all nations has given up trying to think through the complexities of a troubled world and tends to shift his burdens to the shoulders of some Führer or Duce or popular idol with a good radio voice. The strong man who embodies our hopes—let us leave it to him! Lewis has much in him, of course, besides this dramatic quality—brains, decisiveness, the knack of seeing and grasping opportunity, effective oratory tempered with an instinct for the mood of whatever audience he is facing, a high talent for negotiation. He has made his mistakes. That is the price which men of his temperament pay for their flashes of insight. When, as in that same Labor Day speech, he recalls that his miners gave nearly $500,000 to the Democratic campaign fund and expect a return on their money, he does his cause no good. Just so, in the affair of the independent steel companies, he failed to perceive the effect of the sit-down strike on public opinion—and with sad results. But these mistakes leaned toward the side of courage and one doubts if they hurt him in the eyes of his devoted followers.



It is the fashion among the earnest thinkers of Washington, who look for subtle shades of meaning in everything, to say that while Lewis is the front of both the C. I. O. and its political auxiliary, Hillman is its brains and its real directing force. No one who knows him disputes Hillman's intellect or his sterling character. But in politics brains are not the whole show. Make no mistake: Lewis not only heads his organization; he really rules it. His followers and his outstanding opponents all agree on that.

In spite of an exploitation which has made his face and figure almost as well known to the public as that of Roosevelt, Lewis may still be the simple labor leader. This is no guaranty that he will not change. The C. I. O. has yet to adopt a constitution, although it will probably do so at its coming convention. Pending that, he has made most of its decisions, large and small, wielded more



absolute power than any other leader, outside of the Communists, since organized labor began its struggle. He is playing a part, as I have said. And with such dramatic temperament as his, there is always the possibility that the part will come to seem reality—that his own acting will carry him off his feet.

His becoming a dictator to a large element among our laboring men, or a candidate for President of the United States—these are not probabilities but they lie within scope of the possibilities. If Roosevelt loses more ground with the public so that he is unable to dictate the nomination in 1940, if his party goes a trifle further to the left, and if Labor's Non-Partisan League fulfills the hopes of its leaders, the balance of power might so tilt as to drop Lewis into the seat of power in the Democratic Party. On the other hand, if that party grows more conservative, and if the present coolness between Lewis and the White House drops to an icy chill, it is also barely possible that the League may run a hopeless candidate—and Lewis is the only possibility in sight—by way of demonstrating its power.

No one can estimate the present strength of Labor's Non-Partisan League, and still less its future strength. Twice the A. F. of L. has made a mild departure from the Gompers policy toward politics. It gave an endorsement to LaFollette in 1924 and Roosevelt in 1936. In the nature of the Federation, this action was not mandatory; the union man who voted as he pleased incurred no penalty. Probably the triumvirate is working to make membership in the League a condition of membership in a C. I. O. union and to force the rank and file to vote at its dictation.

Lewis declared in September that the C. I. O. had 3,700,000 members in its subsidiary unions. The A. F. of L. announced at the time a membership of 3,600,000 and hinted that the C. I. O. figures were padded. Probably, but not very much, this observer thinks. The great majority of its adherents are citizens. Add in wives, parents, sweethearts, and the sum makes much more than a nucleus. Though the A. F. of L., with a far more stable membership, wholly repudiates the League, the triumvirate seems to expect that many A. F. of L. men will vote with it as individuals. Some, indeed, are working with it as organizers in those states where the C. I. O. is weak—although that may soon be stopped.

Why did the C. I. O. aim its main attack last spring at the automobile industry? Did John L. Lewis and his staff deliberately start the sit-down strike epidemic? How far are they really responsible for going to extremes? Another article by Mr. Irwin, throwing light on these questions, will follow.

Finally, as though making concessions to the Communists, it is trying to pull in the farmers. They have their desires and grievances, of course; especially the tenants and share croppers. Such an analytical thinker as Hillman, such a bundle of political instincts as Lewis, must perceive that trying to yoke American labor and American agriculture permanently is like yoking an ox with a camel. But this temporary alliance may serve to give some strength during the period when the new party is holding a club over the heads of politicians.

Labor's Non-Partisan League has another strength, as yet little perceived. Its backbone is a set of trained, politically minded county and district leaders who have their own machines. The Progressive Party of 1912 failed for lack of such minor leadership. Finding and training such leaders usually takes decades.

Here, this party holds an exceptional advantage. In every state where industrial labor is really an issue, the new party has such noncommissioned officers of the body politic in the local officers of C. I. O. unions; and the union lodges supply their machines, ready-made. These leaders are already politicians of sorts, accustomed to handling men, to making deals, to harmonizing human wills. Changing them into district leaders will be as easy as transforming a second baseman into a shortstop.

ON the other hand, both the C. I. O. and its political auxiliary face at present a dearth of funds to carry out their ambitious plans. Of course the League cannot draw campaign funds from the pockets of millionaires. The money must be squeezed dollar by dollar from the thin purses of workingmen. The C. I. O. has carried on partly through a percentage of the dues paid by members of its subsidiary unions, partly through special assessments. Admittedly, it is running behind the game at present. That leaves small margin for campaign contributions to Labor's Non-Partisan League.

Setting down other adverse factors: The C. I. O. has in its brush with the independent steel companies sustained its first serious check. It has gone ahead just the same, organizing the unorganized. But it may have lost much of its first momentum. Simultaneously the A. F. of L. has for the first time in its history begun to put all its force into the task of organizing new unions. It is quite possible that during the three months following the collapse of the steel strikes it gained more dues-paying members than its young and vigorous rival. And with the return of stable prosperity the country may snap back into the mood of the Coolidge period—a poor atmosphere for the growth of radical unionism.

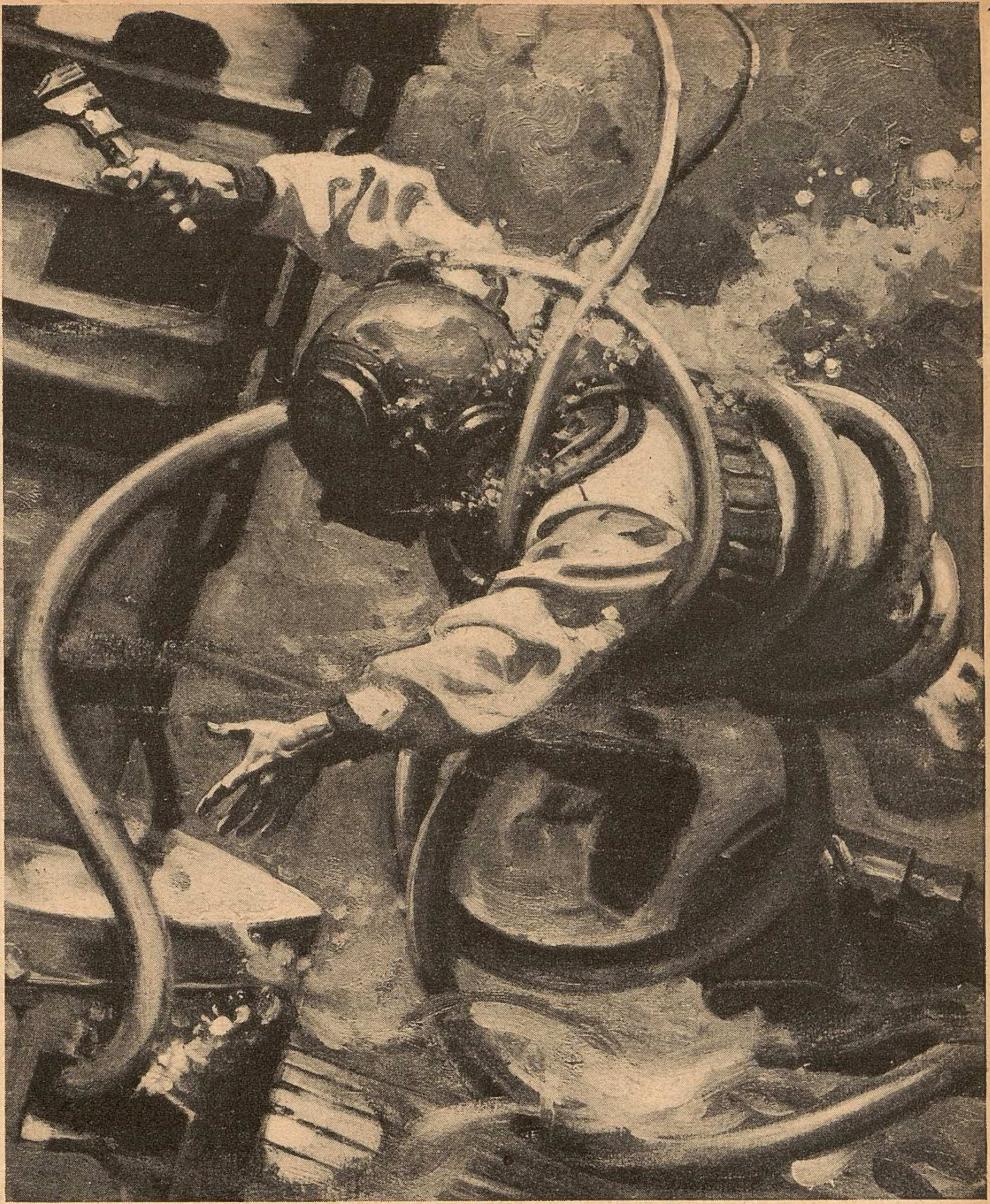
Sapient, informed, and neutral observers of the bitter war between the leaders of the A. F. of L. and those of the C. I. O. refuse to make any prophecies as to the outcome. But none of them expects an early peace. Many believe that the war must go on until one side wins a decisive victory and absorbs the humbled remnants of the other. Some think it possible that they will never amalgamate in our time; but that, after the roaring and name-calling have died down, they will go on peaceably side by side, with the C. I. O. representing the unskilled or semiskilled workers; the A. F. of L. the skilled.

These observers note that the brotherhoods of railway employees have for a generation held apart from the A. F. of L., yet worked in harmony with it. They do not take into account, however, the series of jurisdictional fights which are bound to happen when the C. I. O. starts to organize a factory on the vertical plan and its skilled laborers prefer to remain horizontal. For the trainmen are craft unionists, like the A. F. of L. members, and most C. I. O. unions are something else again.

However, if the C. I. O. maintains even its present strength and zeal into 1940, Labor's Non-Partisan League will introduce into American politics a balance of power which might tip the scales. It has the politicians puzzled and a trifle anxious. This goes for Mr. Farley down to the humblest leader in a city ward.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN



His suddenly increased buoyancy lifted him clear of the deck in spite

LIEUTENANT WILSON unfolded his wireless orders and read them again:

LOAD NECESSARY DIVING GEAR ABOARD U S S RAVEN AND PROCEED WITH ALL POSSIBLE SPEED TO MENHADEN BAY PREPARED TO RESCUE SUBMARINE ES SEVENTY TWO REPORTED DISABLED ON BOTTOM IN TWENTY FATHOMS YOU HAVE FULL AUTHORITY AS SALVAGE OFFICER TO REQUISITION ALL QUALIFIED DIVERS AVAILABLE

He had first read it at Sheila Portling's wedding-anniversary party. He could still recall how she looked, her lips parted in an uncertain little smile, when he almost bumped into her as he came moping around from behind the screen of palms.

"Oh, Ted—you surprised me! I was afraid you wouldn't come." The hand at her throat was crumpling an official-looking envelope. She gave it to him. "Some sort of official order, I suppose," she sighed. "All my parties are broken up with them, it seems."

He took it and quickly thrust his hands behind him. They were not to be trusted, with Sheila in reaching distance.

"Happy, Sheila?"

"Sometimes — quite often, in fact," she admitted with that trick of startling frankness of hers that instantly could throw a man into a panic. "And when I can get Pete away from navy people, just about all the time." She dropped her shoulders as if tired of constantly presenting a defense. "Ted, why can't the rest of you accept Pete's temperament and let it go at that?"

He tried to say it lightly: "First he steals a man's woman — with those silver wings on his uniform, puts the charm on her! . . . Now you ask me to—"

Sheila Portling shook her head. "We talked that all out two years ago, Ted. I liked you—I always will. But you never had a chance. I was fair, wasn't I?"

"Too fair," he grumbled, and then grew angry with himself. "It made me want you harder. It still does. Sorry I said that, Sheila."

An impulsively sympathetic hand touched his sleeve. "I must run and pack for him—Pete received orders too!"

All that had happened hours ago. Wilson had since loaded ten tons of salvage equipment and picked up, by seaplane, his ace deep-sea diver from a cruiser a hundred miles out to sea.

The chart fastened with gummed tape to the bulkhead over his desk indicated that the bottom, at the twenty-fathom depth, of Menhaden Bay was a hard blue clay. About the best that could be hoped for would be to get the men up—all twenty-eight of them—take them out through an escape hatch, and abandon the ES-72 where she lay. *If*—the doubt had been gnawing at Wilson. . . . Even if they were alive—yet—it was a long way down. A hundred and twenty feet.

Wilson closed his mind to the risks ahead and returned to his task of memorizing every valve and watertight compartment door on the ES-72's construction plans.

A moment later Torpedoman Boles, his ace deep-sea diver, entered the compartment without giving the customary knock. Ordinarily taciturn, Boles stood there, his eyes jerking like those of a man just wakened from a nightmare.

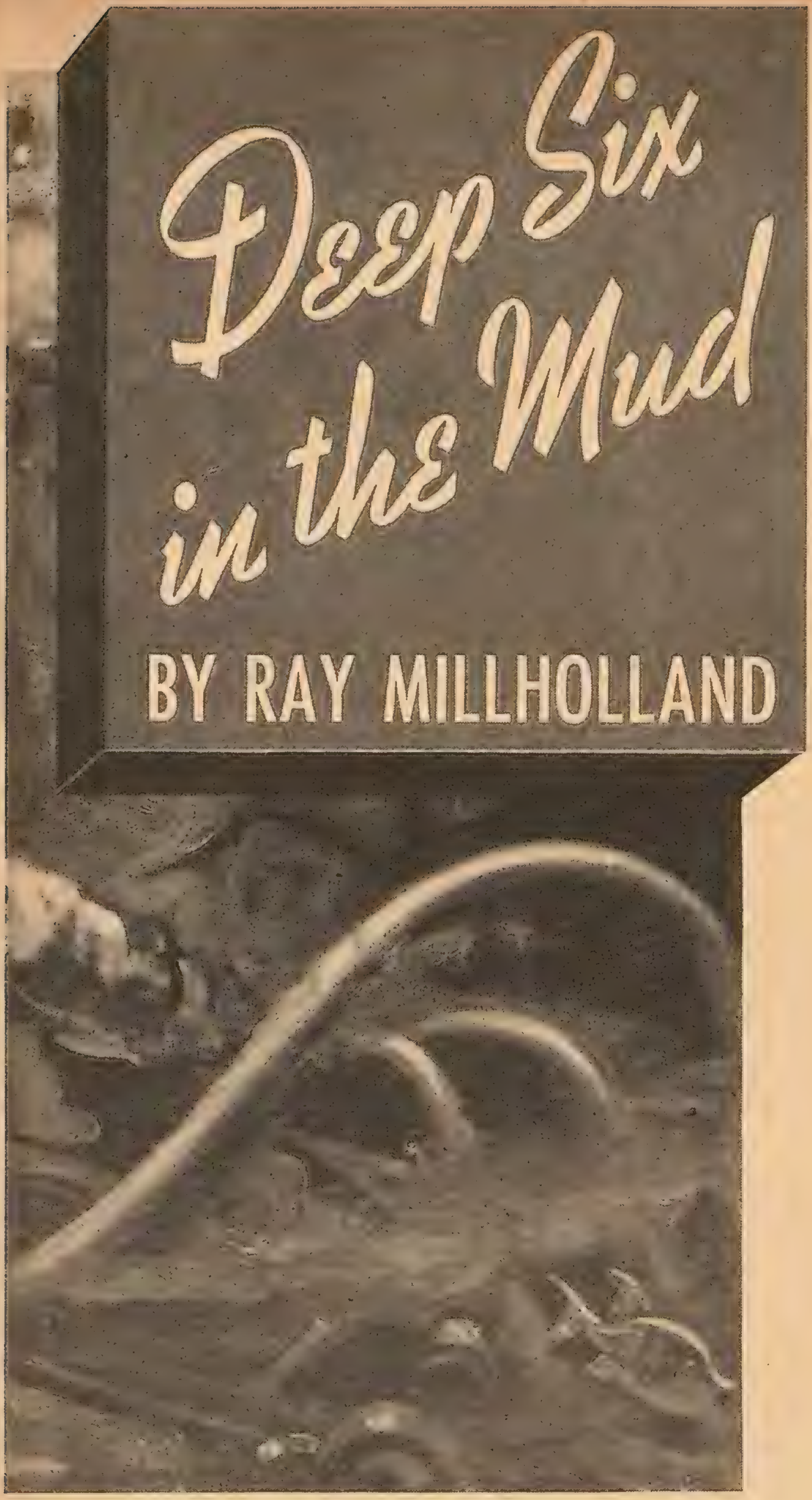
"What's sandpapering your neck?" Wilson asked casually. "Didn't those special tips for the underwater acetylene torch get aboard?"

With a slow movement of his powerful shoulders, Boles

Two men, a woman, peril under the sea . . . An unforgettable

Deep Six in the Mud

BY RAY MILLHOLLAND



of the heavy coils enmeshing his body.

tale of high courage that conquered hate

struggled visibly to master his agitation. "Diving gear all accounted for, sir," he reported. His lips closed twitchingly and he began backing out of the compartment.

"Let's have it, Boles," Wilson encouraged quietly. "Get it all off your chest."

The diver leaned forward, pointing tensely at the chart. "I was born right here, at Spiles Inlet," he said in a creaky whisper. "There ain't a fathom of this water I wouldn't know in a pea-soup fog." A clawing finger traced erratically across a dotted area on the chart that indicated the location of Five Brothers Shoal. His voice rose to a strident yell: "The damn fool has mistaken the white light on the shoals for the red channel light at Spiles Inlet! Ten of my old shipmates are in that sub. In an hour we'll be high and dry—we'll never get there in time!"

Lieutenant Wilson tapped his shoulder and said, "Take it easy, old man. We'll get those men up. Don't worry."

Not until Boles' shuffling footsteps had moved down the port gangway did Wilson's forced smile harden to a frown. . . . He was salvage officer of the rescue expedition, yes. But he had no authority over the navigating of the ship. That was Commander Portling's job.

Nothing in the orders that would justify his interfering. Portling had a nasty reputation for dealing with any fellow officer whom he suspected of encroaching on his authority. Portling—the dirigible expert; soured on the whole navy since a year ago, right after Sheila married him, when he had been assigned for sea duty as commanding officer of a *repair* ship.

Wilson went out on deck. The Raven was snoring along through the night at six knots, the maximum at which the ungainly pontoons astern could be towed. . . . Above the port weather screen of the bridge, Commander Portling's silhouette showed vaguely against the overcast night sky.

"That's Five Brothers Shoal Light, isn't it?" remarked Wilson, loud enough to attract Portling's attention.

"Spiles Inlet Light, Mr. Wilson!" corrected Portling. "A little fog seems to confuse you."

At least the correctness of the ship's course had been challenged. Wilson prodded his man again: "My chart marks Spiles Inlet Light as red." He swung his arm out and pointed toward a faint spark glowing through the fog. "I'll bet twenty that light is *not* red!"

Portling leaned over the navigating-bridge rail. Contempt chilled his reply: "Mr. Wilson, your duties are strictly those of a salvage officer. Am I wrong?"

"Right, Mr. Portling," agreed Wilson, unmasking the irony boiling within him. "It is not my business to put this ship over the spot where the ES-72 went down." He lowered his voice to avoid being overheard by any of the enlisted men on watch. "I'll be back in twenty minutes. You'll have my abject apologies, mister, if that light is not Five Brothers Shoal!"

"Don't trouble," snapped Portling, turning his back. "The bridge is already crowded as it is."

Heartsick, Wilson turned back to his quarters and filled a page of his personal diary with a memorandum of the conversation. If the day ever came when a board of inquiry started sifting evidence to explain why those twenty-eight men in the ES-72 had lost their lives, Portling was going to get the full blame thrown in his teeth. . . . Sullen ass—what Sheila had ever seen in him was a mystery growing deeper every day.

Wilson moved aft, quietly slipping past the open compartment door where Boles and the other divers were getting their diving suits ready. It wouldn't do for Boles to see how shaky his nerves were. . . . So much depended on Boles, because Davis and Andrews, the other two divers, were unknown quantities to Wilson.

He reached the stern and leaned against the steam towing winch, staring into the blackness where the steel towing hawser dipped into the sea.

Suddenly a vague shape on the other side of the winch moved, and the machinist mate standing watch asked, "Any orders, Mr. Wilson?"

"None I can give you."

He lighted a cigarette and puffed furiously until it burned his fingers. The spark of it went arching overboard just as a hoarse warning floated aft from the bow watch:

"*Breakers ahead, sir!*"

Wilson braced himself for the impending shock. Brazen gongs in the engine room boomed for full speed astern. From the bridge he could hear Portling roaring orders to man the searchlights. . . . Already the propellers were thundering in reverse and shaking the whole ship.

"Stand by the winch!" Wilson shouted at the machinist mate. "Take your hawser on the run. Put on all the strain you can. . . . More! More yet!"

"She'll rip out and go overboard!" the machinist yelled back.

Wilson shoved the man aside and opened the throttle to full power. The winch gears groaned, and the increased strain on the hawser bulged the deck plates underfoot. . . . Still the ship hadn't lost her headway—plunging straight for Five Brothers Shoal.

But when the jar came, it was much less than Wilson had feared. The deck heeled slightly to port. The engines raced astern in a futile effort to free the ship's keel from the grip of the shoal. Wilson made his way forward and leaned against the life rail beneath the bridge—grimly waiting.

The engines stopped. "That you, Mr. Wilson?" Portling's voice was tense with anxiety. "Come up on the bridge, please."

Wilson joined Portling at the weather rail—out of earshot of the enlisted men. "Land-born fog, Mr. Portling, has been known to make a white light look almost red—almost," he remarked coldly. "And in two hours, remember, I'll be expected to have divers on the bottom and sending down air to those twenty-eight men. Have you any suggestions as to how I should word my wireless report to explain this delay?"

Portling slumped against the rail. "God, this is awful!" he muttered. "Criminal. I'm going to resign—"

Wilson shook his arm. "Listen, Portling—I hate your guts. But, for—well, a reason you'll never understand, I'm going to see you out of this. That is, if you'll take orders from me. Otherwise—"

Portling's arm—still in Wilson's grip—went slack.

"This is a salvage job. Take charge, Mr. Wilson. The ship is under your orders."

Ground swells gently rocked the Raven on her stranded keel. The tide was nearing low ebb. Wilson worked fast. He brought the two big wrecking pontoons alongside and rigged lifting cables under the Raven's keel.

"Open vents and flood pontoons!" he barked through a megaphone. . . . "Take up slack on the lifting cables."

"Slack all in, sir! Cables secured for a full do!" That was Torpedoman Boles reporting.

"Close vents and blow!" Wilson leaned over the rail and listened to the inrush of compressed air driving the water from the flooded starboard pontoon. He knew the lifting buoyancy of each of his pontoons—sixty tons. Maybe it would be enough to float her. After twenty minutes of blowing, air bubbles boiled up around the pontoons. "Secure sea valves!" He turned to Portling. "Both pontoons on bottom. We'll have to wait for the tide to help lift her, I'm afraid."

"Look—!" Portling whirled Wilson around and pointed to the light buoy over Five Brothers Shoal. "We're afloat! On the bridge, there! Astern on both engines!"

"Not so fast, Portling," snapped out Wilson's cold admonition. "I'm still in command here. Unless your word as a gentleman is no better than your judgment as an officer."

THIS is also for Sheila's sake, I suppose?"

Wilson ignored the tensed fingers that leaped for his throat, and then, instead, were jammed deep into Portling's coat pocket. "I haven't time to debate the matter, Portling," he said quietly. "All I'm interested in is saving twenty-eight lives. And if you can get any satisfaction out of it, the deeper your insufferable pride drags you into this mess the closer your wife will stick to you. She's that kind."

"You're still in command, Mr. Wilson," replied Portling in a monotone, and stalked off to his quarters.

In less than an hour white water again boiled in the Raven's wake. The pontoons lay far astern, riding at anchor where they could be picked up by a tug later.

Wilson turned the bridge over to a junior deck officer and made his way to Portling's quarters. He rapped on the outer door, but got no answer. . . . The door swung back to his touch.

The small compartment was deserted. He crossed the carpeted room and raised a knuckle to rap on Portling's bedroom door.

His hand halted in mid-air. From the bedroom came the familiar jarring click of a navy automatic pistol slide closing on a live cartridge.

Wilson flung his whole weight against the door and burst in. He left the floor in a diving tackle, pinning Portling to his berth while he wrenched away the weapon.

"Still interfering, damn you!" Portling flung at him. "It's my private affair if I choose—"

"Only *half* yours," Wilson reminded him. He ejected the cartridge and removed the magazine, then tossed the pistol on a locker seat. "By the way, we should be anchored over the ES-72 in less than three quarters of an hour. That just about makes up the time we spent aground on Five Brothers Shoal. How about taking over the bridge and letting me inspect diving gear?"

Portling tore a cigarette to shreds, then reached for his cap. "I wonder," he said musingly, "why I can hate your smile, Wilson, without disliking your guts."

Wilson smiled faintly. "Thanks. I'd like nothing better than to serve to retirement with the whole navy still saying that about me. And coming from a man who kept his head when the L-16 was going to pieces in the clouds over his ears, that sounds like a compliment, Portling. Thanks again. Take over command, mister!"

Wilson went aft. He found Boles shoving one leg into his diving suit. "Davis goes down with me for the first dive, Boles. You stand by, dressed and ready."

Boles waved back the two seamen assisting him and leaned against the bulkhead. A chief diver hates to see another enlisted man go over the side ahead of him.

Wilson opened his cigarette case and passed it around. "Smoke up, everybody. Relax the way Boles is doing."

HIS three divers smoked stolidly. Not even the bears—the surface men—indulged in any of their customary wisecracking. They all had shipmates trapped in the ES-72.

"Say, Boles," said Wilson, peeling off his own uniform, "didn't they change the location of the forward emergency air connection last time she was in dock?"

"Was going to but didn't," replied Boles dully. "Connection still under the small hatch just aft of the gun. You gotta stand on your head to get at it. If your exhaust valve ain't working right, your helmet fills with water before you can screw down the air-hose coupling."

"Submarine's distress buoy sighted, sir!" called a messenger from the doorway.

Stripped to the belt, Wilson stepped outside and scanned a flat leaden sea. A small fleet of auxiliary craft were already riding at anchor.

"Where do you want us, Mr. Wilson?"

Wilson glanced up at Portling, looking down at him from the bridge. The man had aged in the last few hours

"I'd anchor with a full scope," he suggested. "Then come astern and moor to the Oriole. Moorings out to those tugs abeam should hold us in position for the first dive."

. . . . .

Wilson sat on a low bench, dressed for diving. A man stood behind him holding his copper helmet. Another sailor slid down a line and fished up the slender cable attached to the distress buoy.

"Open it, Boles," Wilson instructed. "Get at the telephone and ring the sub. Tell them we're on the job. Fresh air coming down as soon as we can make connections."

Expertly, Torpedoman Boles unshipped the watertight cover on the buoy and drew out the emergency telephone. His fingers trembled as he pressed the signal button. Finally he looked at Wilson. "They don't answer, sir. I keep buzzing and buzzing. Guess they're all—"

Wilson broke in quickly: "Look at that dent in the buoy. There's the trouble. One of the ships barging in here last night did that. Circuit wires are broken."

He motioned to his attendant to screw down his helmet. Soon he and Davis, his diving mate, went down. At the ninety-foot level the platform on which they stood halted.

Wilson spoke into his telephone: "Boles, connect me with Davis. . . . Davis, can you understand me? . . . Good. Speak more slowly. The pressure inside your suit makes your voice sound mushy. Don't move after you land on bottom until I come back for you. Grab your guide line now and slide down!"

Wilson slid down his guide rope until his feet struck the hard-clay ocean floor. "On bottom!" he reported through his telephone. "Davis is beside me. Tell him to stand by while I circle to find the sub."

"Davis says he is getting sick," Boles reported back. "Pressure has got him."

Wilson turned just in time to see his companion's knees buckle. "Take him up, Boles! Rush him right into the recompression tank. Give him an hour, working down from fifty-five pounds. Follow Dr. Young's orders."

Davis' slack figure vanished upward past Wilson's face plate. Boles asked: "Shall I come down?"

"No. I'm depending on you to take care of emergencies up there. Send down Andrews. He is to stop where he lands until I come back for him."

Paying out coils of his guide line, the end of which was attached to the diving platform, Wilson moved slowly across the bottom. Through the thick lens of his face plate came an eerie light. Finally a shadow loomed ahead. His hands touched the hard barnacle-incrusted hull of the submarine.

"Sub located!" he yelled into his telephone; and more calmly: "I'm on her forward deck. Send down a heavy line. Don't let it smash into me."

The line came promptly. He knotted it to the sub's gun. "Lower away an air hose," he ordered.

He moved aft toward the conning tower and found the emergency air-connection hatch.

"Your diving time is up, sir," came Boles' warning.

"Just found the air connection. . . . I'm tapping now with my wrench— Boles! I hear code taps! They're alive — yelling for fresh air. Where the hell's that air hose?"

"I sent it down, sir."

Wilson clawed his way back to the gun. Loops of stiff wire-wound air hose lay tangled over it — too much slack. Swearing, without being conscious of it, he dragged free the end.

"You've been down an hour and twenty minutes," came Boles' second warning. "I'm hauling up Andrews. Says he can't stand the pressure."

Andrews! He had forgotten about the other diver sent down to replace Davis. With Andrews to help, the emergency connection would have been made by now.

Still working to connect the air hose to the submarine, Wilson gasped into his telephone: "Damn you, Boles! Stop yanking One at my life line."

"You've been down two hours," warned Boles stubbornly. "Doc says to yank you up."

"One more minute," begged Wilson. "There! Turn on the air."

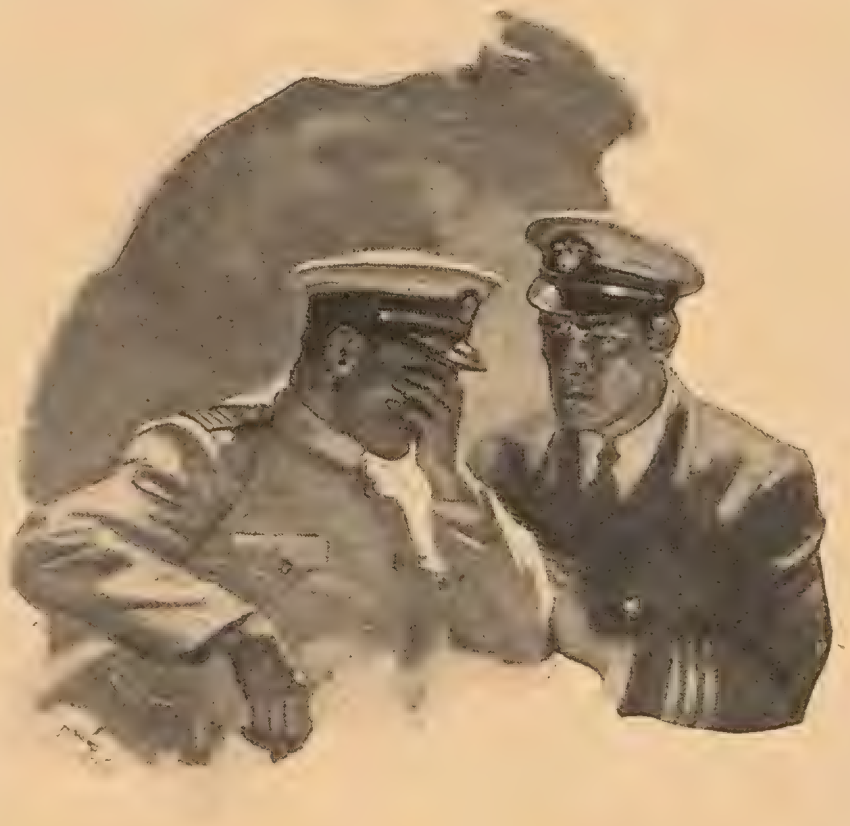
The snarl of air under high pressure rumbled through the heavy wire-wound hose. Then, like an angry sea creature, the stiffened coils slithered off the submarine's gun.

In an instant Wilson was enmeshed—trapped and helpless. "On deck!" he gasped into his telephone. "Send down a man. . . . Can't get free. . . . Stop heaving on my life line! Don't—get—excited. Follow the guide line I rigged from the diving stage."

"Take it easy, sir," came the cool assurance from Boles. "I'll be down and have you loose in no time. . . . Take over the telephone, one of you guys!"

Wilson straightened his legs, to permit them to hang over the side of the submarine so that the water in the lower part of his suit wouldn't rush up into his helmet. Another coil slipped off the gun. . . . Maybe he could squirm out from under. He tried. Instantly his ears roared, his arms shot out.

He was spread-eagled. His exhaust valve had jammed shut, and the relieved pressure had inflated his suit to the rigidity of an automobile tire. His suddenly increased buoyancy lifted him clear of the deck in spite of the heavy coils enmeshing his body.



"Criminal," Portling muttered. "I'm going to resign."

He floated ten feet above the submarine's deck, face down. If he broke free he would shoot upward. Either he would be smashed to pulp against the Raven's steel bottom, or his body cells would explode the moment his diving suit burst open.

"Everything O. K., Mr. Wilson?" questioned an unfamiliar voice in his telephone. Vague background noises were filtering into the surface microphone. Wilson could hear a voice gasp: "Good God! Doc says Boles' leg is broken. Who'll go down for Wilson now?"

Fear—panic—clawed at Wilson's sanity. He dropped his chin closer to the microphone in his own helmet. But, spread-eagled face down as he was, the moment he lowered his chin his nose and mouth became submerged. Water that had leaked into his suit had run to his helmet. Two-way communication with the surface was cut off.

Again that anxious question from the surface: "Everything O. K., Mr. Wilson? Why don't you answer?"

He lay quiet, fighting stubbornly to retain his reason—mumbling to himself fragments of the advice he had given his classes at diving school.

He had lost all track of time when he felt three taps on his helmet. Then a human hand gripped his. Boles, beside him! That stuff he had heard over the telephone was all in his own imagination.

A stout line was being fastened around his waist. Smart—Boles was securing him to the gun mount before untangling the air hose. . . . A hand groped over his helmet again. His pet cock whistled shrilly, relieving the excess pressure inside his suit.

His suit was slack now; he could use his arms freely as he crawled backward from under the tangle of air hose and straightened up. Free! . . . He reached out to find and grip his rescuer's hand. But the other diver was already leading the way back to the diving platform, that now rested on the bottom, waiting to hoist them.

They slid down the side of the submarine, Wilson close behind his man, one arm looped over the guide rope. Halfway back to the platform the diver ahead dropped his hold on the guide rope and wandered off to the left.

Wilson overtook him and grasped him by the belt, pressing his helmet against the other's. . . . The man inside was singing at the top of his lungs—oxygen-drunk, from the quick descent under high air pressure!

Wilson dragged his man to the platform and signaled, "Take us up!" The platform rose to the ninety-foot level and stopped. By a quick grab, Wilson saved his companion from falling off the platform.

He lashed the man to the sling ropes of the platform, pressed his head against the other's helmet, and shouted: "Take it easy! We've got five hours of decompression ahead of us. Can you stand it that long?"

There was no reply; the man was hanging limp in the lashing supporting him. The stage started up, rose to the next ten-foot level, and stopped for another decompression period.

Wilson signaled a frantic "Up!" on his life line. Then a question croaked in his earphones: "What's wrong, Mr. Wilson? We can't get a word out of Mr. Portling—"

"Portling!" . . . Wilson leaned over and stared at the slack figure.

"This is Dr. Young, Mr. Wilson," croaked the telephone again. "I'm worried about Portling. He insisted on going down for you. Had two broken ribs when I made a quick examination. What shape is he in?"

"Out cold," Wilson answered. "He'll be dead soon if you don't get him up."

Dr. Young's voice sounded even more strained than before: "The schedule calls for almost five more hours to bring you up. You know what the bends will do. I'm—I'm trying to decide whether to save your life by bringing you up slowly, or yank you both up on the chance that Portling is still alive. Try and feel his pulse."

Wilson reached out and caught Portling's limp wrist; but his own fingers were numb from long exposure to the cold water.

"Can't tell, doc," he reported into the microphone.

"We're getting ready to hoist," warned Dr. Young. "I'll do the best I can, working on you in the recompression tank to save you, Wilson. But if you say the word I'll have them bring you up slowly. Portling's chances are slimmer than yours."

For a moment Lieutenant Wilson was back at Sheila Portling's wedding-anniversary party—there behind the palms. He could see the heightened color in her cheeks as she stood there, magnificently loyal. . . . "I was fair, wasn't I?"

RAY MILLHOLLAND

joined the army to get in on the last bit of Mexican border excitement, and was discharged in time to join the navy for the World War. Saw eighteen months' service as engineer officer of a subchaser in the war zone. Owns an assortment of medals won in rifle matches.

"Pull us up! Damn you, what are you waiting for?" Wilson yelled into his telephone. . . .

The glare of daylight blinded him. Waiting men stripped off his helmet and suit—tossing gear left and right. He was jerked off his feet and lowered to a stretcher. They rushed him into the recompression tank. Another stretcher slid in beside him. Then the ship's surgeon, Dr. Young, crawled in and shut the airtight door.

Air pressure roared into the recompression tank. The stabbing pains in Wilson's lungs grew duller. Dr. Young leaned over him, blood dripping slowly from the tip of the doctor's nose as he examined Wilson's chest for telltale purple splotches—symptoms of the bends.

"What a pair of lungs!" he exclaimed under his breath as he pulled a blanket over Wilson's heaving chest.

Sleep mastered Wilson—deep, comfortable sleep. It was dark outside when he awoke in the Raven's sick bay. He fumbled for a light switch at the head of his hospital cot and snapped it on.

The figure on the next cot stirred slightly. "What, no flowers for you either?" asked Wilson.

Portling rose on one elbow. A wry grimace twisted his face as he eased the strain off his cracked ribs. "No flowers, Wilson. Sheila won't be wearing black, either. Doc told me, Ted— Why did you pass up the chance?"

Wilson jerked his blanket higher on his shoulder. "Shut up! You married guys make me sick!"

The ship's surgeon shoved his head in the door and snapped: "Stop annoying a sick man, Wilson, you indestructible ox!" He came in and jammed a stethoscope against Wilson's chest, and grunted triumphantly. "Grab your fig leaves if you want to see the ES-72 break water. She's about due."

WILSON dressed hurriedly and went on deck. The ship was illuminated by strings of electric lights. Over the side hung the heavy wire-wound air hose leading down to the submarine. Torpedoman Boles was sitting on a bench with his broken leg in splints resting on a soapbox. He was speaking into the submarine's telephone:

"We're hauled clear and standing by. Come up for air, you fellows in the ES-72!"

Wilson tapped Boles on the shoulder. "Got the phone working, eh? Good! I'll take over. Fine work, Boles!"

Boles grinned as he passed over the telephone. "Help yourself, sir! This is one time I get a grandstand seat without having to work at it!"

"How did it happen?" Wilson asked, glancing at Boles' leg in splints.

"My own damn fault," growled Boles. "Lost my head when I got the word you was in a jam below. Making a dive for my suit, I tripped over a loose coil of life line—"

"Topside, there!" The commander of the submarine snapped Wilson's attention back to the job. "I'm in trim and ready to try my motors. Pull your left ear for luck, will you?"

Wilson jerked the submarine's telephone away from his mouth and yelled aft: "Stand by to pay out air hose on the run!"

Then through his earphones he heard: "There is a slight movement in our hull. . . . Stern rising fast. . . . We're clear! Flooding stern tanks for trim—"

That was the last word before the uprush of the submarine snapped the telephone cable. Wilson gripped the rail and waited. . . . One—two—three minutes.

"She broaches!" came a wild yell from Boles.

A searchlight beam swept astern, illuminating a cloud of spray settling back on the water. Then the large block letters "ES-72" glistened on the dripping side of a conning tower. Every siren and whistle of the rescue fleet tore loose.

Wilson was still standing by the rail when the low hull of the ES-72 slid alongside under her own power.

"Ahoy, the Raven!" came a call from the submarine's chariot bridge. "We've got fifty fathoms of air hose to sell. Want to buy it?"

Lines thumped on the Raven's deck. Lieutenant Commander Jameson, skipper of the submarine, climbed over the rail and took Wilson's extended hand.

"ANY other little thing we can do for you lobsters, mister?" asked Wilson.

"Well," drawled Jameson, "you might break out your ship's cook and start frying a mess of onions for my crew. The boys have been griping two days because I wouldn't allow the smell of 'em turned loose down there."

Wilson slid his hand under the submarine commander's arm. "Let's drop in on the skipper. Portling has set up a temporary base here in the sick bay. After you, mister—"

Jameson hesitated. "Listen, old man. I could use a stiff drink before I see Portling. Rotten time for personalities, but I can't thank him for his part of the show when I'm cold sober."

"In you go!" insisted Wilson, giving his guest a shove. He winked at the pharmacist's mate on watch in the sick bay. "Medical aid for a survivor, sailor! Make it three fingers in a bell buoy for shock—three more for exposure—three for— Oh, bring in the whole bottle; I need a stiff hooker myself!" He nodded at Commander Portling, propped up in his cot. "Mr. Jameson, there lies the man who rescued your meat from the crabs!"

Portling's eyes snapped sparks. "That's a triple-expansion lie, Jameson. Say, if it hadn't been for—"

"If it hadn't been for Portling," remarked Wilson, serenely finishing the sentence, "I'd be dead mutton right now. And your tin cigar would still be down there—deep six in the mud! Portling made the first dive of his life to rescue me—"

Portling reached out and yanked at Jameson's sleeve. "I got down to him, Bill; yes. Deflated his suit. . . . Then I conked out like a jellyfish and he had to lug me out of trouble!"

Jameson eyed them. "If neither of you shellbacks will assume the doubtful credit for saving the old ES-72, some walrus down in Washington will grab a vote of thanks from Congress for it! . . . Pete, I roomed with you at the Academy. I know you. When the hell will you get over being afraid people will like you? This time you're not bluffing anybody—shake!"

"Tell it to the marines," grumbled Portling, making a halfhearted attempt to release his trapped hand.

Lieutenant Commander Jameson shrugged and winked at Wilson. "An old grouch like this swipes the prettiest woman in the world right out from under the noses of the navy's two handsomest bachelors! No justice!"

Wilson found himself laughing—laughing at his other self that he had left down there, deep six in the mud.

Just then the pharmacist's mate entered with a surgery tray and a tightly corked bottle flanked by four glasses.

"Dr. Young has the corkscrew," explained the sailor, with an apologetic grin. "He says he'll be right in to—er—measure the doses himself."

THE END

THIRD TERM FAVORED IN LIBERTY'S NATIONAL POLL

2,511 newspaper editors disclose an astonishingly widespread belief that F. D. R.'s successor will be—Roosevelt!

BY DON WHARTON

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WITH the Era of Good Feeling, so confidently expected at the beginning of the President's second term, lost somewhere in the political shuffle of the first year, millions of Americans are anxiously wondering what will happen in 1940.

Who, they ask, will be Roosevelt's successor?

What will the election bring?

Liberty placed these questions before the editors of every newspaper in the United States and received answers from 2,511. The sources of political information of these men and women surpass those of any other group in the country. And here, in brief, is what they think:

1. Roosevelt's most probable successor is Roosevelt himself.
2. The present political trend indicates that 1940 will be another Democratic year, whether or not Roosevelt is renominated.
3. If the Republicans should return to power it will be under the leadership of Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan.

The first question in the poll: "Who do you think will succeed Mr. Roosevelt in 1941?" produced replies from 1,033 editors. They present forty-nine favorites from twenty-six states. Twenty-eight of the men named to win are Democrats, sixteen are Republicans, three are Progressives, and two are independent. But of the forty-nine, only five have what could be termed a nation-wide backing, i. e., are named by as many editors as there are states. These five, with the number of votes forecasting their success, are:

President Roosevelt	342
Senator Vandenberg of Michigan	152
Governor Earle of Pennsylvania	119
Postmaster General Farley	93
Secretary of Agriculture Wallace	81

The poll may be wrong in some details. But, with more than 2,500 men and women sitting in more than 2,000 towns and cities in every state in the Union, and writing in confidence and without axes to grind, it must at least show which way the wind is blowing.

This same group has an astonishing record for being right in the three other polls that Liberty has addressed to them. In the first, taken in 1934, they forecast the sweeping Roosevelt victories in the mid-term Congressional elections that fall. In the second, published in 1935, eight months before the Cleveland convention, they indicated that the Republican nominee for President would be one of five men: Knox, Borah, Hoover, Vandenberg, or Landon. In the third poll, in 1936, they predicted that Roosevelt would defeat Landon and that the Democratic Party would retain heavy majorities in Congress.

Wishful thinking has no part in the replies received. The fact that these editors are reporting what they expect to happen rather than what they want to happen is supported by hundreds of their letters. But there is even better evidence of their objectivity. On the question, "Does the present trend indicate that 1940 will be a Democratic or a Republican year?" the answers show 982 editors reporting Democratic and 526 Republican. But when we examine the replies to the next question: "Whom did your paper support in 1936?"—we find 909 on the Democratic side and 1,089 on the Republican. So, for every 100 Democratic papers, 108 editors think the trend is Democratic, while for every 100 Republican papers, only 48 editors think the trend is Republican.

That ratio of 108 to 48 is significant. It proves not only objectivity, but, in the light of the figures in Liberty's 1936 poll, it shows that the editors are even more certain now of a Democratic trend than they were a year ago. Of course, the trend may change. But until 1938 brings the barometer-like Congressional elections, we may as well examine what else the poll foretells.

We have already said that the only men who received nation-wide backing as possible successors to Mr. Roosevelt are the President himself, Senator Vandenberg, Governor Earle, Postmaster General Farley, and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

After Wallace the list takes a precipitous drop. John L. Lewis is in sixth place with only forty editors predicting his entrance into the White House. Governor Murphy of Michigan is next with twenty-five. Former Governor McNutt of Indiana has twenty-four and Vice-President Garner eighteen. Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky is next with seventeen—the same vote given Senator Clark of Missouri.

Only nine editors see any future for Governor Landon, and only six expect Hoover to come back. Frank Knox and John Hamilton are placed on a par with William Lemke and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge II, the newcomer from Massachusetts.

It is noteworthy that the first eleven men have nine tenths of the editors' support. But more noteworthy is

Here are the six men who, in the order named, received the largest number of votes in Liberty's national poll as probable occupants of the White House after January 1, 1941: 1. Franklin D. Roosevelt. 2. Arthur H. Vandenberg. 3. George H. Earle. 4. James A. Farley. 5. Henry A. Wallace. 6. John L. Lewis.

the fact that three fourths of the support is concentrated on the first five and that Roosevelt alone is given a third of the grand total. Despite the long-discussed American tradition against a third term, he has far more support than Earle and Vandenberg combined.

Senator Vandenberg leads the Republicans as impressively as Roosevelt leads the field. He is the only Republican in the first eleven. He has four times the support given all the other Republicans put together, and seventeen times as much as accorded Alf Landon, his nearest G. O. P. competitor. If the editors are correct in their estimate of Vandenberg's strength, he is the *de facto* leader of the Republican Party. In reference to 1940 he holds the same position Al Smith held a few years before 1928 and Franklin Roosevelt held a few years before 1932.

This fact becomes even more apparent as we turn to the answers to the second question. The editors were asked, " What six men do you think have the best chances? " Here they put Vandenberg ahead of Roosevelt himself, lining up their favorite six as follows:

Senator Vandenberg	495
President Roosevelt	471
Governor Earle	454
Postmaster General Farley	373
Secretary Wallace	345
Governor Murphy	243

At first glance it might be thought that the figures above indicate a Republican victory, with Vandenberg as the party leader. But it must be borne in mind that Vandenberg's 495 votes—Republican—are arrayed against a total of 1,886 for the Democrats—Roosevelt, Earle, Farley, Wallace, and Murphy.

These, then, are the six men who, according to the editors, have the best chances of occupying the White House after 1940. John L. Lewis is in seventh place and after him come Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Senator Barkley, Paul McNutt, John Garner, and Senator Clark. Senator Vandenberg is the only Republican among these first twelve. He has more than five times the support accorded either Landon or Hoover, who are rated sixteenth and eighteenth among a field that includes 137 men and one woman—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. In fact, the replies to this question, on top of those to Question No. 1, reveal that the one-time Michigan publisher is the only Republican contender whom the newspapermen take seriously. But they don't think that Vandenberg will succeed Roosevelt; for, as has been shown, they don't think 1940 will be a Republican year.

The third question, however, throws significant light on the matter of Roosevelt succeeding himself. Split into three parts, it was asked and answered as follows:

Question	*Yes*	*No*
Do you think Mr. Roosevelt will		
seek a third nomination?	830	1,089
get a third nomination?	614	1,095
get a third term?	342	1,444

On first glance these figures might seem to contradict the answers to Questions 1 and 2—which reveal the newspaper belief that Roosevelt's most probable successor is Roosevelt himself. Actually there is no contradiction at all. The newspapermen think Roosevelt has a better chance of succeeding himself than *any other one man.* But they do not believe his chances alone equal the chances of all the other men lumped together. The newspapermen put Roosevelt ahead of any other one man; they give him, in fact, more support than they give the next two highest combined. But, being realistic newspapermen, they refuse to rate his chances above that of all the others combined. In race-track terminology, the news-

	Party	Home State	Editors Picking as Probable Successors	Editors Picking as One of First Six
Franklin D. Roosevelt	D.	N. Y.	342	471
Arthur Vandenberg	R.	Mich.	152	495
George H. Earle	D.	Pa.	119	454
James A. Farley	D.	N. Y.	93	373
Henry A. Wallace	D.	Iowa	81	345
John L. Lewis		Pa.	40	223
Frank Murphy	D.	Mich.	25	243
Paul V. McNutt	D.	Ind.	24	120
John N. Garner	D.	Texas	18	116
Alben W. Barkley	D.	Ky.	17	140
Bennett C. Clark	D.	Mo.	17	109
Herbert H. Lehman	D.	N. Y.	12	84
Jesse Jones	D.	Texas	10	47
Harry F. Byrd	D.	Va.	9	98
Cordell Hull	D.	Tenn.	9	89
Alfred M. Landon	R.	Kan.	9	83
Burton K. Wheeler	D.	Mont.	8	178
Herbert Hoover	R.	Calif.	6	81
Fiorello LaGuardia	R.	N. Y.	5	53
Robert LaFollette	P.	Wis.	4	40
William E. Borah	R.	Idaho	3	50
Hamilton Fish	R.	N. Y.	3	48
Alfred E. Smith	D.	N. Y.	3	19
James Roosevelt	D.	Mass.	3	10
Martin L. Davey	D.	Ohio	2	45
Philip LaFollette	P.	Wis.	2	18
Joseph F. Guffey	D.	Pa.	2	13
James Wadsworth	R.	N. Y.	2	13
Edward R. Burke	D.	Neb.	2	11
Gerald P. Nye	R.	N. D.	2	11
Pat Harrison	D.	Miss.	1	52
Robert Wagner*	D.	N. Y.	1	51
Frank Knox	R.	Ill.	1	44
Charles McNary	R.	Ore.	1	40
Henry Cabot Lodge	R.	Mass.	1	23
Royal S. Copeland	D.	N. Y.	1	20
George W. Norris	I.	Neb.	1	17
Charles Taft	R.	Ohio	1	15
Henry S. Bridges	R.	N. H.	1	14
Glenn Frank	R.	Wis.	1	13
Hugh Johnson	D.	N. Y.	1	10
Vic Donahey	D.	Ohio	1	10
Harry Moore	D.	N. J.	1	9
Josiah W. Bailey	D.	N. C.	1	8
John D. M. Hamilton	R.	Kan.	1	4
R. L. Cochran	D.	Neb.	1	3
Matthew M. Neely	D.	W. Va.	1	3
S. Davis Wilson	R.	Pa.	1	2
William Lemke	I.	N. D.	1	1
Carter Glass	D.	Va.	0	27
Ogden Mills	R.	N. Y.	0	27
Harold L. Ickes	D.	Ill.	0	21
Harry Hopkins	D.	Ill.	0	19
M. C. Townsend	D.	Ind.	0	19
Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.	R.	N. Y.	0	17
Sherman Minton	D.	Ind.	0	11
James Byrnes	D.	S. C.	0	10
John H. Bankhead	D.	Ala.	0	10

SCATTERING: James V. Allred, Henry F. Ashurst, John Bennett, Hugo Black, Fred H. Brown, W. Warren Barbour, Theodore G. Bilbo, Homer T. Bone, Gordon Browning, George Berry, Homer Cummings, Benj. N. Cardozo, Arthur Capper, Tom Connally, Josephus Daniels, Lewis Douglas, L. J. Dickinson, F. Ryan Duffy, C. C. Dill, Walter Edge, Joseph Ely, Marriner S. Eccles, Henry Ford, Walter F. George, Frank Gannett, O. Max Gardner, Tom M. Girdler, Clyde L. Herring, J. Edgar Hoover, Henry Horner, Patrick Hurley, Charles E. Hughes, Guy T. Helvering, Harold G. Hoffman, Robert H. Jackson, Hiram Johnson, N. G. Kraskell, J. Ham Lewis, Charles Lindbergh, Walter Lippmann, Marvel M. Logan, George McGill, William G. McAdoo, Pat McCarran, Hanford MacNider, J. R. McCarl, Maury Maverick. Frank F. Merriam, Sherman Minton, William Murray, Henry Morgenthau, Harry W. Nice, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Gifford Pinchot, Key Pittman, Wright Patman, Claude Pepper, Stanley Reed, Owen J. Roberts, Eleanor Roosevelt, Donald Richberg, Sam Rayburn, Lloyd C. Stark, Bertrand H. Snell, Frederick Steiwer, Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Henrik Shipstead, Eugene Talmadge, Elmer Thomas, Millard E. Tydings, Frederick Van Nuys, Rexford Tugwell, Harry Woodring, David Walsh, John G. Winant, Grover Whalen, Owen D. Young.

* Not eligible because born in Germany.

papermen declare Roosevelt the favorite but they believe there are greater chances of the winner coming from the field.

But if Roosevelt is thrown out on account of that tradition and Vandenberg on account of the newspaper consensus that 1940 will be a Democratic year—then who is next? The editors say Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania. One hundred and nineteen editors pick him as Roosevelt's successor and 454 place him in their Big Six list. Considering that the Democratic support is split so many ways, this is an impressive backing for one man. It is 25 per cent more than Farley's and some 40 per cent more than Wallace's. Moreover Earle is miles ahead of the nation's thirty-seven other Democratic governors. Frank Murphy and Herbert Lehman are the only ones in shooting distance of him, and they are back in seventh and twelfth places.

Considering the Democratic tradition of nominating governors for President (Cleveland of New York in 1884, 1888, 1892; Wilson of New Jersey in 1912 and 1916; Cox of Ohio in 1920; Smith of New York in 1928; and Roosevelt of New York in 1932 and 1936)—considering that almost unbroken line, George Earle's long lead may be quite significant. His partisans doubtless take comfort in the fact that of his two nearest gubernatorial rivals one is a Catholic and the other a Jew. But there are two facts that are disturbing to the Earle men. One is that he came into political activity by contributions to the Democratic war chest totaling $180,000; the other, that he will pass out unless he can get himself elected to the Senate next fall. For his governor's term expires at the end of January, 1939, and Pennsylvania's constitution prevents him from succeeding himself.

Secretary Wallace and Postmaster General Farley are the only Democrats whom the newspapermen put in the class with Earle. Going behind the statistics, we find that Farley is feared by the Republicans, while Wallace is favored by the Democrats. Between them, they get more support than the total amassed by their eight fellow cabinet members plus that given to the Brain Trusters and the leading Democratic senators.

While Farley and Wallace are in fourth and fifth places, Secretary of State Hull is in fifteenth and Secretary of Interior Ickes in fifty-second. Attorney General Cummings, Secretary of War Woodring, and Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau are all among the scatterings. Secretaries Swanson, Roper, and Perkins have no backing at all.

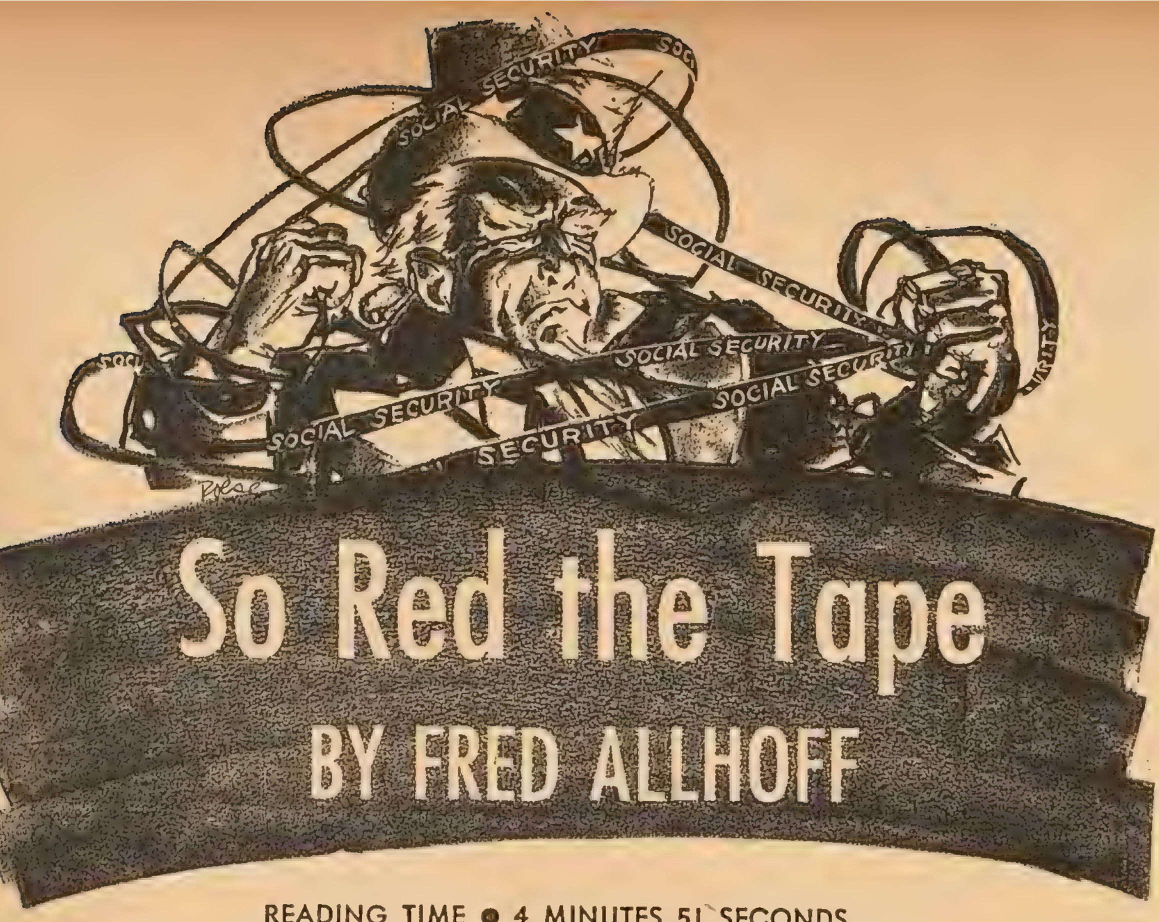
The newspaper editors were also asked for information concerning a third party. More than three out of four are convinced that a third party will not be a decisive factor in 1940. The general impression is that the battle will be fought between the Republican and Democratic parties representing conservative and New Deal interests. The editors believe that labor will play about the same part in 1940 that it played in 1936—possibly a little larger part. Many expect Roosevelt and the New Deal to need Lewis and the C. I. O. more than in 1936. But in the editors' minds there seems to be little if any doubt that the Democratic candidate will be named by Roosevelt and supported by Lewis.

The editors are more agreed on the question of a third party's minor role than on anything else. After that comes the belief in a Democratic trend. It prevails in every section save the North Atlantic, and even there the Republican margin is narrow. The line-up follows:

Section	*Democratic* Trend	*Republican* Trend
New England	27	18
North Atlantic	64	66
Border	173	49
Southern	220	40
Great Lakes	132	127
Prairies	155	125
Rocky Mountains	108	60
Pacific Coast	103	41
Total	982	526

That is the vote, but everything is so solidly Democratic in the Southern states that it is advisable to test the poll by omitting votes from that section. When we do that we find that 762 of the editors say Democratic, while 486 say Republican. And when we examine the non-Southern editors to see whom they backed in the last election, we find that 729 were for Roosevelt and 984 for Landon. So with the South out of the picture we find this situation: for every 100 Democratic papers 101 editors expect 1940 to be a Democratic year, while for every 100 Republican papers only 48 editors expect it to be a Republican year. These editors are basing their conclusion on the present trend. But this conclusion is probably the most significant revelation of Liberty's fourth annual political poll.

THE END



So Red the Tape

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

WE Americans are a funny lot, at that. We like to make laws. If they are very complicated, so that practically no one understands them, we are convinced that they must be good laws. If they don't work, we make more laws and hope that the new ones will make the old ones work. After a while we are so tangled up that we forget what it was we set out to do in the first place.

I visited a friend of mine the other day. He's a small business man—an apartment broker. He has four men working for him. He was all alone. He seemed pretty mad. He would write a lot of figures on a piece of paper and add them up. Then he'd divide them by something. Then he'd throw the paper away and do it all over.

" What's the matter? " I asked.

" It's this damned Social Security," he said.

" I was under the impression that Social Security was a pretty fine . . ."

" Who said it wasn't? " he snapped. " It is a great thing. But not the way we've got it. It's so tied up in red tape that I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

He waved a printed form at me. " Ever try to figure out one of these? " I shook my head. " You're lucky. I have to fill one out every month. Then I've got to file quarterly returns. They're all as complicated as an income-tax return."

He slammed his pencil down.

" I'm no bookkeeper," he said. " I'm a salesman. I can't add worth a hoot. My fractions never come out right. When I do get this thing figured out it'll amount to less than ten dollars. How much is that a year? "

" One hundred and twenty dollars."

" All right. Then why doesn't Washington rig this Social Security thing so that they come to me once a year and say, ' You owe a flat hundred and twenty dollars '? I'd be willing to pay a hundred and fifty that way, and save myself this monthly agony. But no. They have to do it the hard way. Why? Why in . . ."

I began to wonder after I'd left him if Social Security really was the complicated mess that he had pictured it. I met an author friend who employs a number of secretaries. I asked him about it.

" It's the most fantastic system of unnecessary red tape and incredible bookkeeping that's ever been devised.

" I hired a secretary the other day," he said. " Had her a few weeks. She was no good, so I fired her. Well, she had her Social Security number and I'm still getting letters from Washington. I haven't seen the girl in a month. Don't want to.

" But Washington insists that I supply them with all manner of information about her. Where she has gone, how long she was in my employ, who she worked for before I hired her, her age, her parents' names. I don't know half the answers.

" She was a hindrance while she was with me and her Social Security ghost is still a hindrance. My contribution for her amounted to less than two dollars. In the time I've wasted on red tape—filing returns, making affidavits, digging out information—I could have written a story, sold it for several hundred dollars, split fifty-fifty with Washington, and still have been better off. Honestly, it's preposterous! "

If, I reasoned, the administration of the Social Security Act enmeshes the small business man in such unspeakable red tape, the big business man must be having his share of headaches, too. I went to the controller of a large New York firm.

" We do a national interstate business," he told me. " We have representatives in each of the forty-eight states. That means that we have to familiarize ourselves with the laws of forty-eight different states. We have to hire not merely bookkeepers but men able to interpret legislation of each of those states.

" There's no uniformity to the system. A man's wages may be taxable in one state and not in another. We haven't even been able to obtain yet a clear-cut definition of what constitutes an employee under the Social Security Act. We're doing the best we can, but even our own lawyers cannot tell us whether we're doing the complex job perfectly.

" What we need is a clean, uniform law and a simplified system of contribution. The English use stamps."

Stamps! That sounded silly.

I went around to the British Library of Information. A pleasant woman there showed me the form used in England.

It was nothing but a small card. Folded once, it would fit in your pocket. It was called an Unemployment Book.

In England, if you were an employee, you went to the nearest post office and asked for one. There were spaces on the card for fifty-two stamps—one for each week in the year. The employer bought these stamps as needed.

When you worked a week, you took the card to your employer on payday. Your contribution was deducted from your wages. He matched it with his contribution. He put a stamp in the proper space and canceled it. The stamp had a value equivalent to your contribution plus his. He didn't have to be a mathematical genius to figure the correct contribution. There it was, plainly printed on your card—a fixed rate. If you didn't work at all one week, he didn't put a stamp in the book for that week.

At the end of the year, when the book was filled, you sent it to the government. The government made a contribution, too. You, your employer, the government. Each paid a third. That's all there was to it. No fuss; no bookkeeping. Just stamps—pasted in a book and canceled.

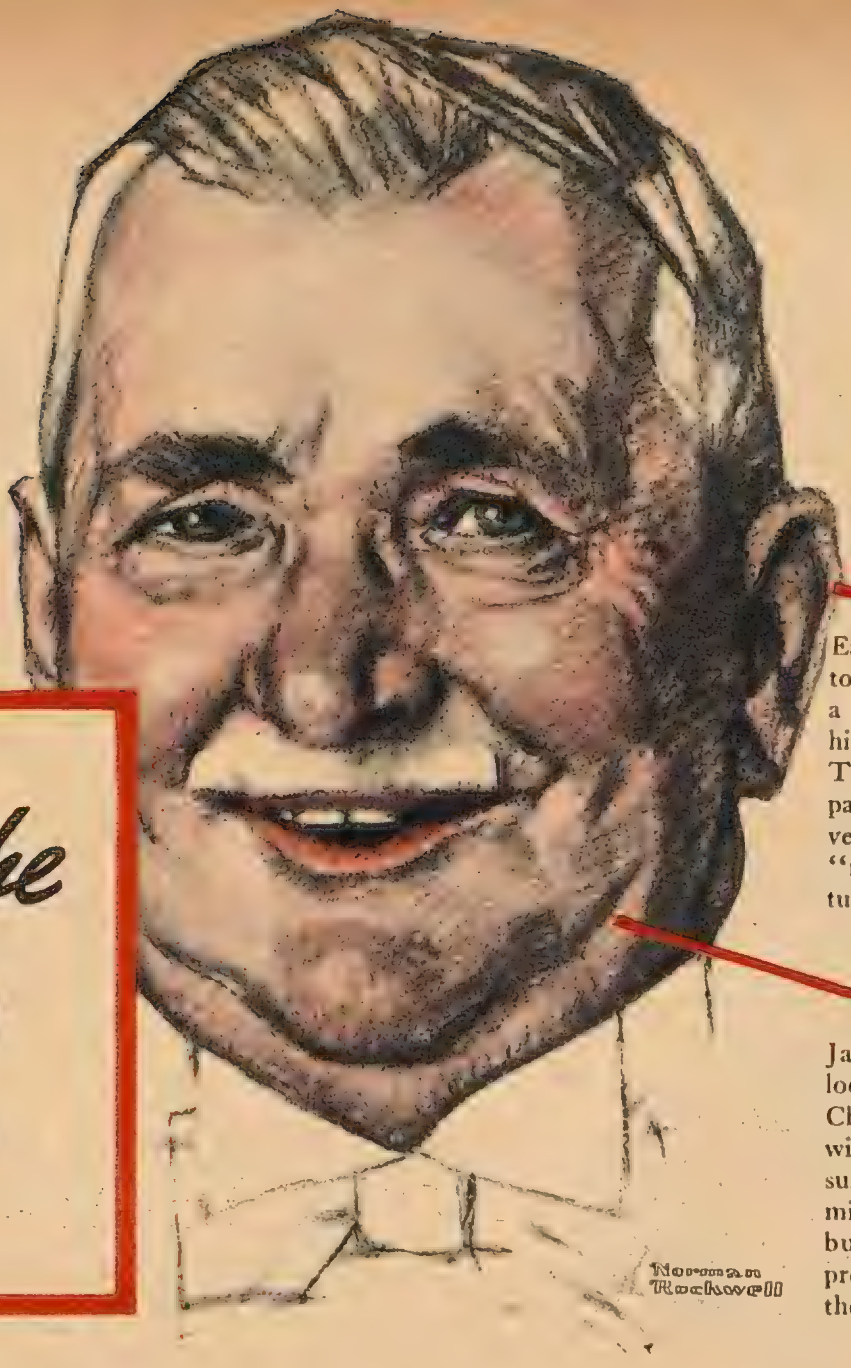
In America, however, we insist upon doing things the involved way. Lord knows why. It's unnecessary.

The ultimate result, let's hope, is inevitable. Eventually we'll get enough intricate red tape wrapped around our national neck to reach the belated realization that what this country—and Social Security—needs badly is a huge dose of simplicity.

THE END

A thought for Uncle Sam — and liberals with common sense

Have you the Earmarks
OF A WONDERFUL HOST?



GENEROUS EARS

Ears long and set close to the head well below a broad forehead and highly arched crown. The back of the ear is particularly well developed although the "rims" are but slightly turned over.

JOLLY JOWLS

Jaw and neck soft, loose-fleshed and full. Chin round, broad, and with a smooth, even surface. Decidedly prominent in the middle, but with a deep depression just beneath the lips.

If *you're* the type who makes a grand host, you'll want to *delight your guests*–by serving this *"Double-Rich"* Straight Bourbon of Kentucky!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey. Made by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

Copr. 1937, Schenley Distributors, Inc.
New York City

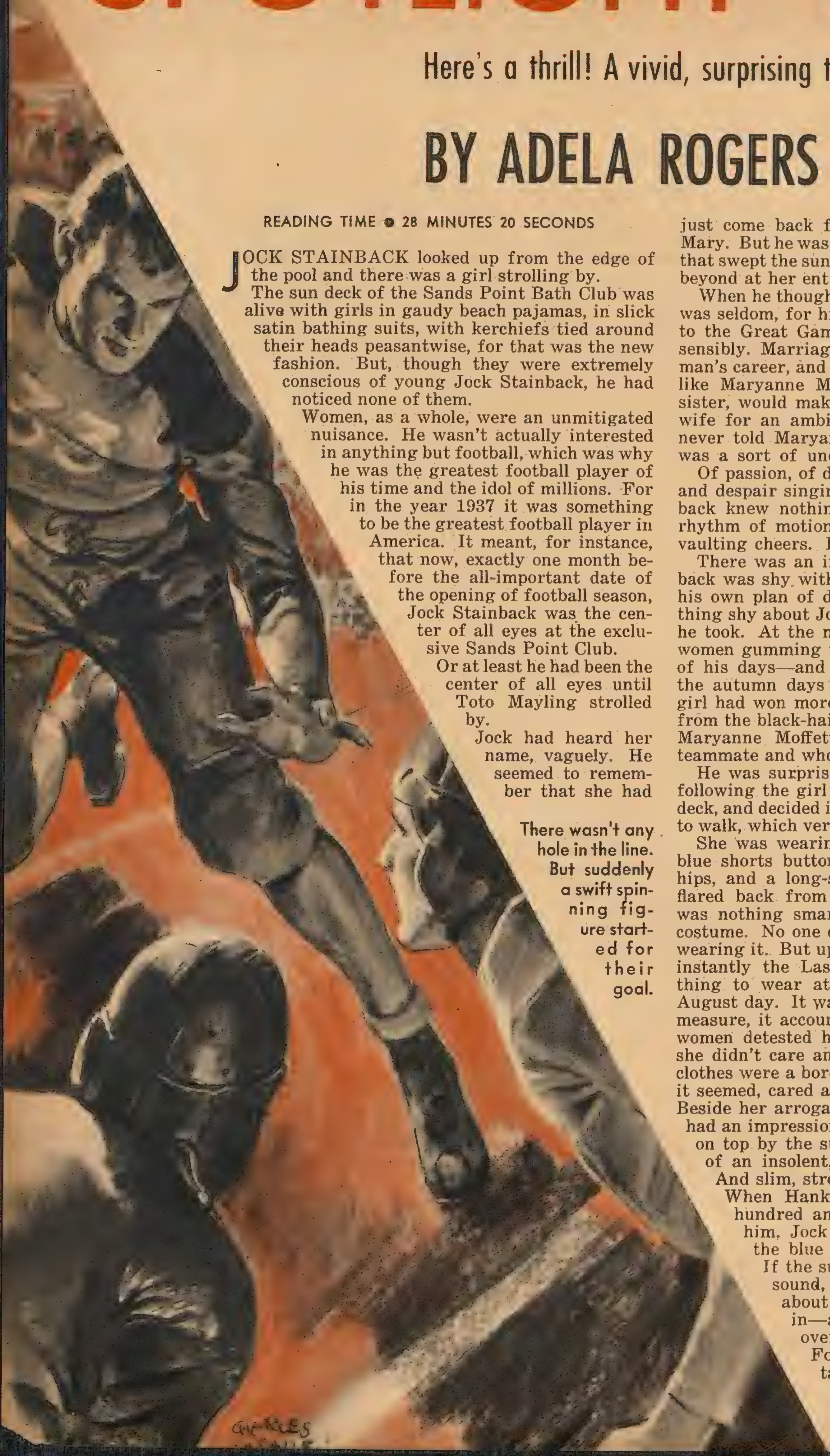
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

SPOTLIGHT FOR

Here's a thrill! A vivid, surprising tale of heartbreak, gridiron

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



There wasn't any hole in the line. But suddenly a swift spinning figure started for their goal.

JOCK STAINBACK looked up from the edge of the pool and there was a girl strolling by. The sun deck of the Sands Point Bath Club was alive with girls in gaudy beach pajamas, in slick satin bathing suits, with kerchiefs tied around their heads peasantwise, for that was the new fashion. But, though they were extremely conscious of young Jock Stainback, he had noticed none of them.

Women, as a whole, were an unmitigated nuisance. He wasn't actually interested in anything but football, which was why he was the greatest football player of his time and the idol of millions. For in the year 1937 it was something to be the greatest football player in America. It meant, for instance, that now, exactly one month before the all-important date of the opening of football season, Jock Stainback was the center of all eyes at the exclusive Sands Point Club.

Or at least he had been the center of all eyes until Toto Mayling strolled by.

Jock had heard her name, vaguely. He seemed to remember that she had just come back from Europe on the Queen Mary. But he was quite unaware of the silence that swept the sun deck and the shaded terrace beyond at her entrance.

When he thought about women at all, which was seldom, for his young soul was dedicated to the Great Game, Jock Stainback thought sensibly. Marriage was an important part of a man's career, and it seemed to him that a girl like Maryanne Moffett, Hank's small sweet sister, would make exactly the right kind of wife for an ambitious young man. He had never told Maryanne so in words, but there was a sort of understanding between them.

Of passion, of dark enchantments, of glory and despair singing in the blood, Jock Stainback knew nothing. His blood sang to the rhythm of motion, of body hitting body, of vaulting cheers. He was twenty-three.

There was an impression that Jock Stainback was shy with women. That was merely his own plan of defense. There wasn't anything shy about Jock. What he wanted in life he took. At the moment he didn't want any women gumming up the vital, thrilling glory of his days—and the days so soon to come, the autumn days of football's reign. So no girl had won more than a smile and a dance from the black-haired hero, except, of course, Maryanne Moffett, whose brother was his teammate and whose guest he was.

He was surprised himself to find his eyes following the girl who strolled along the sun deck, and decided it was because she knew how to walk, which very few girls did.

She was wearing a pair of old and faded blue shorts buttoned tightly across her flat hips, and a long-sleeved pongee blouse that flared back from her lovely throat. There was nothing smart, nothing new about her costume. No one else would have dreamed of wearing it. But upon Toto Mayling it became instantly the Last Word, the only possible thing to wear at Sands Point upon a hot August day. It was a trick she had. In some measure, it accounted for the fact that most women detested her. Toto always said that she didn't care anything about clothes; that clothes were a bore and a bother; but clothes, it seemed, cared about her.

Beside her arrogant and graceful walk, Jock had an impression of hair burned white-gold on top by the sun, of eyes too wide apart, of an insolent, curled, unpainted mouth. And slim, strong, perfect legs.

When Hank Moffett dropped his two hundred and ten pounds down beside him, Jock said, "Who's that girl in the blue shorts?"

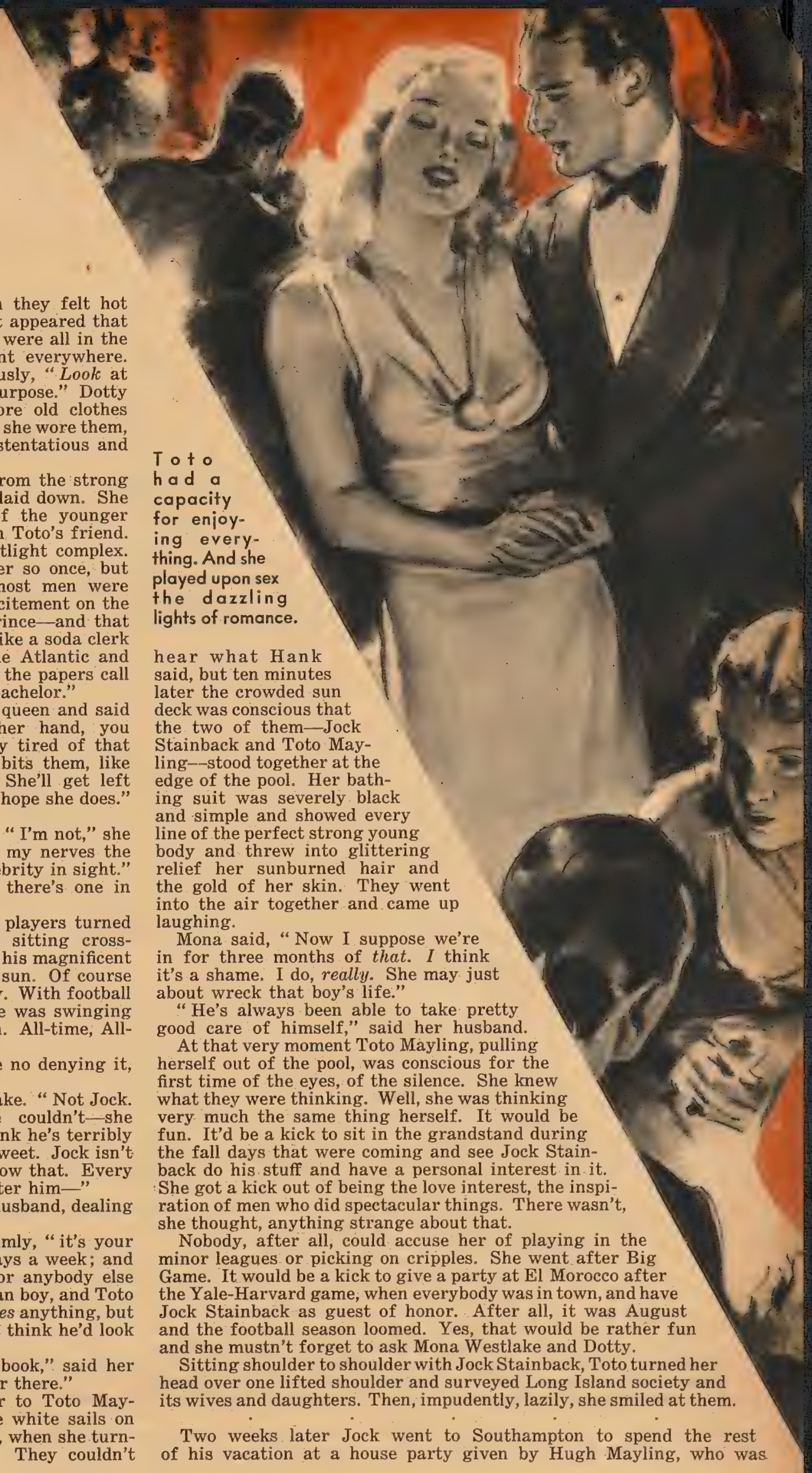
If the sun deck had been wired for sound, he would have found out all about Toto Mayling by listening in—all, and it may be a little over.

Four girls around the orange table with the green umbrella

TWO

glory, and love

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE



Toto had a capacity for enjoying everything. And she played upon sex the dazzling lights of romance.

ignored Toto's passing. Then they felt hot and angry because somehow it appeared that Toto had ignored them. They were all in the Social Register and they went everywhere. Dotty Wainwright said viciously, "*Look* at those shorts! She does it on purpose." Dotty meant that Miss Mayling wore old clothes because she knew that, worn as she wore them, they made new clothes look ostentatious and in bad taste.

Mona Westlake looked up from the strong dummy her husband had just laid down. She was the undisputed leader of the younger married set and had once been Toto's friend. "Toto," she said, "has a spotlight complex. It's slightly vulgar. I told her so once, but she only laughed and said most men were so dull you had to get your excitement on the side. Really! That Italian prince—and that young movie actor who looks like a soda clerk and that aviator who flew the Atlantic and then poor W. G. Just because the papers call him America's most eligible bachelor."

Mona finessed the diamond queen and said abruptly, "She'll overplay her hand, you know. People—men—get very tired of that sort of thing. She—she exhibits them, like giant pandas or something. She'll get left high and dry some day, and I hope she does."

"Cat," said her husband.

Mona stared at him coldly. "I'm not," she said; "but it simply gets on my nerves the way she has to have every celebrity in sight."

Her husband said, "Well, there's one in sight right now."

In unison, the four bridge players turned to stare at Jock Stainback, sitting cross-legged at the edge of the pool, his magnificent brown body glistening in the sun. Of course Jock Stainback was a celebrity. With football season only a month away, he was swinging into front-page position again. All-time, All-America Jock Stainback.

And he was, there could be no denying it, extremely attractive.

"Oh, no," said Mona Westlake. "Not Jock. He's such a darling. She couldn't—she mustn't, really. Besides, I think he's terribly fond of Maryanne. She's so sweet. Jock isn't interested in women. You know that. Every girl on Long Island's been after him—"

"Including you," said her husband, dealing expertly.

"If I have," said Mona calmly, "it's your own fault, playing golf six days a week; and anyway he hasn't given me or anybody else a tumble. He's such a nice clean boy, and Toto—I don't think she actually *does* anything, but with all these *affairs*—I don't think he'd look at her—"

"She's nine to five in my book," said her husband. "Cast your eye over there."

Hank Moffett strolled over to Toto Mayling, who stood watching the white sails on the blue Sound. Her greeting, when she turned, was grave and friendly. They couldn't hear what Hank said, but ten minutes later the crowded sun deck was conscious that the two of them—Jock Stainback and Toto Mayling—stood together at the edge of the pool. Her bathing suit was severely black and simple and showed every line of the perfect strong young body and threw into glittering relief her sunburned hair and the gold of her skin. They went into the air together and came up laughing.

Mona said, "Now I suppose we're in for three months of *that*. *I* think it's a shame. I do, *really*. She may just about wreck that boy's life."

"He's always been able to take pretty good care of himself," said her husband.

At that very moment Toto Mayling, pulling herself out of the pool, was conscious for the first time of the eyes, of the silence. She knew what they were thinking. Well, she was thinking very much the same thing herself. It would be fun. It'd be a kick to sit in the grandstand during the fall days that were coming and see Jock Stainback do his stuff and have a personal interest in it. She got a kick out of being the love interest, the inspiration of men who did spectacular things. There wasn't, she thought, anything strange about that.

Nobody, after all, could accuse her of playing in the minor leagues or picking on cripples. She went after Big Game. It would be a kick to give a party at El Morocco after the Yale-Harvard game, when everybody was in town, and have Jock Stainback as guest of honor. After all, it was August and the football season loomed. Yes, that would be rather fun and she mustn't forget to ask Mona Westlake and Dotty.

Sitting shoulder to shoulder with Jock Stainback, Toto turned her head over one lifted shoulder and surveyed Long Island society and its wives and daughters. Then, impudently, lazily, she smiled at them.

. . . . . .

Two weeks later Jock went to Southampton to spend the rest of his vacation at a house party given by Hugh Mayling, who was

Toto's only brother. By that time, as he explained to Hank Moffett, he felt as though he had known her all his life. Hank started to say something, caught the rapt look on Jock's face, and shut his mouth hard upon the words. It was, he saw, too late for any warning. Probably had been too late from the moment Jock had met Toto. He tried, later, to make this clear to Maryanne, when he found her crying, with her head hidden under a pillow on the sun porch.

Hank, extremely uncomfortable, didn't try to defend Toto. He had tried that before with other women, and knew it was useless. Yet it seemed to Hank, who was a young man of extreme delicacy and read the better poets in secret, that Toto's gifts were those which had belonged to every siren of history from Cleopatra to the Duchess of Windsor. Everything was more fun when Toto was around. She had an infinite capacity for enjoying everything in life—white sails against a blue sky, bright lights against a black one. And she played upon sex the dazzling lights of romance, of flattery, and of gaiety.

It all seemed to be pretty simple to Hank, but that may have been because he had always been, secretly, a little in love with Toto himself. Not that he'd ever had a chance. He wasn't even an All-American.

* * *

> Jock Stainback, Harvard's all-time All-American, and Toto Mayling, the Social Register heartbreaker who said no to Dicky Webster and W. G. Van Aldan, are playing hearts and flowers. Well, in the fall a young maid's fancy naturally turns to football and we understand that Toto won from a fast field of Long Island beauties when she captured the Crimson hero, who incidentally is pretty eligible himself. Wonder if, this time, it might be serious with Toto.

Winchell's column carried it a week before Jock was due back at Cambridge.

Sitting across from Toto at a table in the Japanese Garden of the Ritz—they had come into town for the day from Southampton—Jock said, "Do you mind?"

Toto speared a slice of peach from the fruit salad she was eating, and lifted grave eyes to his.

It was a very lovely lady with whom Jock Stainback lunched that day. Different from the slim brown sand witch in her faded shorts. This lady was all in white—a white turban bound her golden hair, the white frock she wore was tailored after a fashion, but it made concessions to her femininity in a froth of lace that rippled between her breasts, and high on one shoulder she wore one dark-red rose.

The lovely lady said softly, "No, I don't mind. Do you?"

HE started to smile at her, and suddenly the smile died. Pain was printed upon his young mouth. His eyes pleaded.

"I wish it were true," he said. "I wish we could always be together. I can't imagine life—days—without you. The whole world's just made for me to be with you in it."

The little ripple of the waterfall that trickled over the rocks in the center of the garden came to them above the voices of the many people of importance who were lunching there.

He said, "You've opened a new life—a new world to me. You've got to share it with me."

Toto said, "Let's get out of here."

Her heart was beating shamelessly. The old familiar thrill shook her. For a brief moment she wished bitterly that the end wasn't always written in the first kiss. He hadn't kissed her. She hadn't wanted him to kiss her because of that, because always, for her, the end was in that first kiss. The game was won then.

That night, on the way back to Southampton, they parked the car beside the shining singing waves, and he kissed her. It was a young kiss, younger than any kiss that Toto Mayling, who was so young herself, had known in a long, long time. It was so young that for a moment she dropped her head on his shoulder and wished that she did not know so well that love was perishable, that it was a game, that she would grow tired when winter came, and that spring was new only with new faces.

But she did know and in a moment she was laughing again and gaiety sang in the air about them and they drove home singing joyously.

On the night that Jock went back to Harvard, she told him:

"Darling, you mustn't think about me now. This is your last year. I do understand. I want it to be the most wonderful of them all. We'll both go in training. And the night after the Yale-Harvard game, when it's all over, and everybody is cheering for you, we'll have the biggest time we've ever had in our lives, and then—we'll see. Then we'll talk about the future. Right now there isn't any future except—your football season."

* * *

That year, so the sports columnists said in many, many words, Harvard had Jock Stainback. Which was fortunate because they had practically nothing else. Except for Hank Moffett at tackle, and a lanky sophomore named Price at right end, who showed promise, the line was a pretty sorry business. At fullback, Howdy Moore was reliable enough in his own slow way, and better than average on defense. But even when Howdy stopped the plays, they had gained some yardage.

YALE, without a Jock Stainback, had a line that averaged 190 pounds and possessed the admirable qualities of a three-foot brick wall. A backfield that was not brilliant but sure and steady and seasoned.

During the season, the fame of Jock Stainback grew with each Saturday that rolled around. He was faster, he was more finished, he was more versatile than he had been last year. Somehow he had managed to inspire the lanky sophomore named Price so that he got down under the long, sure, thrilling passes that came like bullets from Jock's hand. No defense was able to stop Stainback—those snaky, twisting, bewildering runs of his that made him the idol of the grandstands.

And this year he was kicking too, and he had learned to hit the line just a little harder, just hard enough.

There had been, just at first, an idea that a romance with Toto Mayling, whose name was surrounded with the aura of many adventures, wasn't the best summer training for an All-America halfback. Even the coaching staff had had a few bad moments when the reports sifted in. Women and football didn't mix and the name of Toto Mayling had an ominous sound.

That was because they did not know Toto. Her plans for the fall included plenty of touchdowns by Jock Stainback. The more the merrier for Toto. She had her own system. Her letters never failed him. She drove her young cousin, Monk Sanderson, almost crazy with demands for football data and information of the most technical kind. And Toto never two-timed. If she missed Jock, it wasn't unbearable. There were times when the adventurous Miss Mayling enjoyed her love affairs quite as much in the absence of the object of her affections as when he was around. Imagination, in Toto's opinion, often made the heart grow fonder.

And there were always the thrilling Saturday afternoons when she watched Jock on the field and knew, with that terrific inner kick, that he belonged to her. Knew that every girl in the grandstand would gladly have traded places with her. Her smile on those occasions, wafted upon her many feminine acquaintances, who were of course football fans, did not endear her to them.

Harvard defeated Princeton by a score of 20 to 14.

On Sunday the headlines read, "Stainback Beats Princeton."

Reading them in bed, over her morning tea, Toto chuckled gleefully. Jock had

(Continued on page 24)

1ST CHOICE

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A FARMER IN MONTANA stops to buy the best gas for his car.

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Mobilgas

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

(*Continued from page 22*)

been, actually, terrific. Sitting beside Monk Sanderson, who acted as escort upon all such occasions, Toto had felt a tiny fear at her heart. There must be something in Jock Stainback much greater than mere physical genius. It was no part of Miss Mayling's plan, at twenty-one, to sacrifice her freedom, to narrow the wide, wide world into small walls. The irresistible force that she saw in Jock disconcerted her for a moment. In the end, though, it pleased her. Monk Sanderson sometimes told her that she would have made a first-class lion tamer. Besides, a man like that was fair game; he was stronger than she was; he could take care of himself.

Then the telephone rang, and Toto wriggled her toes under the soft linen sheets and enjoyed herself immensely. It was nice to know that he wanted her cheers more than those of the thousands who had packed the Princeton stadium.

She put on a tailored flannel bathrobe and began to call up people for her party the night after the Yale-Harvard game. The invitation list amused her quite a good deal. It included all her pet enemies. She could almost hear the triumphal strains of Fair Harvard that would stand New York's most exclusive and fashionable El Morocco on its feet again and again during the evening. It would be one of Toto Mayling's most triumphant and impudent gestures, and she thought that she'd leave for Honolulu about a week afterward.

. . . . .

The day of the Yale-Harvard game dawned clear and cold. Perfect football weather. The trains and the roads to New Haven were jammed with uproarious humanity.

There was only one topic of conversation. Could Stainback beat Yale? The Bulldog would score, every one said, not once but often. Harvard certainly couldn't stop that powerful machine. The question—the burning question that was upon every tongue—was, could Stainback score oftener against the magnificent Yale defense?

The great Yale Bowl filled swiftly until it was a solid circular wall of tense, avid, hysterical humanity. No game in years had built up to such a peak of excitement.

A good many people recognized Toto Mayling as she came down the aisle to her seat. For a moment the spotlight shifted to include her. But she didn't seem to notice it. It was, some of her acquaintances remarked, typical of Toto to wear a tweed coat lined with sable. There was something particularly infuriating about a girl who would do that instead of wearing a sable coat, as any decent feminine creature ought to do. In the lapel was one dark-red rose. Her face was quite white, but the painted mouth was steady enough.

SHE let Monk wrap a robe about her feet and then her eyes searched the field and found the tall figure that moved with that indescribable rippling grace, the tall figure in the red jersey with the white "33" on its back; and from that moment her eyes followed him. It wasn't difficult, partly because he moved so differently, partly because he never wore a helmet.

Sports writers had predicted the greatest football game in years. They were right. In fact, for once, they had been right all along the line.

The weak Harvard line was even weaker than they had thought; it wasn't inspired by the great moment, the traditional battle against its oldest and greatest enemy. It didn't play over its head but under Yale's heavy feet, and the big Blue machine mowed it down relentlessly in the first quarter for two touchdowns, and the Yale stands went mad.

Two touchdowns. Two touchdowns would win that game. Nobody could score against that heavy, dogged, mighty line and that solid, careful backfield. It had been a thrill to see the juggernaut of Blue move relentlessly down the field—three yards—five yards—seven yards—two yards at a time, while the thin red line of Harvard's heroes grew thinner and thinner and melted entirely at the goal posts.

A great Yale team. A *team*. That was what you wanted in football—a team. Not stars, not All-Americans, but eleven men playing as one, each fulfilling his own part in every play, with no weak spots and no fumbles.

But in the second quarter Jock Stainback, who had played quietly and steadily on defense in the first quarter, so that in the glory of that victorious drive down the field Yale had almost forgotten him—Jock Stainback made them remember him. He couldn't, they had decided, get through that Yale team. He had no interference. It piled up in front of him. Didn't function.

There wasn't any hole at all in the Yale line. The interference couldn't make even a dent. You couldn't possibly get around that pair of Yale ends. The secondary moved in, strong and quick. But there was suddenly a tall, swift, spinning figure; he was through the line where there wasn't any hole; he had started like a streak of lightning for the goal; he was swerving, sidestepping, reversing his field while the Yale team scrambled wildly, always a split fraction of a second too late. Their fingers slipped from his jersey, their arms missing him by the barest part of an inch; there wasn't more than a crack of daylight between him and the pounding backfield runners who dogged him. Only the safety man stood between him and the white line, and he slowed, spun away, and put on a last burst of speed that didn't seem possible and was by him for the touchdown.

Eighty yards to a touchdown!

WHILE the Yale team put themselves back together, stunned by the impossible, Harvard had the ball again, and on second down in the middle of the field, they were aware just too late of the tall swift figure fading back, back—of a long straight pass like a bullet to an exact spot just behind the Yale line and far over to the side. Incredibly, the lanky sophomore end was there. He went into the air, his fingers touched the ball, clutched it desperately, and the second Harvard touchdown had been scored.

"I don't think I shall live through it," Toto said weakly.

Even in the press box, where men are not supposed to take football games too seriously, pandemonium reigned. The radio announcers had gone quite mad.

"We're watching the greatest football player any of us ever saw," Clem McCarthy's harsh dynamic voice poured into the mike between halves. "Never seen anybody like him. Grange in his best days wasn't any better, if as good. And tonight we'll have news, so we're given to understand, that will add romance to this great day of his. We understand that his engagement to the beautiful Toto Mayling will be announced. Now, stand by for the second half. The score is tied. Anything can happen in this ball game. We're going to see whether the great Jock Stainback can score again. Here they come. . . ."

No one will ever remember much about that second half except those few unbelievable moments. Yale made yards and then lost the ball, and Stainback gained them back with broken field runs, with short passes. Once, by a miracle, the Harvard line held inside its own ten-yard line. Once Stainback almost got away and was pulled down on the twenty-yard line and they lost the ball on a fumble.

14-14 still stood on the scoreboard.

Then it happened. Eighty thousand people saw it happen and didn't believe their own eyes. No two people ever described it in the same way. The experts couldn't explain how it happened, and refused to try. The radio announcers sounded like lunatics.

It was Harvard's ball on Yale's forty-yard line. Stainback had brought it down from his own ten-yard line by a series of dashing, dazzling runs. They couldn't seem to stop him. He was like a flame. Every man and woman in the great Bowl was standing up. The cheers boiled hysterically. Fell like a rock into cold silence as the ball was passed again. It went to Stainback. The Yale line plunged forward. The backs moved out. The ends struggled, sobbing with excitement and determination. They had to stop him, they had to get their hands on him somehow.

Stainback—get away, get going, get around those ends and score once more—just once more! To win, all by yourself!

Hold Stainback—hold him somehow—you've got to hold him—get your hands on him!

Something was wrong. The film was running upside down. They were having a nightmare. The tall swift figure was running with that streamline speed, that spectacular grace—running the wrong way.

People shouted in frenzy. They shouted at him, they tried to climb down over each other's heads to stop him. His own team started in pursuit of the flying figure.

Jock Stainback, with the winning touchdown ahead of him—in his grasp, with the Yale team bewildered and demoralized, with five minutes to the final gun, was running in the wrong direction—not toward the Yale goal but toward his own!

Howdy Moore was running too, shouting. Price, the lank end, the fastest man on the team, had his head down and was breaking all his own records. But they couldn't stop him. Couldn't catch him. Who could catch Jock Stainback? He went over the goal line and rolled, the ball clutched in his arms.

He had given Yale two points—a safety—two points and the great game.

CONFUSION worse confounded reigned. It hadn't happened. People were stunned; they were hysterical. The officials got the players together somehow, and they could see Jock Stainback, talking, protesting, his arms waving. Nobody saw the rest of the plays. They didn't matter.

The game was over. The scoreboard said Yale 16, Harvard 14.

The game was over and Jock Stainback had run the wrong way. The Bowl shook with the crash of a fallen idol. The All-America hero was a bum.

Every afternoon paper in America—in New York—carried the news. Later, there might be pity, understanding. While it was hot, there were only wisecracks and brittle, brutal descriptions. Somebody called him Bonehead Stainback. In exact proportion to his fame had been the ignominy of his disgrace.

It was Mona Westlake, walking out of the Bowl, who said, "Toto! Oh, my dear, isn't it too lovely? I'm so glad she asked us to her party. What in the world do you suppose she'll do now—with everybody in New York laughing at him? I've never known anything quite so marvelous. She's built up to this for months, and now—

Headachy, Logy?

Take a laxative that combats GASTRIC ACIDITY, too

Lower than a Lizard's Tail—that's how my husband said he felt this morning. Mumbled about a logy headache. But I gave him some Sal Hepatica, and soon . . . PRESTO—things brightened. You see, Sal Hepatica helps two ways—it cleanses the intestinal tract AND it counteracts gastric acidity, turns a sour stomach sweet again. Soon he was . . .

On Top of the World! That afternoon, my husband felt so good that he made me drop everything and skip out to the country for a hike. "What was that fixer-upper you gave me?" he demanded. "It's sure worth its weight in gold!" So I told him, "Sal Hepatica, m'love—and from now on we're never going to be *without* Sal Hepatica! Never!"

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her hero's a clown. What in the world will she do? Oh, do let's hurry and get to El Morocco. I want to see her. I always knew she'd get slapped down somehow. This is one she can't laugh off."

. . . . .

Toto Mayling stood in front of the long mirror in her dressing room. She wore a soft net dress, fitted tightly to below the knees, flaring into ruffles below. And the dress was Harvard crimson.

When he left her at the door, Monk Sanderson had said, "You—you still going through with the party? D'you think Jock'll—want to go?"

Toto said very quietly, "What do you think, Monk? I—I don't think there's any yellow in either of us."

She put on the crimson gown. She'd been an arrogant, insolent winner. She could be a gallant loser.

Then the maid said, "Mr. Stainback is here, Miss Mayling," and she went slowly into the softly lighted drawing room, and at sight of Jock's face her whole world rocked.

Up until that moment she hadn't thought of Jock at all. Now she looked into his eyes and saw the bitter pain under the courage that was still alight in them. He was alone now—he wasn't a great champion—he wasn't the exultant victor—he needed—he needed—

Toto Mayling knew what he needed and she opened her arms wide as she went swiftly to him.

. . . . .

"I don't think they're coming," Mona Westlake said. "I didn't think they would. I know Toto."

"I think maybe she'll be along," Monk Sanderson said.

El Morocco was jammed. It was almost two o'clock. Everybody knew that Jock Stainback and Toto Mayling were expected. The women's eyes, on the door, were cold, they were cruel, they were smiling.

Flashlights went off outside the door. There was a sound of shouting, of catcalls, of boos.

And then Toto Mayling, vivid and startling in crimson came through the door. Behind her, his black head high, was Jock Stainback. She came straight to the table, and the smile she gave them was like crystal.

But she can't get away with it, Mona Westlake thought.

Somebody began to laugh. Somebody shouted, "Hello, Bonehead!" Dotty Wainwright began to giggle.

Toto said, in a strong clear voice, "We're so sorry to have kept you waiting." She looked up, and Jock Stainback put his arm around her. "We ran over to New Jersey to get married," she said. "Somehow, after the rotten luck he had this afternoon and the swell way he took it, I wanted to be Mrs. Jock Stainback—tonight. And if it's his day for making mistakes, he might as well make two as one."

The big room was absolutely silent.

Jock Stainback turned suddenly to the orchestra leader. "I wonder," he said quietly, "if you'd play Fair Harvard for me."

The music began softly. The tall young man turned back to the slim figure in crimson.

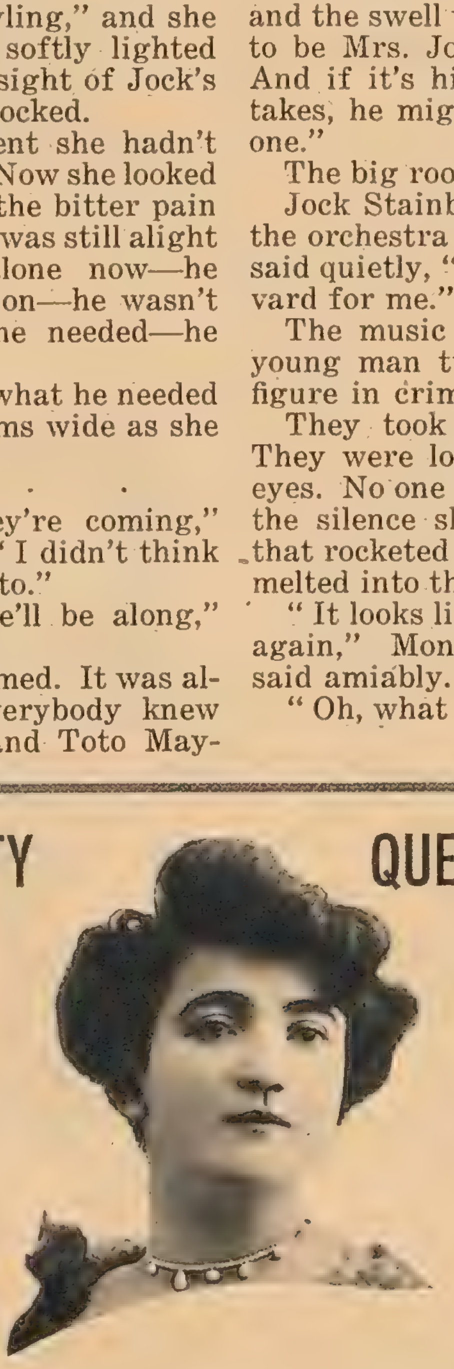
They took the floor quite alone. They were looking into each other's eyes. No one else moved to dance, but the silence shattered under a shout that rocketed into a cheer. The music melted into the wedding march.

"It looks like you girls were wrong again," Mona Westlake's husband said amiably.

"Oh, what the hell!" said Mona.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—Her father was Spanish; she was born in France, convent-schooled, and made her debut at Brussels. Her Carmen was supreme; her temperament fiery. Navarraise and Sapho were written particularly for her. What dramatic soprano *(see early photo to the right)* has been called the Singing Duse?

2—Has the U. S. mill ever been minted?

3—If the swan belongs to the duck family, to what family does the turkey belong?

4—Which picture star did Werner Janssen marry?

5—When in the Bible was a girl exchanged for a drink?

6—The Strait of Dover connects the English Channel with what?

7—If water is H_2O, what is the symbol for gasoline?

8—Who is considered tennis's greatest woman player of all time?

9—Is your scapula above or below your femur?

10—Which of the Original Thirteen States first ratified the Constitution?

11—What woman wrote Silas Marner?

12—Is it the oil that softens the bones in canned fish?

13—Where was the first Mormon temple built?

14—What famous penologist was appointed warden of Sing Sing in 1914?

15—What are "artesian" wells so called?

16—What four planets are called the Morning Star?

17—Who holds the auto speed record of 301 miles an hour?

18—The ass, cat, and canary originally came from which continent?

19—Who is dictator of Turkey?

20—Which fast-ascending screen star is a member of a famous English stage family?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

CHINATOWN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY

WALTER C. BROWN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

"NO," said Captain McDonald to his guest of the evening, "nothing ever happens down here any more. Fact is, there's not much of the old Chinatown left. Just a few odds and ends like I've been showing you."

They had watched Lee Hoy, the blind man, carve a perfect little Chinese junk from a peach stone; heard Kow Loon play Love Comes to the Least of Men on a bamboo flute; and bought a drink of white whisky for old Wang Tsi, proud owner of the last pigtail in Chinatown.

Their way had led through narrow, crooked places with such picturesque names as Long Sword Alley, Paradise Court, and Half Moon Street. They had seen the huge wooden war drums of the Ting Tsien Tong, and the sacred candles burning in the jade-crusted lamp of peace.

"Yes, the old days are gone," McDonald mused. "Twenty years ago we had to patrol these streets in pairs, with the riot sticks never out of our hands—"

The glowing lamps of Mulberry Lane made golden portholes in the night. A shaven-pated bonze in a saffron robe touched a flame to a lantern of peacock blue.

"That's the Plum Blossom Joss House," McDonald explained. "But the old yellow gods are out of luck these days. No more kowtowing and burning of paper prayers. The missions pack 'em in now."

"I suppose everything has to change," his companion remarked, "even Chinatown. It's a pity."

"*Ala wah*, clapten!" The polite murmur came to them from a shadowy doorway on Pagoda Street, from a dark figure wearing a round black hat and sucking on a bamboo pipe.

"*Mokee kai*, Sing," McDonald replied. "Everything O. K.?"

"Yiss, clapten."

"Now there's a good sample of what I've been talking about," McDonald said when they had gone on. "That Chink was Sing Ho. He used to work for a merchant named Gow Yip. Gow had a good business and was pretty well fixed, and Lily, his wife, was considered quite a beauty. Well, sir, one night Gow went down to the corner to buy a pack of cigarettes—and he didn't come back."

"You mean he disappeared?"

"Without a trace. When I heard about it I went around there and asked Lily a lot of questions, but I didn't get anywhere. Lily simply said her husband had gone away on a trip, and stuck to that story.

"I was suspicious about it and kept an eye on the place. In a couple of days Sing Ho moved into Gow Yip's house and took charge of Gow's business—and Gow's wife."

"The eternal triangle," his companion remarked. "It's the same in all languages."

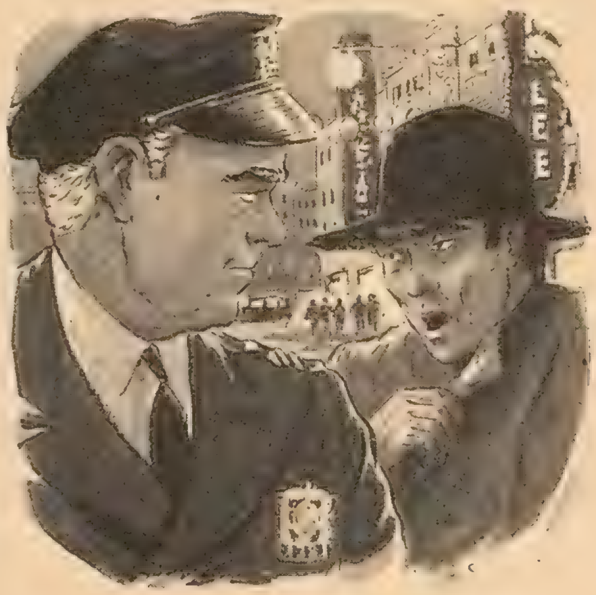
McDonald nodded. "This happened just about three years ago, and Sing Ho and Lily Gow had lots of fun throwing feasts and tossing Gow's hard-earned money right and left.

"Well, the other day Gow Yip came back just as suddenly as he had disappeared. As soon as I heard it I went down there, for I figured there'd be trouble.

"Sure enough, Lily was having hysterics and scared nearly white. Sing Ho had gone away in a hurry—right through a glass window. Gow Yip looked a lot thinner. He had a nasty scar on his forehead and a nastier look in his eyes when he saw the half-empty shelves in his shop.

"But he was calm and polite—talked to me like he'd seen me only the day before. After a while I got the story. When he went out for his cigarettes he'd been waylaid on the street, clubbed over the head, and shanghaied aboard a tramp steamer.

"Well, for three years Gow Yip had been sailing around from port to port, always trying to get back, and having the devil's own time of it. And he made no secret of the fact that he was sure Sing Ho had engineered the job.



"'Look here, Gow,' I warned him. 'You've got no legal proof that Sing Ho was back of this, and if anything should happen to him you'd be in a pretty hot spot unless you had a damn good alibi.'

"I made it clear what would happen to him if Sing Ho should be found, for instance, with a hatchet buried in his skull. I managed to put the fear of God into him—or at least fear of the electric chair."

"And that was the end of the matter?" his guest asked.

"Yes. Gow Yip sat down in the ruins of his shop, brooding over one of those old books by Confucius and drinking samshu out of a stone bottle. But back in the old days there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death, law or no law. Things are different now—"

Captain McDonald shook his head and shrugged as they halted at a dark intersection. "Down this way we can see the paper dragon they use in the New Year's parade. Or the big iron pot they used to boil the flesh off dead Chinese before they shipped the bones back home for burial."

McDonald's guest elected to see the iron pot.

"You know, captain," he said a little later, "I've been thinking about that story you told me. I'd like to meet Gow Yip."

"That's easy enough," McDonald smiled, "for we've got him locked up over at the precinct. This afternoon he followed Officer O'Toole along Mulberry Lane, shouting all sorts of names at him—in English, too. So O'Toole threw him into a cell to cool off. Too much samshu, I guess."

"Perhaps he was preparing an alibi for himself in case Sing Ho—"

McDonald laughed. "A sharp lawyer might figure out a trick like that, not poor old Gow Yip. He's just a plain, simple-minded Chink. When we go back through Pagoda Street you'll see Sing Ho still there as large as life."

Captain McDonald was quite right. Sing Ho was still there in the doorway, a dark, silent figure, but Sing's slippered feet dangled several inches *above* the stone step. Although the shadows were very black, they were not black enough to hide the thin, taut rope which encircled Sing Ho's neck and disappeared over the sill of the window above.

No, Chinatown isn't what it used to be—not exactly.

THE END

CHAIN GANG!

From real life—the chronicle of an amazing experience . . . An innocent man's story told for the first time

BY CARL M. CLAYTON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT happened to me. It might happen to you. It happens to some one every day in the week.

I met this girl—and she thought I was somebody else. Simply mistaken identity.

Nothing very startling in that?

It nearly wrecked my whole life!

I met this girl at a party in a hotel in Jacksonville, Florida. Her name was Stella Martin and she was tall and slender and pretty and her eyes were big and blue. They were puzzled eyes, I remember, when we were introduced. Puzzled and surprised.

Later, when we were dancing together, she said:

"John Theus! I never expected to see you again!"

"You've got it wrong," I said. "I'm not John Theus, whoever he is. My name's Clayton—Carl M. Clayton. I come from . . ."

She stopped dancing and nodded to the doorway. We went out on to the hotel terrace.

"I read about it in the papers," she told me, "when you broke out of the chain gang."

Chain gang! John Theus! This needed clearing up. I took my railroad pass from my pocket.

"See what it says on that pass: 'Carl M. Clayton.'"

She smiled.

I was becoming a little annoyed by now.

"For the last time, Stella—I'm Carl M. Clayton. I come from Morehead, Kentucky. I'm a telegrapher by profession. I just came down here from Huntington, West Virginia. I've never been in a chain gang. And we've never seen each other before. Understand?"

She nodded.

"Now," I said, "you tell me something about yourself."

She laughed. "But you know all about me."

For a second I wanted to shake this nonsense out of her. But I didn't. I kissed her instead.

During the next week I saw her every day. Until a few years before, she had lived in Coffee County, Georgia. While there she had known this fellow, John Theus, for whom she had mistaken me.

Theus, about seven years before, had got into a drunken gun fight. The little girl of the man he was shooting at ran into the cross fire and he accidentally killed her. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to serve life in the Coffee County chain gang. He served fourteen months of it and escaped. He'd been free about six years when I first met Stella.

I tried for a week to convince Stella that I was not John Theus. We nearly quarreled bitterly over it. After that she called me Carl and we stopped discussing the whole matter. But I wasn't sure I'd convinced her.

During the next two years my work took me to Sanford and Miami and Tampa, but I managed to see Stella often. Later I got a job in Terminal Depot at Jacksonville.

And then, one night, Stella and I quarreled. We'd been at a dance, where we'd had a highball or two apiece. The quarrel was about some other girl—which was foolish, for I couldn't see any one but Stella.

Anyway, she said that she didn't want to see me again, and I said that was fine and started to walk away. And then I heard her say, very quietly and very bitterly:

"I'll get even with you."

I didn't pay any attention to that. I went one way and she went another, and I remember consoling myself with the idea that nothing had happened that another drink wouldn't fix. I knew a place where I could get a drink. I hadn't been in there long when two men and a girl came in.

The girl was Stella. She pointed to me.

"There he is," she said. "That's John Theus. He's an escaped murderer from Georgia. Go get him."

SHE ran out on to the sidewalk, and the two detectives got their guns out and came walking across the room as if the floor was made of eggs. Stella must have told them I was a desperate man. One said, "Easy does it, brother," and the other one warned me: "Don't make any trouble, Theus, and nobody will get hurt."

They began patting my pockets. They didn't, of course, find a gun. I began to protest:

"My name's not John Theus. It's Carl Clayton. I'm no murderer. I've never been in Coffee County in my life."

"Who said anything about Coffee County?" one of the detectives asked. "And if you're not John Theus, how do you happen to know that's where he escaped from?"

Telling them that Stella had told me would have sounded pretty weak. So I just kept insisting that I was Carl Clayton, telegrapher, and that I worked right there in Jacksonville and could prove it.

Outside Stella told them: "He's the man, all right. Don't let him talk you out of it."

"Stella," I said, "you know that isn't true. You're just jealous. You're trying to get me in trouble."

"No, I'm not," she snapped. "Take him along. I ought to know whether that's the man or not. I went with him several years before they put him in the chain gang."

They snapped handcuffs on me and put me in the police car. One of them said, "We'll see whether you're the man or not when we get to Headquarters."

That sounded good to me. Wait until I got to Headquarters. I'd tell the Chief of Police plenty.

But it wasn't as easy as that. These two detectives—their names, as I learned long afterward, were William Tomlinson and C. M. Quattlebaum—took me into the jail. They gave me my choice: a private cell or the bull-pen corridor. All of this was new to me, but I didn't want to be alone. I chose the bull pen.

Tomlinson and Quattlebaum brought a rogues'-gallery picture of Theus. It was on a reward circular offering fifty dollars for him and setting out his description. They stood me under the light and told me to roll up my sleeves. Quattlebaum, inspecting my right forearm, said, "Here it is, Bill." He looked at me sharply. "Tried to take it off, didn't you?"

I hadn't tried to take anything off. Some amateur tattooer, when I'd been just a kid, had put my initials on my arm. A poor job, it was so faded now that you could scarcely tell what it was. They thought it was a tattoo marking that the circular said would be found on the right forearm of John Theus.

They had me roll up my pants legs next. On my left leg was a lot of discoloration and smooth scar tissue. Those scars were twenty years old. As a kid telegrapher in Oklahoma, I had been cooking pork chops for myself one day, and had dumped a whole skilletful of hot grease on my bare leg.

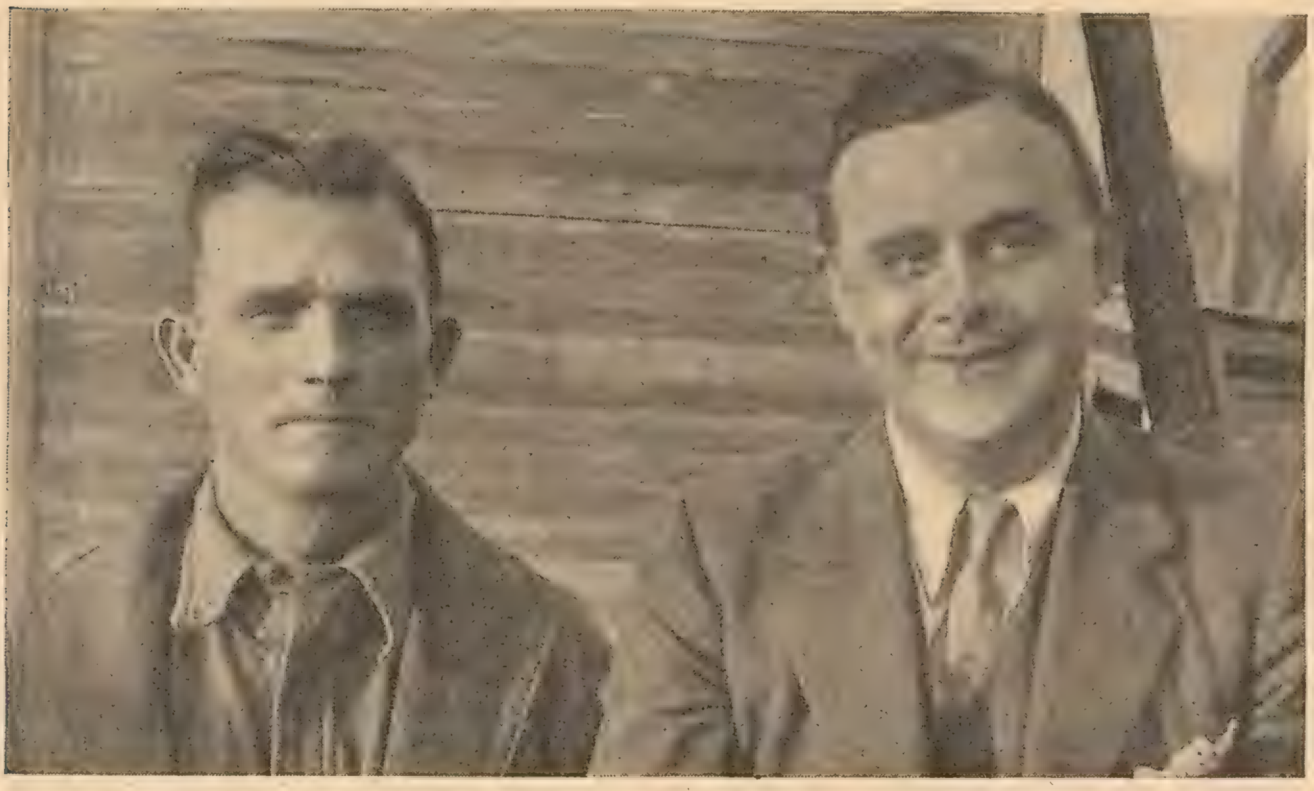
But the reward circular said John Theus had shrapnel scars on one of his legs, and I couldn't convince the detectives that these weren't his scars.

"Look," I suggested. "Theus was in the World War. I wasn't. They'll have his fingerprints on file at Washington. They won't have mine. Why not check with Washington right now?"

"Won't be necessary," they told me. "We've wired Coffee County. They're sending down the prison-camp warden and a couple of guards to look at you."

"Fine!" I said. "I'll be out of here like a shot."

That night in the Jacksonville jail was a nightmare. Oh, well—tomorrow it would be all over. I could stand it. I didn't have money for an attorney; I didn't want to risk losing my job by letting the office know I was in jail.



The real Theus (at left) and the author, who was mistaken for him. Do they look alike?

But the Georgia officers didn't arrive until the third day after. They came, with the local cops, down to the bull pen to look me over. The warden was a lanky, long-legged, middle-aged man named Jake Pridgeon. He looked like a farmer. So did the two guards who were with him. One of them was a big fellow with red hair; the other, a little sawed-off chap. Anyway, I was never gladder to see three men in my life.

The warden rolled his chew of tobacco into the other cheek with his tongue, kept his face blank, and drawled:

"He's the man. He sure enough is John Theus."

I felt goose pimples stand out all over me.

The redheaded guard nodded, and Shorty piped up:

"That's John Theus, warden."

"Listen, gentlemen," I said. "You're making a serious mistake. I'm not Theus. I never murdered any one in my life. I've never been in Coffee County."

"Then," said the warden, "you won't mind going back with us and letting people back there have a look at you?"

"You bet I'll go back with you!" I said. "And you'll find out what a suit for false arrest can mean."

They drove me to Coffee County with leg irons on both my feet. We reached the county stockade about ten o'clock that night. They took me to the bunkhouse for white prisoners on the second floor. It was a big room with barred windows and rows of beds on which about thirty prisoners were sleeping. I was shown my bed, and sank down on it gratefully. I had a good night's rest ahead of me, anyway.

Half an hour later, sleeplessly scratching myself, I realized that I wasn't the only occupant of that bed.

In the morning they had guards and prisoners and Coffee County residents, who knew John Theus, on hand. I was glad they were getting it over with so quickly.

The parade began. The first prisoner that took a look at me just shrugged. I grinned happily—

And then it started. One prisoner after another filed past me—men I'd never set eyes on before in my life. And almost every one of them nodded and said:

"That's the man!" "That's John Theus!" "That's the man!"

After that it was the guards. One identification after another. Not one person came out flat-footed with, "He's not the man." Even those who were not sure said: "There's a mighty close resemblance."

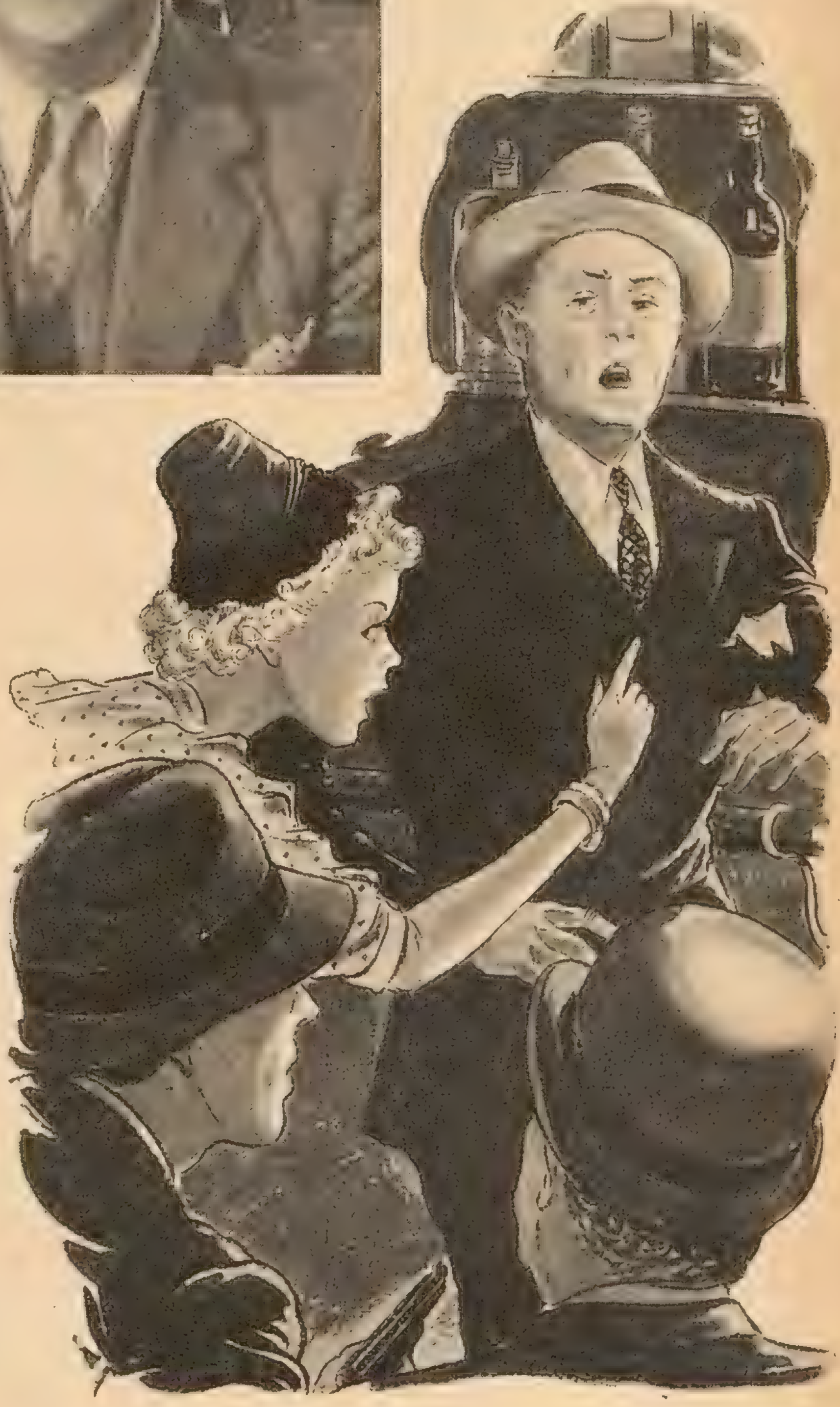
Then the Coffee County folks said I was Theus.

I wanted to yell and smash things. I got my lower lip between my teeth and hung on to it. And then they brought in the man that John Theus had tried to kill.

His name was W. M. Rowell. He was a little mild-looking man.

I took heart. John Theus had killed this man's eight-year-old daughter. You don't forget the face of a man who does something like that to you. I felt as good as

Below: "The girl was Stella. She pointed at me. 'There he is,' she said. 'Go get him.'"



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free right then. But he said huskily: "He's the man, warden. He's John Theus."

They led me back upstairs like a man walking in his sleep. I sat on my bed, and the hot noon sun licked at me greedily through the barred windows and blowflies hummed maddeningly past my ears.

Merciful God! This—for the rest of my life!

They were framing me, railroading me for a filthy murder I'd had no hand in. They were . . .

And then a thought more horrible than any hit me like an unseen fist:

Was I the man? Was I John Theus, murderer?

I'd heard of people who had gone around for months, even years, not knowing who they were. Amnesia, they called it. Had that happened to me? Had I lost my identity for a while, committed a murder, then regained it?

It was preposterous. But it was the only explanation I could think of. I began trying to find a gap in my life. I went back to my very childhood. My father, C. L. Clayton, had been manager of the Morehead Wholesale Grocery Company. He'd been president of the People's Bank of Morehead. At the time of his death he was mayor of Morehead.

I began going over the places where I'd worked, since I was sixteen, as a telegrapher: Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Charlotte . . .

I got stuck. I began to worry. Where had I gone after Charlotte? I wrestled with that for half an hour. Then I had it. I'd gone to Augusta. There was no gap. I'd never been John Theus!

"Cap," the guard over me in the bunkhouse, came over then. Downstairs he'd said he didn't know whether I was the man or not, but there was a resemblance. Now he said, "Don't you go a-sayin' nothing, son, to nobody, or I'll lose my job. But I knew John Theus. And you ain't the man. You just keep your mouth shut, behave, and you'll git out of here."

I COULD have kissed the old fellow for that. I couldn't find it in my heart to get sore at him because he hadn't spoken out in meeting, downstairs. Cap worked from sunup to sundown; fourteen hours a day—and hard work. For forty dollars a month. But he had folks. And he needed the job.

I wrote to my mother and told her of my trouble. I asked her to see Judge Lige Hogge, our next-door neighbor, and Senator Allie Young, both close friends of the family and friends of the Governor of Kentucky. I told her to ask my brothers and sisters if they wouldn't chip in toward her railway fare, so she could come to Georgia to help me.

Then I wrote a bunch of telegraph offices all over the country for copies of my service record with them.

I'd been arrested on March 15, 1928. I'd spent three days in the Jacksonville jail, and now a week in the Coffee County stockade. And I seemed no nearer freedom. Then, one day, a tall heavy-set lawyer with a kindly face and intelligent eyes came to see me. He was Colonel R. B. Chastain. He stood back and looked at me, and shook his head:

"You don't look any more like John Theus than I do."

He was one of the best lawyers in Douglas, Coffee County. At the time of the murder he had represented Theus. We talked over plans, and it wasn't until he was leaving that I thought to ask who had retained him to defend me.

"Stella Martin," he said—and smiled. "Didn't you know? She got in town today."

I went up to bed that night feeling pretty good. Old Cap, my guard, was pleased, too. "You'll get out, son," he prophesied. "You've got a good attorney. He and I both think you ain't the man."

THE next morning I had another visitor.

"Mother!" I shouted.

The next moment I wanted to die—to dissolve.

I saw her look at me, and at the armed guard, the crumpled suit, the—I suppose—hangdog look that made me resemble a convict, a murderer.

Her shoulders started trembling. Then she began wringing her hands and crying.

"Oh, my God, son! What has happened to you?"

The warden stood near by, blank-faced, chewing.

"I don't know, mother," I said bitterly. "You'll have to ask these people."

She quieted down. "I'm doing everything I can to help you. Are they feeding you well? Vegetables?"

I said they were. I added that I wasn't quite used to the cooking. She promised to bring me canned goods. I asked how people in town were treating her.

"Son, they're awfully kind to me—all of them. I didn't have much money when I reached here. Sheriff Tanner simply insisted that I stay at his home as a guest for as long as I like."

Everywhere it had been the same. They'd all thrown their houses open to her. The leading hotel had offered her free board and a fine room.

Some of these residents of Coffee County felt she was a woman posing as my mother to help me out. But, without exception, even these were kind to her. She was a woman. Her hair was gray, her pocketbook nearly empty—and that was enough. What they had was hers.

The next day was a Sunday. It brought my third visitor—Stella. She came out to the stockade with another girl and a man, both Coffee County residents. The warden refused to let them in. The man was a trigger-tempered distiller with a bad local reputation. They yelled and called to me from outside the fence around the stockade. I went to the window. This fellow—I'd never seen him before—shouted to me like an old acquaintance. He'd been a buddy of the escaped John Theus.

Everybody in the place saw and heard them. I knew what would happen. I shouted, desperately, to them to go away. But it was too late. The damage had been done. I sensed it in those around me. One prisoner whispered:

"Brother, even if you ain't John Theus, your goose is cooked now. That gal messed you up plenty."

Even old Cap avoided my eyes. I went over to him.

"Well," I said, "I know where the rest of them stand. What's your vote now?"

"Honest, son," he drawled, "I didn't think you was Theus, but now I reckon maybe you are, after all."

At the end of the second week they gave me a suit of prison stripes, jammed me into a truck with other prisoners, and drove me, ankles chained, ten miles from the stockade to where the road work was being done.

The road gang shoveled dirt into scoops that were pulled by mules to the dump. It was my job, and that of the Negro convict working with me, to overturn the scoops, unloading the dirt on the dump.

As jobs went, I had one of the easiest. Had I been accustomed to laboring, it would have been a cinch. I wasn't, however; so it seemed pretty bad. The leg irons chafed my ankles; later, festering sores appeared.

The hot interminable days dragged on until nearly two months had elapsed. Most of the delay was caused by thorough, careful preparation of my defense. My mother had appealed to Judge Hogge and Senator Young in Kentucky, and they had immediately come to her assistance. They suggested obtaining irrefutable proof that while Theus had been serving time in the chain gang I had been employed far away. During that time I had been employed as a telegrapher for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway at Ashland, Kentucky. Senator Young suggested that we try to obtain from that company my weekly pay checks, endorsed in my handwriting.

MY mother wrote to Joe Lyttleton, one of my closest friends, who was working as a station agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio. Joe went to work at once; but the company had to dig through stacks of old checks.

It was explained to me that a "gentleman's agreement" had been reached that if the checks were produced, and the endorsements upon them established to be in my handwriting, I would be released.

Colonel Chastain obtained a writ of habeas corpus requiring the local authorities to show good and sufficient reason for holding me prisoner. A hearing on the writ was scheduled—and at last the day arrived. I was taken to court in Douglas.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Colonel Chastain produced a number of witnesses who testified that they knew John Theus and that I was not Theus. The prosecutor, a man named Kelly, produced witnesses who swore that I was.

One of these was a prisoner from my chain gang. He swore he had known John Theus before the murder and had bought some whisky from him. I was the man.

Next Colonel Chastain produced fingerprints of mine and an official army fingerprint record of John Theus. An expert from Macon swore they were entirely unlike and pointed out striking differences.

Then Prosecutor Kelly took over the fingerprint expert for cross-examination: "There was considerable excitement in the days of the war. Everything was being rushed, even in Washington. Now, isn't there a chance, in the hurry, the confusion, that the fingerprints on this army record for John Theus might actually be the fingerprint record of some other man?"

"Well . . ."

"Answer the question. Isn't it possible there might have been a mix-up in taking Theus' fingerprints?"

"Yes, sir. But . . ."

"That's all."

Colonel Chastain next produced the checks I had endorsed in Kentucky. A man who had been cashier in a Douglas bank for twenty years was called to the stand. I was told to sign my name several times on a piece of paper. The cashier was handed the checks.

"Would you accept the signature on these checks for the signature of Carl Clayton?"

The cashier studied the checks carefully. "I would."

THERE was little the prosecution could do to batter down this testimony. I felt finally that freedom was within reach. And then they produced a surprise witness. A middle-aged woman, thin and plain and extremely nervous, entered the courtroom. She carried a young baby in her arms, and two children clutched her skirts. When she had been sworn, Prosecutor Kelly asked:

"What is your name?"

"Mrs. John Theus."

"Is your husband in this room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you point him out?"

She pointed in my direction.

"That's him! That's John Theus! He's my husband. He's the father of these three children."

I sprang to my feet. "Woman," I shouted, "you lie! I never saw you before in my life!"

Colonel Chastain tugged at my coat. "Sit down, Carl," he said quietly. "You're in a courtroom."

I looked hopelessly about me. Even witnesses who had testified, under oath, that I was not John Theus now wore expressions of uncertainty.

Colonel Chastain, on cross-examination, demanded that Mrs. Theus tell on which of her husband's legs the shrapnel scars had been.

"On the right leg," she replied.

He called me to the stand. My right leg was clear of scars; my left leg showed the burn scars.

"Well, maybe it was the left leg—I forget," said Mrs. Theus.

And that was the best that could be done with her. In the end Judge W. P. Ward funereally announced:

"The authorities have shown sufficient reason, in the opinion of the Court, for holding this man. Writ denied!"

And that was that. I was back in the chain gang within an hour. My easy job on the road dump was gone. The next morning I was put to work on a Negro shovel gang—the only white man.

It was brutal work. At eleven o'clock, under a broiling sun, I collapsed. A guard nudged me with his foot. "Come on! None of that lazy business here!"

That night when I got back to the stockade I learned that the convict who had testified that he had bought whisky from me—that I was John Theus—had been transferred to another jail.

Within a few days Colonel Chastain obtained a court order to transfer me to the county jail at Douglas, on the plea I was not safe in the chain gang.

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11 P.M., E.S.T., each weekday night, except Thursday

Another conference was scheduled. Colonel Chastain had finally located the foster father of John Theus—a kindly, deeply religious old section foreman. They brought him to my cell. There were eight other men in the cell. Colonel Chastain asked him:

"Do you see John in there?"

"No," said the old man; "I don't see John."

The warden pointed to me. "This man look like him?"

The old fellow shook his head. "No, sir. That's not my son. I never seen this man before. You've got the wrong man and you'd better turn him loose."

A few days later they took me to a local telegraph office. In the presence of the operator, I demonstrated my thorough knowledge of telegraphy. John Theus had certainly known nothing of it.

And so they held yet another conference. Colonel Chastain threatened to bring peonage charges, and to call in the federal government to investigate.

Joe Lyttleton was the first to reach me in the county jail after the conference. "Carl," he shouted, "you're going to be out of here in half an hour!"

"I've waited three months," I said. "I guess I can wait another half hour. But I hope you're not wrong!"

He wasn't. In fifteen minutes they took me over to the courthouse and I was given my freedom. The first train to get me out of Coffee County? There would be one in half an hour.

The warden came over and wanted to shake hands with me. They tell me I shouldn't have done it, but what I told him must have blistered his ears.

We got out in the street—Joe and my mother and Theus' foster father, who was taking the same train part of the way. We caught the train with five minutes to spare. Theus' foster father wished me luck.

"They wanted me to send them a picture of John several weeks ago, when they had the habeas corpus hearing. I wanted to help you, but I just couldn't part with it. I hope you'll forgive me," he said. "It was the only picture I have of my boy."

Mother wanted me to go home with her, but I got off the train in Atlanta. I wanted a little time alone, to get adjusted once more.

The boom days for first-class telegraphers were over. I had a lot of jobs after that. Some did not last long. Most of them were poor pay. It has been difficult going ever since.

I didn't see Stella again—didn't want to.

FIVE years later, a man walked into the sheriff's office in Douglas and surrendered. He was John Theus. He had been hiding in Texas.

Colonel Chastain wrote to me. I went to Douglas once more, this time expecting to see my double, my living image. Instead, I saw a man who, I thought, looked nothing like me. We had our picture taken together. Look at it and decide for yourself. At the time it was made I was twenty-five pounds heavier and Theus twenty-five pounds lighter than at the time of his disappearance and my arrest. But I still insist there was little resemblance.

Theus said, "Hell, if I'd known what happened to you, I'd have come forward before this."

I said, "Let's forget it."

For a false imprisonment of three months, that cost me $1,200, the county commissioners awarded me $250. I needed the money—and accepted it.

To this day, I do not know why so many people in Coffee County wrongly identified me as John Theus. Nor do I know why Mrs. Theus identified me as her husband, though I have heard various explanations and rumors.

I only know that I, an innocent man, was identified as a murderer. I know that I was the victim of mistaken identity. I know that it happened to me—and that it could happen to you.

And I know, too, that I hope it never does!

THE END

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READING TIME
26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE WORLD GOES -

His face was pale and his jaw set. "I shall demand

IN the year 1940 a crime ring has a strangle hold on the United States. Hugh Farragut, as special prosecutor for rackets in New York, has been out to get the leaders, chief among whom is Happy Harold James, father of Dorrie, the girl Farragut hopes to marry. Now, chosen as United States Attorney General by the President-elect, Frank J. Winters of the Forward Party, he intends to fight the ring even harder. He is especially eager to prove something on James because he suspects the wily politician of plotting to get control of the party through the weak and vacillating Vice-President-elect, Caleb Keeler.

To separate Dorrie from her lover, James has shut her up in a private insane asylum; but Hugh gets her out and announces that he will marry her at once. When he and Dorrie go back to the asylum to get her luggage, the Slogages, employees of the place who are friendly to the girl, inform her that she is in great danger from associates of her father who believe she knows too much. Happy knows of this peril, but can do nothing to save his daughter. Hugh immediately wants to give up his job and take Dorrie out of the country. But she refuses to let him sacrifice his work and says she will stay at the asylum until the plotters are caught.

Through a mining engineer, Hugh makes the startling discovery that the gold mine in New Jersey from which James' wealth is supposed to come has not been worked in years. He sends an investigator to the mine, and soon after the man's body is found in the Hudson. James has struck again!

But the biggest blow awaits Farragut at the meeting the President-elect calls to introduce members of his new Cabinet to one another. The last to appear is the Postmaster General. He is Happy James!

PART VI—" IT WILL HAVE TO BE WAR "

NO one around the table showed signs of special surprise at the entry of Happy James. To them he was apparently just another standardized politician conventionally rewarded for services rendered. None, from the general bearing, could have had conception of his actual character and importance. For one wild and angry moment Hugh Farragut speculated avidly upon what would happen were he to jump to his feet and proclaim:

" This man is a criminal and a leader of criminals."

Cooler second thought controlled the impulse. There would be plenty of time for the declaration of war.

Leaning to him, Isaac Levinson, the Commerce appointee, whispered:

" Did you know of this? "

" No."

" Keeler did. Look at him."

The Vice-President-elect had flurried forward with hand outstretched and fleshy face alight with effusive welcome, closely followed by Tim McBride.

" Well, well, *well!* Who'd 'a' thought it! " he bumbled in pretended amazement, and smote Happy's shoulder blade.

Mrs. Larrabee beamed into his face. Something that might have been interpreted as cynical resignation settled upon Judge Gerritt's fine features. Senator Duryea's smile might have meant anything or nothing, but Henry Hartshorn's habitual scowl deepened.

Why, thought Hugh desperately, had Winters done this?

In his early career another nickname had attached itself to Happy. His intimates called him, with admiration and envy, Immunity James. Time after time he was involved in apparently inextricable complications which led his associates into exposure, scandal, and even jail. Always he came through unscathed. Now he had achieved the final immunity, the official countenance of the nation's head. Within a few days he would enjoy a position where nothing could touch him, as a member of the President's official household. Nothing? Hugh would see about that! If he had to take on the President of the United States in his fight against criminal domination, he was ready.

For the present he would play a waiting game. He would take office. Then, when he had mustered his material, he would resign, giving chapter, verse, and line for his unprecedented action. With the newspaper furor which would follow a Cabinet officer's resignation as a fulcrum, he would pry off the lid and expose the whole rotten cabal—always supposing that Winters had played him false. In his resentment Hugh did not stop to consider party exigencies.

The President-elect was on his feet now, speaking a word of welcome to his prospective associates gathered around the table:

" You are more than departmental heads. You are my advisers. You are the board of directors in the most hopeful enterprise in today's troubled world, and as your chairman I bespeak your support, your counsel, your frank and honest criticism. Mine is a task of too great burden to be borne alone. I need your help."

His heavy-lidded eyes passed around the intent circle. Caleb Keeler said with bluff heartiness:

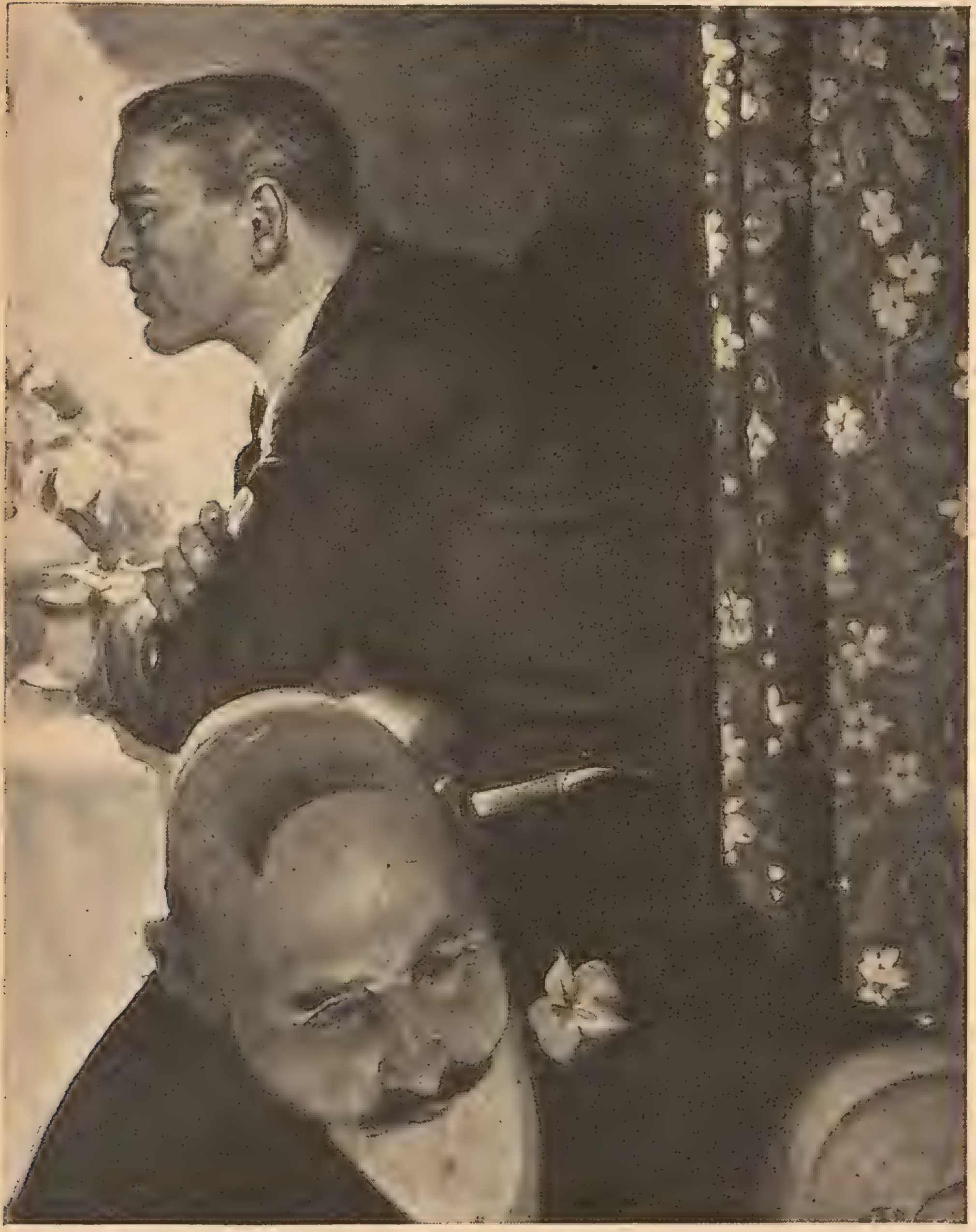
" I'm sure we can all pledge our unqualified support to our chief."

It was a false note; a little cheap, a little tawdry; the typical politician's ready response. The man at the head of the table ignored the interruption, and, leaning for-

SMASH BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A stirring, thought-provoking novel sweeps on . . . Is there truth in this prophetic look at America in 1940?

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER



your resignation in full Cabinet meeting," said he.

ward, made what struck Hugh as a strange and rather touching appeal:

" If at times my procedure, my actions or policies, seem to any of you incomprehensible or perhaps even suspicious, I beg of you to defer judgment until all the facts are known to you." With a shock Hugh realized that the deep eyes were directly upon him. Chance—or intent? " A man in my position cannot always be a free agent. I shall make mistakes. I shall make enemies. I can only hope and pray that my mistakes may not be misjudged and that the enemies will never be of my own household."

The silence was unbroken now. All appeared subdued by the simplicity of the man's words and manner.

Isaac Levinson said in Hugh's ear: " Wait before you do what you are planning."

" But I've got to have it out with him," breathed Hugh.

" Of course. I hope you will tell me the result."

Hugh had known Levinson only casually; but he had recognized in him a quality of high and altruistic shrewdness rare in his experience, together with standards of judgment by which he himself might profit.

When the meeting broke up Hugh found himself face to face with the enemy. Happy held out his hand.

" I see your health is better," he remarked with a significant quirk of the smiling mouth. " Mine's pretty good, too."

" We can shake hands on that at least," returned Hugh sardonically. He understood that there would be no further gunplay as far as he was concerned. His counterthreat had been effectual.

As Hugh lay awake that night in his hotel room, it seemed to him unlikely that he could remain in the Cabinet. Assuming that Winters had been fooled into appointing James, how could he, Hugh Farragut, work with a man so gullible, a man whom the James faction were able to deceive and perhaps eventually to control?

But before deciding anything he must see Frank J. Winters; hear his explanation of the Postmaster-Generalship.

BEATING down the expert excuses and evasions of the executive " dodger," the secretary whose duty it was to protect his chief from all avoidable contacts, Hugh finally got an appointment for two o'clock on the following Friday.

Weariness and anxiety clouded the broad visage of the leader as Hugh came to him, but his smile of welcome was warm and friendly.

" What's on your mind, Hugh? " he asked.

" Happy Harold James."

" What about him? "

" Why did you appoint him, Mr. President? "

Winters said patiently: " Why not? "

Holding to a predetermined policy of going slow and making the other show his hand, Hugh answered:

" He represents a brand of politics which I should not have expected to find in your Cabinet."

Winters sighed. " I know. All Presidents, I suppose, have to make concessions."

" Might I ask to whom you had to make this particular one? "

" To a powerful wing of the Forward Party. There are two factions in the Cabinet, as there are in the party. This is only fair; the other side has a right to representation. I agreed to let Caleb Keeler name for his faction a certain proportion of my Cabinet."

" James is his choice, of course."

" Yes."

" I think I could pick out the others, but my present concern is with him. If you had given me a chance to enlighten you as to James' record, this situation might have been avoided."

" I don't understand," returned Winters, with a puzzled frown. " You are the last person from whom I should have expected such an objection."

Hugh returned the frown with a scowl of perplexity. " And now I don't understand."

" Farragut, what are your relations with Happy James' daughter? "

" I am going to marry her."

" So I was given to understand," was the grave reply.

Illumination burst upon the visitor. " By Happy James himself? "

" Certainly. He was perfectly frank with me. Told me of your political differences and that you had made harsh allegations against him, but that it was all smoothed out; that you admitted being hasty and that he was pleased to welcome you as a son-in-law."

" I see," Farragut muttered. What a coil his love for Dorrie had got him into! And how astutely Happy James had manipulated the situation to his own ends!

"Mr. President, there isn't much time left," he said. "You'll make allowances for my bluntness. Must I send Happy James to jail in order to convince you that he isn't fit for your Cabinet?"

"There is something very strange about this." A note of sternness had come into Winters' voice. "It must be cleared up. Can you bring Miss James to see me?"

"That, unfortunately, is impossible for the present."

"Then I must ask you for an explanation."

Only one method would serve now, in the face of his natural suspicion: entire candor.

"Mr. President, I am in a difficult and painful position. In spite of evidence—the evidence that I was prepared to present to you as occasion offered, and would have done had I foreseen the appointment—Miss James cannot be wholly convinced that her father is the brains of a great politico-criminal conspiracy."

The other caught at one word. "Evidence? What evidence?"

"Not legal as yet. You once told me that you would consider nothing else."

"I told you, Mr. Farragut, that it must be sufficient to convince me."

THAT is only fair. Do you wish me to reconsider and decline the portfolio of the Department of Justice?"

"Is this an admission that you cannot produce proof to back your charges?"

"It is not!" snapped Hugh. "I'll bring proof. But it will take time. And I may tell you, Mr. President, that one of my first acts after taking office—no, my first act"—remembering that he was now abandoning his plan to put Dorrie James' pursuers in jail first, he breathed a silent prayer for her safety—"will be to round up the gangsters of the James regime. And nothing is going to stop me."

The flash of anger produced an unexpected reaction upon Frank Winters. He smiled faintly. "Ah, that's better! I see you believe what you're saying. Maybe you can bring me to believe it, too. You shall have your chance. Time, you say. How much?"

On the verge of replying, "Months, anyway; perhaps a year," the lawyer caught himself. There was a quicker way, if less comprehensive, assuming that he could trust Ralph Stoner. As a geologist Ralph was a top-ranker. Hugh plunged:

"Would proof that Happy James is acting as a fence for stolen gold satisfy you?"

"Reasonable proof of any criminality will satisfy me."

"Give me six weeks, Mr. President."

Winters dismissed him with a benign nod and turned back to the revision of his inaugural address.

. . . . .

The inauguration ceremonies were conducted in the midst of an unseasonable January thunderstorm. The new President spoke briefly and with almost Lincolnian simplicity.

The Forward Party, as represented by this administration, he said, would not be a party of destruction. It did not seek to uproot capital, but to cultivate, direct, and control it so that all might share not equally but equitably in its profits. Alone of the great nations, America had maintained its system. He promised no millennium; but he foresaw the development, under American progress, of a prosperity more widespread, stable than had ever before been attained. To this and to justice for all without regard to party he pledged his administration.

Newspapers practically without exception gave favorable, even enthusiastic recognition to the sincerity and moderation of the address. As to the make-up of the Cabinet there was division and criticism. Internal warfare and stormy sessions were freely forecast. Several Washington correspondents of the foreign press predicted openly, and presumptively by inspiration, that Happy James would develop into the real boss of Cabinet, party, and finally of the administration. The impudent writer of a political-gossip syndicated letter went so far as to print a roster of the official family as follows:

I LEARNED WHAT TO DO FOR A COLD
FROM A FAMOUS OPERA STAR

I MAKE THE MOST IMPORTANT SPEECH OF MY LIFE TONIGHT, BUT I CAN HARDLY TALK WITH THIS COLD
AH, MY FRIEND MANY TIMES HAVE I SUNG WITH A COLD
I SHALL SHOW YOU WHAT SINGERS DO WHEN THEY HAVE A COLD. FIRST SWALLOW THESE TWO BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS — DRINK A GLASS OF WATER
O.K.—I ALWAYS USE BAYER TABLETS BECAUSE THEY'RE SO QUICK-ACTING — BUT MY THROAT—
PRECISELY, NOW BREAK 3 BAYER TABLETS IN A HALF GLASS OF WATER AND GARGLE — WAY DEEP-DOWN GARGLE. POOF! — AND YOUR THROAT PAIN SHE GOES LIKE THAT!
FIVE MINUTES LATER
CHICI, YOU'RE A MAGICIAN—MY THROAT FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER
NO, MY FRIEND THE MAGIC IS IN BAYER ASPIRIN NEVER DO I ACCEPT ANY OTHER KIND

How to Ease a Cold Quickly Relieve Throat Soreness Almost Instantly

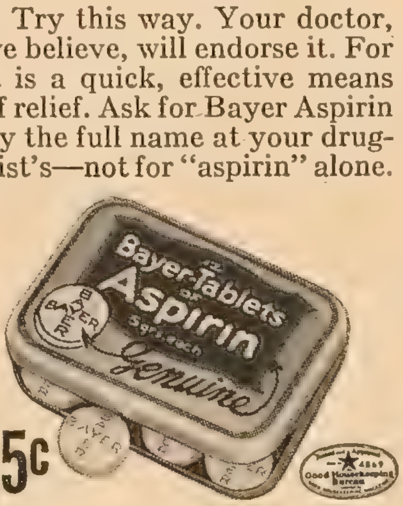
One of the best and quickest ways to relieve the misery of a cold is this: Ease aches and soreness with genuine Bayer Aspirin — if you do not improve promptly, see your family doctor.

The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 Bayer tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions on the box.

If you have a sore throat with your cold, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we believe, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's—not for "aspirin" alone.


Bayer Tablets Aspirin Genuine
BAYER
Good Housekeeping Bureau

15c

Presidential Faction—Secretaries Gerritt, Clerf, Farragut, Hartshorn, Levinson, Harbesson, and Burtis.

James Faction—The Postmaster General, the Vice-President, Secretaries McBride and Larrabee.

Fence Sitters and Cat Jumpers—Secretaries Martingell, Porter, and Duryea.

To Hugh it seemed a reasonably accurate estimate. It did not take him long to determine that the cleavage ran through all officialdom. In his own department there were leaks which he could not trace. Several minor tests convinced him that spies were reporting his intended movements to those whom he already classed as the enemy. Whom to trust was likely to become a vital problem. Fortunately, there was his old staff to fall back upon; they, at least, were stanch. Though he had officially severed all connection with the special prosecutor's office in New York, he could still call upon the loyalty of Harris Magill and the others. Through them, he decided, he must pursue the inquiry into the New Jersey mine. To work through his own department was to risk betrayal and frustration. Through Magill he obtained the names of the three operatives who were working in New Jersey: Green, Garbrod, and Messer. They were instructed to call him by telephone the instant anything of importance developed.

Pressed though he was with work and anxiety, Hugh found himself at the week-end with an overpowering eagerness to see Dorothy James. He could spare three hours from his work. Anyway, he *would* spare it. A lavish Congress the year previous had allotted to each department head one of the new swift autogyros for personal use. He could make Riverhead in less than an hour.

The small airship fluttered into a meadow across the road from the Retreat. Dorothy was waiting in the garden, and the interested guards witnessed the spectacle of a Cabinet officer doing one hundred yards in really creditable time.

Dorrie released one arm from his neck for the purpose of leaning away and saying proudly:

"Am I important!"

"To me? Most important feature of this present universe."

"Not to you alone." She twinkled at him. "Who do you think called me up yesterday? The President!"

"What for?"

"To congratulate me. When *you* announce an engagement, you certainly begin at the top, darling."

"That was more or less an accident. Forced upon me."

"You don't seem pleased. He was awfully sweet about you. He thinks you're quite a person. Now may I be strikingly original and ask how you like Washington?"

"I'll like it better after you're there."

"So will I. Weren't you surprised when you found dad across the table from you?"

I WAS," he returned dryly. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know it, myself, until after the Hotel Luxor conference. Oh, I'm going to love Washington!"

"You mightn't if you had my job."

"Why not?" she asked, surprised at his darkening face.

"Because I hate an environment where the man I am supposed to be working with may be a spy set on me."

"Is it as bad as that?" said she softly. "Oh, Hugh, I'm sorry! You know," she continued, "I've been reading all the political history I could get hold of. And I've been thinking—do you remember the investigation of the Department of Justice several years ago?"

"Something about it."

"Senator Mercer conducted it. The Department of Justice set its Secret Service on him, tapped his wires, rifled his mail, and cooked up a fake indictment of which he was acquitted. It was a pretty crooked deal."

"Well?"

"Are there any of that lot left in your office?"

"You ought to be running this show instead of me," stated the Attorney General, with conviction and admiration. "That hadn't occurred to my dull brain. If I send you a list, will you check it up for me?"

"Yes."

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?
HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?
MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS
MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel —makes your teeth sparkle, gives new brilliance to your smile!"

Hugh shook his shoulders. "Now, if you don't mind shifting to more personal matters, darling—"

"But I do. I mean, I'm not through yet. Does your department guard the President?"

"No. Another branch of the Secret Service looks after that now. Why?"

The girl lifted her voice. "Honor!" Mrs. Slogage appeared from back of the fountain. "Tell him," directed Dorrie.

The woman athlete was obviously reluctant. "I don't want to get mixed up in any politics," she demurred.

"You won't be involved, Mrs. Slogage," promised Hugh.

"Could you get a message to the President?"

"Hardly, if it were a personal one," answered Hugh. Was this just another dodge of a favor seeker?

"It's a matter of his personal safety."

"That's a different matter!" returned Hugh quickly.

"Mind you, I don't *know* anything. I've only been hearing. There was a stable of crooked fighters out in Chicago that was broken up. Some of 'em landed in the Secret Service—don't ask me how. They'll bear watching."

"Surely none of them is in the President's bodyguard!" said Hugh, aghast.

"Not yet. But there might be shifts."

"Can you give me the names of these men?" Hugh's voice snapped back eagerly.

"They'll all be Illinois appointments," said the woman evasively. "Senator Slazey would know."

"Would it be profitable to question him about it?" asked the other, with a smile.

"I wouldn't think so," replied Honor Slogage gravely.

Back in Washington, Hugh wrote a letter to the President with his own hands, suggesting in guarded terms that Winters look into the matter of his personal protection, and requesting that he, the Attorney General, be confidentially informed in case of any projected change in personnel. The message was delivered by an employee in whom Hugh had every confidence. It got to the White House all right. It never reached the President.

In the following fortnight Cabinet meetings were held every weekday and on one Sunday. Congress was working equally hard. Discussion in the conferences was open and often spirited but good-humored, and to the amenities of the occasion Happy James was chief contributor. Never had he worked more faithfully and expertly upon the structure of his own popularity. Unconsciously the President was coming to rely upon him—a bearing which Hugh observed with misgivings.

Still nothing definite from the three detectives in New Jersey. Green and Messer had left the vicinity of the Palisades and were investigating the smelter where the supposed ore was worked, near a remote and abandoned zinc mine in the central part of the state. One significant fact they turned up at once: the smelter concern was conducted by a group of dubious politicians and known gamblers, all identifiable to Hugh as members of Happy James' underworld aristocracy. Garbrod, the best man of the three, remained in the vicinity of the Palisades, where he had got a job as handy man in a roadhouse.

An evening session of the Cabinet was being held when, at nine o'clock, Hugh was called outside to receive a telephone message. An unfamiliar voice came over the wire.

"Hello. Can you hear me?" it said.

"Yes."

"Can you hear me?" asked the man again. The repetition was an old office signal—an intimation that some one might be listening in, a warning that the conversation must be confined to guarded terms.

Hugh made the response indicating comprehension: "Clearly."

"I'm talking from Widener's Roadhouse." By this Hugh knew that it was Garbrod. "It's about that real-estate proposition in Jersey. Smith & Crandall, you know."

"Oh! Yes?"

"It's a good buy. The property is as represented."

"That's good." With difficulty he kept the excitement out of his voice. Garbrod must have definite proof.

"The river site is fine," continued the voice. "It commands a wide view. And the site—snug. Get it?"

"No, I don't think I do." What was this about a view? And "snug." What sense did a snug site make?

"Snug in a big way," stated the voice insistently. "That's all at present." There was a hint of haste in the utterance now. "Our representative will call—" The voice stopped. Silence and then a click.

During the ensuing conference all of Hugh's faculties were focused upon the pad whereon he had transcribed the last portion of that peculiar message. The first part was comprehensible: "As represented" could mean nothing other than that the "gold" mine was a plant. But why the reference to the site commanding a wide view, and the cryptic sequel? He studied the penciled words over and over again.

"And the site—snug. Snug in a big way."

. . . What was this? The Secretary of State had pushed a slip of paper scrawled upon with his almost undecipherable handwriting:

"Appointment Billington to command army now up. Bad."

Secretary Harbesson asked permission to read an excerpt from a Congressional inquiry of two years previous. The President bowed his assent. She read:

> "THE CHAIRMAN—Then you condone the shooting down of unarmed men, women, and children?
>
> "GEN. BILLINGTON—If the officer in command followed orders, I approve it, sir.
>
> "THE CHAIRMAN—Do you recognize no moral question?
>
> "GEN. BILLINGTON—An officer on duty has no right to any moral standards above the commands of his superior.
>
> "SENATOR CLEMMONS—Then you would commit murder without questioning the authority which directed you?
>
> "GEN. BILLINGTON—Certainly, sir. It is part of my profession.

"This is the man," said Miss Harbesson, "whom the Secretary of War proposes to set in command of the United States army. He would supersede Generals Devoe and Pointer, both of whom are his seniors in point of service, and one of whom at least, General Devoe, is far his superior in record and character."

DISCUSSION at once broke out, became animated, excited, finally rancorous. Tim McBride flung out the word "sissies" and General Martingell backed him up with "mollycoddles." Secretaries Larrabee, Clerf, and Duryea stood with them, as did the Vice-President and Happy James—who, however, made his characteristic appeal for peace and reason. Secretary Porter took no part. The appointment was held up.

Temporarily diverted from his more intimate problem, Hugh now turned back to it. As so often happens, an oblique ray from the brain brought illumination where the direct effort had failed. As the solution leaped out at him from the paper, he was stung with exasperation that he could have been so dumb. The answer lay in one word. "Snug" was the key. The operative had repeated it: "Snug"—guns. Guns "in a big way." Therefore big guns. Fake gold mining became a minor issue in Hugh's whirling brain. Here was a far graver menace. The Swiss scientist's intimation of wide-spread war preparations came luridly to mind. Upon what terrifying discovery had his operative stumbled?

Hugh slept over the problem and awoke with a mind made up. He would see what could be done with Happy James. Wily and resourceful though he knew the politician to be, he hoped that, confronted with exposure of his mining enterprise, he might get rattled and betray himself. The information about the guns he would hold in reserve.

Telephoning for an appointment, he was courteously invited to luncheon at the small and luxurious Burning Tree Golf Club, where they

(Continued on page 40)

A Job that's never Finished

FEW of us realize how true it is that a railroad is never completed.

Spectacular new trains, mighty locomotives, air conditioning, are only steps in a process of improvement that's *continually* going forward.

You can see it in the way the railroads do their job and the equipment with which they do it.

Freight moves fifty per cent faster, for example, than it did a few years ago.

Passenger trains are faster and smoother.

Service of all sorts is more dependable, more complete.

Light bridges have been replaced with stronger ones.

Thousands of miles of heavier rails have been laid.

Curves have been straightened out; grades have been cut down.

Without these improvements and the thousands of others which the railroads have made year by year, they would never have achieved their spectacular advance in service, in dependability, in speed, and in safety—the things that make railroad transportation the bargain it is today.

This steady march of progress cannot be continued if the railroads are burdened with laws and regulations which increase their costs of operation, or which handicap them in fair competition for business.

Only if railroads have equality of treatment and opportunity for adequate earnings, can the progress, which is so vital not only to the railroads but to industry, agriculture, all of us, be continued.

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD"

"Starting at scratch a little more than a hundred years ago the railroad industry in this country has grown to over 243,000 miles of road—with about 6 per cent of the world's population we have 30 per cent of its railroads.

"Not only have these railroads been created, spanning the country from coast to coast, but as the years have passed, tracks and roadbeds and curves and grades, bridges and stations, and the rolling stock and equipment have all been steadily improved. They have kept abreast of inventions and improvements and today I believe we have the best railroad transportation service in the world."

From a recent address by PHILIP A. BENSON, *President*
Dime Savings Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 38)

could be private. He accepted. Declining a cocktail, Hugh presented to his host a list of five names. They were the holdovers, indicated by Dorothy James, from the old corrupt Hartington administration. Dorothy's father glanced over them.

"This appears to be your department, not mine."

"I thought perhaps you could make use of this list."

"How so?"

"They're going to be out of a job. They have too many outside interests for the present set-up in the Department of Justice. I'm stopping a leak. In fact, I suspect they aren't as straight as one might wish."

Happy James eyed him with quiet curiosity. "Where do you get your information as to that?"

"It might be a shock to your nerves if I told you," answered Hugh, with a grin. "It's reliable. I'll pick my own liaison men hereafter."

Happy shrugged. "So you've learned that there is espionage in politics. Is that what we're here to talk about?"

"Not entirely. Why don't you resign?"

"Now, that *is* an idea," said Happy admiringly. "But why should I?"

"To save yourself and the administration trouble."

The Postmaster General sighed. "'Man is born to trouble—'"

"I know—'as the sparks fly upward.' There's pretty hot fire underneath these sparks, James."

"Can't you ever be direct about anything, Farragut?"

"I can about your New Jersey gold mine."

"So it was your men that were nosing around," observed Happy, quite unperturbed. "They didn't find out much, I imagine."

PLENTY," returned Hugh not quite ingenuously. "There's no ore in that mine except what's salted with the stolen stuff shipped in to you and melted down."

"Very ingenious, Farragut."

"How are you going to answer expert testimony from geologists that there is not and could not be gold deposits in the Palisades formation?"

"I expect I'd have to admit it," was the placid reply.

"Would you admit it before the Cabinet?"

"There won't be any occasion, I hope. Now, my boy, I'm going to be frank with you, as I always have been. That gold is planted. But it's not stolen. It belongs to a small group of us who, when the government called in all gold, objected to being swindled out of what we had salted away for a rainy day. That gold today is worth thirty-five dollars an ounce. Why would we turn it in at sixteen dollars to the government?"

"Of course you know it's illegal."

Happy James waved his cigar. "Oh, technically."

"Do you think the President is going to be satisfied with this?"

"Why bother him with it? Aren't you convinced yet that your only course is to play ball with us?"

"Not yet," said Hugh steadily.

"Try to see things as they are," advised the politician persuasively. "I'm giving you this last chance—though you don't deserve it—on Dorothy's account. Listen. We're the government. We've got Congress. We've got the inside track in the departments. And we've got the Forward Party. All through the country our men are in key positions in the organization. What are you going to do about that?"

"You haven't got the President."

"Frank Winters? He's a puppet. What can he do but jump when the party pulls the strings?"

"When you say 'the party,' do you, by any chance, mean Postmaster General Happy James?"

James chuckled.

"I still think," said Hugh, "that you'd better resign."

IF that's a threat, I'm quite prepared for any emergency. And I advise you, both in your own interests and those of the country, to stop right there."

"Will you excuse me?" requested Hugh. "I must telephone."

He called up Magill. "Can you send Garbrod here at once?"

"Sorry, Chief. Garbrod hasn't reported since last Friday and we can't get any trace of him."

There was now no question of his confronting James with the charge of having planted artillery as well as gold. His face was pale and his jaw set when he returned and took his place opposite Happy James.

"I shall demand your resignation in full Cabinet meeting," said he.

A shade of sadness, of doubt, darkened the countenance of Happy James. In a strained voice he said: "This may be a question of peace or war, Farragut."

Ignorant of the broader implications, Hugh took this as a reiteration of the old personal challenge.

"It will have to be war, then," he said.

Has the subtle James a new trick up his sleeve? Will he try to use Dorrie to bring her lover to terms? The coming chapter of this swiftly paced novel brings grisly surprises that strike terror to Farragut's heart. In next week's Liberty!

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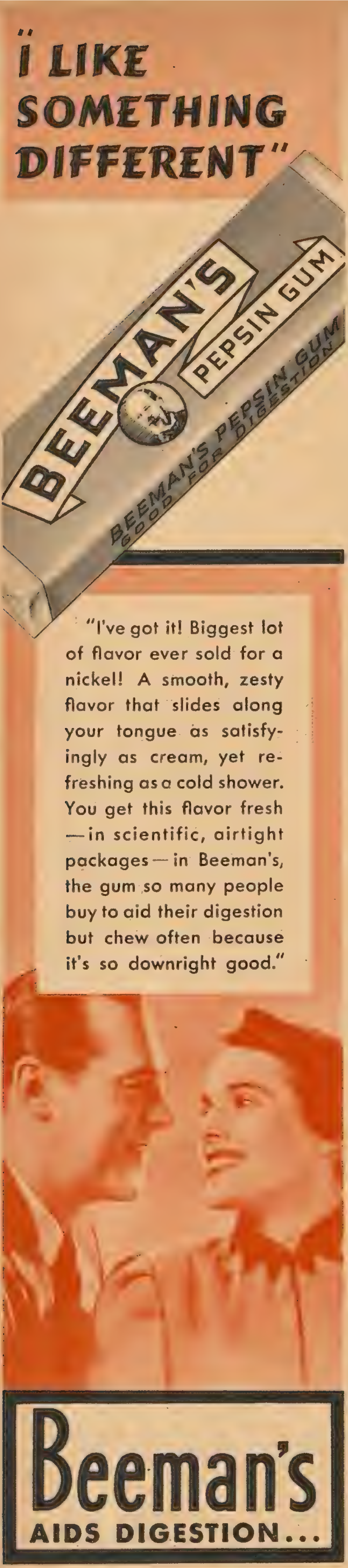
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AIDS DIGESTION...

Why England Snubbed the Duchess of Windsor

By the Right Honorable

LORD STRABOLGI

of the British House of Lords

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

TWICE in history the British nobility has been the strongest in Europe. In the first period it rested on military power. Strong enough to overawe the monarch, the nobles took to fighting among themselves in the disastrous Wars of the Roses which ended in 1485.

The common people had been so sickened of the chaos and impoverishment, that they supported the first strong king, Henry VII, in clipping the powers of the ruined nobility.

Then followed a long period of aristocratic decline, during which the middle classes achieved power. During the second period of its ascendance the British nobility depended on wealth. This was during the whole of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth century. The Whig oligarchy in particular exercised immense political power through their wealth and their class organization. They "managed" both Houses of Parliament.

During all this period Britain was, in effect, ruled by a small aristocratic and moneyed class who made and unmade governments and dominated not only the political but the social, industrial, and commercial life of the country. It was the supreme example of a theoretical democracy used for its own ends by a small governing class.

The end of this second period of aristocratic rule in Britain was brought to a close by the rise of the English Liberals, based, once more, on the middle classes. From the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria, the Liberals waged a bloodless campaign against privilege and caste. The aristocracy lost a major battle when the Corn Laws were repealed. The value of agricultural land declined, and so did the wealth of the great landlord families. During the same period the extension of the franchise loosened the grip of the nobles and their attendant squires on the elected House of Commons.

The last great blow at the political power of the hereditary House of Lords was the passing of the Parliament Act, despite threats of revolution, in 1911. This took away all the power of the House of Lords over finance, the hub of the governmental system in Britain; and nearly all other power over legislation except that of delay and, to a limited extent, of revision.

The House of Lords was shorn of its main political powers by this peaceful revolution; but the English aristocracy as a whole suffered its great economic revolution through causes arising out of the World War. The war and postwar expenditure necessitated such heavy taxation, especially in the form of death duties, that the great estates began to be broken up; and this process continues. The ownership of land was the very foundation of the British aristocracy. But the land revolution has been nearly as complete as in the Central European countries, where the same result was achieved either by violent means or by special legislation or agrarian laws.

But now we see in process of evolution a typically British development. The old aristocracy has been weakened or destroyed; and not for the first time. Its political power in Parliament and its economic power, represented by land and mineral owning, have both been lessened; but it still exercises considerable social power, particularly through the Court. Many of the old families still retain positions of leadership in the country even though their castles are closed, their landed estates sold to the former tenants, and their London mansions turned into blocks of apartment houses and offices; and they have been reinforced by a new nobility representing financial and commercial wealth.

In the last fifty years wealthy brewers, manufacturers, shipowners, newspaper owners, and bankers have been granted patents of hereditary nobility. They and their heirs have fitted naturally into the social life of the country. Many of the heads of the older families have married wealthy American women, and these have held their own as hostesses and social leaders with the bluest blood in Europe. If the House of Lords is now inferior as a legislature to the House of Commons, and if the nobility have lost most of their other legal privileges, they still dominate the social life of both the counties and the metropolis.

Under the present King and Queen, the latter a member of a Scottish aristocratic family, a deliberate attempt is being made to refortify and intrench the British aristocracy. At the coronation of King George VI no commoners were allowed anywhere near the throne. His Majesty was surrounded by his nobles; and it was only those of bluest blood who performed the various functions connected with the coronation ceremony.

At Court, again, the nobility dominates the scene. The entrée to Court has been restricted. During this coronation year, of the thousands of wealthy young women whose families applied for their admission, only three hundred were given the right to curtsy before the monarch; and these included a considerable number of young ladies from the British dominions and from the United States of America. For the attempt to recreate a gulf between the plutocracy and the aristocracy does not extend to the English-speaking world beyond the shores of the British Isles.

Well understanding the subtle effect of social distinc-

A peer of the realm speaks frankly of the case of a famous bride and a nation's fading aristocracy at bay

tion and barriers, any young lady from the United States with the necessary introductions to the American Ambassador in London was sure of a "command" to Buckingham Palace. Similarly, any visitors from Canada, Australia, South Africa, or the other dominions or colonies, vouched for by their respective High Commissioners in London, were invited to these functions; but with this exception, the attempt is being made in the year 1937 to erect the class barriers which have been lowered or broken down since the death of Queen Victoria.

One of the reasons for the unpopularity of the Duke of Windsor as King Edward VIII with the titled classes in Britain was his refusal to kowtow to these conventions. The last straw which broke the back of the aristocratic English camels was his declared intention to marry the present Duchess and his hostility to those who were hostile to her.

Great play was made by the Cabinet of the supposed shock to the dominion governments and to religious people throughout the Empire who do not look kindly on the institution of divorce; but the hottest indignation came from the dowagers and other social leaders of the country. If Mrs. Warfield had been an "American snob," entertaining and mixing with the nobility of Europe, she would have been received if not with open arms at least with cordiality. Despite her long pedigree, however, she was a democrat, who had known poverty in her childhood. The English aristocracy rose in its wrath, and its influence had more than a little to do with the Cabinet and ecclesiastical actions which led to the abdication.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

THE UNSPOKEN WORD

THEY were sitting on opposite ends of a bench overlooking the city park lake.

He thought: She's pretty. I like that white thing in her dark hair. Funny. I generally go for blondes.

She thought: He's nice. I like that clean tan look of his face. And his shoulders. I bet that he could swim just like Johnny Weissmuller.

He thought: Look at the foot in that crazy sandal. Not bad. The way she wiggles it in time, like she was singing something to herself. That baby can dance!

She thought: I wonder what it would feel like to go out with him—to lie on the bottom of a canoe and watch him while he paddled—even if we didn't say a word to each other.

He thought: Now, if only her face holds up. Gee, I'd like to get a look! Maybe when that rowboat goes by she'll turn this way. . . . Whew! Are those a pair of eyes! And that mouth—made for something besides talking, I'll say!

She thought: He's noticed me, too. It makes me feel kind of reckless. I don't know how to begin, but—maybe a smile will do what words can't.

She dropped her bag on his side of the bench. Instantly he reached down, handed it back to her, then hesitated.

He thought: Boy, what a smile! And is it saying things! Oh, God, I wish I could be like other guys! But I haven't got the nerve. She'd find out.

She thought: 'Fraidy cat. You might at least have smiled back. Well, maybe it's for the best, after all. Now you'll never know about me.

They got up and walked away in opposite directions. They were mutes.

—*Helen Gilmore.*

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There remain one or two other strongholds or class preserves. One of these is the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, admission to which was heavily cut this year. No divorcee was admitted, however blue-blooded.

Another is the club ground of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, where, for a week, some of the old exclusiveness reigns. The late Sir Thomas Lipton was three times proposed for membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron by King Edward VII and seconded by the then Prince of Wales, afterward King George V. Each time he was blackballed—yet he was very popular, of blameless private life, a good sportsman, and immensely wealthy. Little pockets of such exclusiveness remain in the houses of some of the society leaders.

But all this is an artificial survival of a brilliant past age. It is right outside the main stream of the life of the country; and the old basis of the aristocracy has broken down. When my father was a young man, it was considered beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to engage in any kind of trade or commerce. For a peer to be a member of a board of directors was unheard of. About four hundred and fifty directorships of commercial undertakings are held by members of the present House of Lords. There are peers of the realm who hold as many as thirty directorships. Others are working journalists; and the Earl of Warwick, head of one of our oldest and most famous families in England, is working in a Hollywood studio. I know peers and lesser nobles who work as engineers or on the floor of the London Stock Exchange.

Not only have American ladies married into the upper English aristocracy but they play a great part as social leaders and hostesses. The late Marquis Curzon, Knight of the Garter, Foreign Minister, who just missed being Prime Minister, an aristocrat to the tips of his fingers, married the daughter of the late Mr. Leiter of Chicago. His charming widow is received everywhere.

Lady Astor, herself an American, whose father-in-law was an American citizen, is one of the best known and most successful hostesses in London. She was the first woman to sit in the English House of Commons, and has revived the political salon.

The countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses of American origin are too numerous to mention; and their influence on English society is undoubted. In this coronation year, an American lady, Mrs. James W. Corrigan, a wealthy widow, rented a beautiful house near the royal palace of Kensington, has made a great name for herself by her original entertainments, and at one famous ball which she gave this summer were numbered among her guests the King's brother and sister-in-law, Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent, as well as half the leading aristocrats then in London.

There is much talk nowadays in political circles of abolishing the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. Even the Conservative Party, the defender of aristocracy, is prepared to accept the principle of life peers. The Labor Party, which may form the government of tomorrow, is pledged to abolish the House of Lords altogether. This is counted among the most radical of their proposals. Yet imagine a hereditary Senate in Washington, the senators nominated for life by the President of the day, and succeeded by their sons. One has only to think of the contrast to realize what an anachronism the House of Lords of Britain has become.

There was much to be said for the hereditary system, when every noble house was supported by a great landed estate. In the old rough feudal days it avoided quarrels and fighting if the elder son succeeded automatically to the estates. Today many of the newly created nobles are men who have made fortunes in commerce and who represent thousands of stockholders. Their sons will inherit their titles and political privileges, but the State will take half their fortune in death duties.

Fortunately in Britain we are spared one of the absurdities of the Continental nobility. Only the head of a noble family here is a peer and a member of a separate estate of the realm. All his children, including his eldest son until he succeeds to the title, are commoners. The title of an Italian or Polish count is borne by every one of his sons, daughters, grandsons, and granddaughters, and so on in perpetuity.

When Princess Mary, the only daughter of King George V, married Viscount Lascelles, the oldest son of the Earl of Harewood, she was marrying a commoner. His title was only one of courtesy. His sons are commoners. The present Queen of England, though the daughter of a Scottish peer of high rank, was legally a commoner when she married the then Duke of York.

At the coronation this year, the nobility of Britain played the part required of them in the special circumstances. But any attempt to re-establish class barriers in Britain will fail. Wealth has become diffused, education and good manners are widespread, and the caste system has broken down.

The English aristocracy produces many clever men, and they have plenty of opportunity for playing their part in the public and commercial life of the nation. But they cannot exercise power through the accident of birth which gives them high rank; they can only lead today by their own merit.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Emma de Roquer Calvé.

2—No, the tenth part of a cent has never been coined.

3—The pheasant family.

4—Ann Harding.

5—Joel 3:3—"And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for an harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink."

6—The North Sea.

7—Gasoline, a mixture of complex hydrocarbons, does not have a chemical symbol.

8—Helen Wills Moody.

9—Above, since the scapula is one's shoulder blade, and the femur (the largest bone in a human skeleton) is in the thigh.

10—Delaware.

11—George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans Cross), 1819-80.

12—No; the process of heating at high temperatures to avoid spoilage makes the bones soft.

13—At Kirtland, Ohio. Built by Joseph Smith in 1834, the temple was dedicated in '36. The Mormons stayed at Kirtland about seven years.

14—Thomas Mott Osborne (1859-1926), author of Prisons and Common Sense.

15—Because they were first discovered in the French Province of Artois (known now as the Department of Pas-de-Calais).

16—Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and Venus—whichever rises prominently before the sun does, prior to dawn.

17—Sir Malcolm Campbell.

18—From Africa.

19—Mustafa Kemal.

20— Ida Lupino

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BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

EXACTLY twenty-four hours after young Bob Hamilton has been engaged as John Merriam's bodyguard, his employer is murdered. Detailed on the case, Detective Macklin at once suspects Hamilton. But Charles Dutton, nicknamed " Bombi," a distinguished, eccentric friend of the dead man, invites Bob to help him run down the mysterious killer.

An antique jewel box contains what might be remote clues: An old kitchen account book, part of which was used as a secret diary by an unknown woman, a feather, a thread, a thorny twig, and a fragment of clay holding an impression. Casting a key from this little mold, Bombi and Bob use it to unlock a lonely country cottage where, they surmise, John Merriam kept a mistress, Cecilly Hampton, a struggling artist, who at the moment is at work on a portrait of his cousin, Beatrice Shaw.

Though Beatrice is engaged to Tom Pittfield, another cousin, it does not stop Bob falling in love with her. And as a counterattraction, he is fascinated by a gay married girl, Grace Barnes, who appears to know something of the murder of Merriam, formerly a friend of hers. She pleads with Bob to quit New York and his amateur sleuthing.

But Bob sticks. He and Bombi have discovered a damning clue against Cecilly Hampton. Her handwriting is the same as that in the old kitchen account book, and it proves to be the superscription on a box of poisoned chocolates sent to Bombi!

Questioned by Detective Macklin, who also throws suspicion on Hamilton, the frightened artist divulges nothing of her past. Then, after receiving the lethal candy, the erratic but determined Bombi phones the girl to come to his apartment. And while he and Bob Hamilton wait, there is a ring of the bell.

" Cecilly is here," says Bombi.

PART EIGHT—THE GHOST ON THE WIRE

SASSAN McGUIRE already had opened the door and bowed in the visitor. She was dressed in thin fluffing white with a square collar about her throat, and a tan-colored bag, and a cream-colored straw hat with cornflowers.

Hamilton went up to her with his hand out.

" Never mind about Macklin," he said. " Don't trouble about what he may have said to you. I think this all is going to work out all right."

Death strikes again — A new, grim mystery enters a novel of love and a dark adventure

" You don't mean that," she answered. Her lips were trembling. " You've brought me here to make trouble for me, haven't you? . . . Is Bombi here? "

" Yes," said Hamilton. " In the next room."

She slipped past him into the bedroom, where the musical bass of Bombi boomed out a greeting. Hamilton followed. The girl stood between them.

" Tell me that I don't have to feel like something trapped! " she cried to Bombi. " What is it you want of me? What have I done? "

" Sit down," said Bombi, gently enough. " You know this, don't you? "

He showed the diary, and she went white.

" I know it, of course," she said.

Bombi said: " I want to know about the man. It's important that we should know."

Her throat seemed to give her pain. She lifted a hand to it.

" Get a glass of sherry, Bob," directed Bombi.

Hamilton went out of the room and found sherry. He brought back a small glassful. She was resting her elbow on the arm of the chair, and her chin was on her fist. If she looked a bit old about the eyes and pinched about the mouth, nevertheless her elbow was as softly rounded as the arm of a child. He wondered what sort of a man could have been in love with her.

" Try that," said Bombi.

She took the glass from Hamilton's hand, glanced up to him with a smile of polite thanks.

She took a swallow and then made an ugly face.

" Bah! It's like whisky," she said.

" That's because it's so dry," said Bombi. " Now, Cecilly, I want you to talk."

She glanced again toward Hamilton.

" She'd rather talk to you alone," he said.

" We need two witnesses," answered Bombi. " But I'll tell you this, Cecilly, before you start talking. I want to be a friend. I'll go as far as I can to be your friend. If the sherry isn't right for you, have one of these."

He picked up the box of chocolates and held it out to her. She took one and smiled a little.

" Did you like them, Bombi? " she asked, appealing and hopeful.

Bombi watched her put the candy to her lips. Then Hamilton caught her hand and took the damp lump out of her fingers.

" But what's the matter? " she asked.

" It wouldn't be good for you. None of those chocolates would be good for anybody," explained Bombi.

" Really? " she said. " What's wrong with them? You mean they're stale? "

She sat forward on the edge of her chair.

" You see? " said Bombi, holding up one of the chocolates. " You see this little smudge at the bottom of the chocolate? That was made to cover up a hole drilled into the candy. It was made with a hypodermic syringe."

The girl whispered: " Ah . . . ah . . . poison! "

But it seemed to Hamilton that she was not very greatly excited, but rather intent on not missing anything that Bombi might say.

Bombi said: " Arsenic and a couple of other things. Something to rot the blood and break up the nerves at the same time. A nice effective poison, Cecilly."

She nodded her head, almost eagerly, as though she could hardly wait to hear the rest of the lesson.

" Poisoning usually is a woman's work," said Bombi. " And . . . wait a moment. Hai! Sassan! "

Hamilton said: " Won't you talk right out? I hate this, Bombi."

Cecilly looked at Hamilton.

" I'm sure you hate it," she said. She was so frightened now that there was no intelligence in her eyes at all.

" After you bought this, did it pass through other hands before it was posted? " asked Bombi.

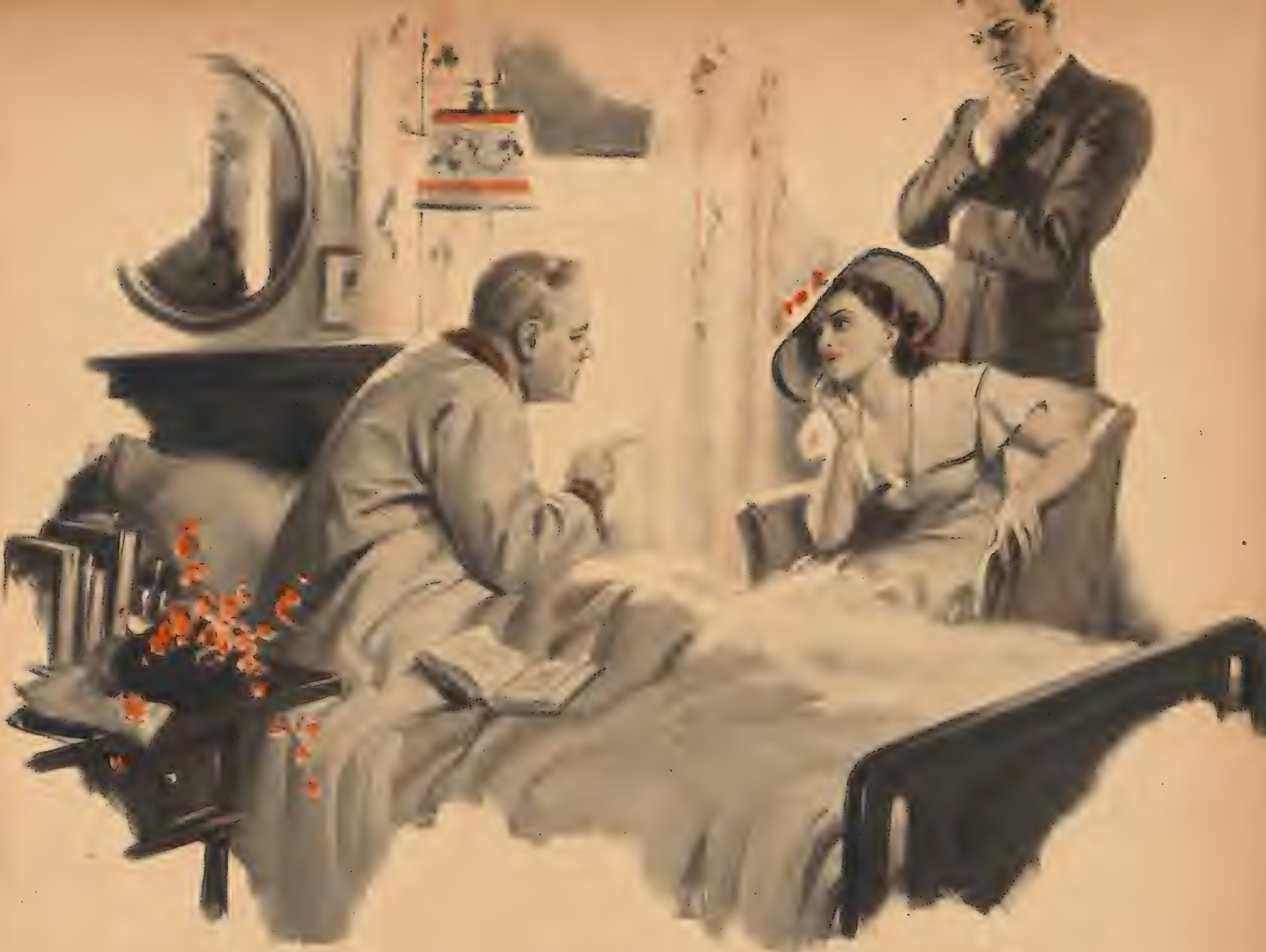
" No," she said.

" Think! " commanded Bombi. " Did any one else touch this box? "

" I don't know," said the girl, shuddering so that it seemed a slight stir of air must have blown through the room.

Sassan Vashtu McGuire appeared in the doorway and bowed.

" Yes, lord? " he inquired.



" What were you doing at the apartment that night when my man saw you?"

"Did you ever see Miss Hampton before?" asked Bombi.

"Yes, lord," said McGuire.

"Where and when?" asked Bombi.

"On the night of unhappiness," said Sassan. "She was the other woman who came to the door of my lord's apartment above the shop."

"That's all," nodded Bombi. And McGuire vanished.

"What unhappy night?" asked the girl.

"The night Merriam was murdered," said Bombi.

"John Merriam? You mean the celebrated murder?" she asked.

"Come, come!" murmured Bombi. "Are you going to tell us that you didn't know Merriam?"

"I didn't know him," she insisted.

"Interesting," said Bombi, but he was scornful and angry suddenly; so angry that his rage lifted him up in bed, where he sat, slowly swaying from side to side. "Very interesting," he repeated. "You didn't even know John Merriam?"

"I saw him," she vowed, "only twice in my entire life."

"You didn't see him every week in the country?" demanded Bombi.

"But no, no!" she answered. "No, no, no!"

"It's true," said Hamilton. "Don't you see that it's true, Bombi?"

For the first and only time Bombi lost his temper with Hamilton, rumbling at him: "Be still! . . . What were you doing at the apartment that night? That night when my man saw you?"

Anxiety got her out of her chair. She tried to answer and failed.

"Why were you there?" interrogated Bombi loudly. She still could not speak.

Bombi stepped out of the bed, looking in his pajamas like a huge white bear.

"And how did you even know that John Merriam was hiding there?" he wanted to know.

As she shrank away from this angry monster, Bombi swayed and put out a hand blindly before him. Hamilton, seeing the blank curtain that dropped across the eyes of his friend, jumped for him. One staggering back step happened to bring him close to the bed and he fell upon it, the springs groaning terribly under the great impact.

. . . . .

They worked hard over Charles Dutton. Little Sassan Vashtu McGuire had his lips pulled back from his teeth in a sort of sardonic smile, as much as to say: "I told you so!" and now and then he favored Hamilton with glances of real hate, as though Hamilton were the great offender and guilty culprit in this case. It was the little Hindu woman who found the remedies which called Bombi back to consciousness.

He lay for a long time shifting his eyes from face to face, gradually regaining his wits. It was about an hour after his fall before he seemed to be himself again, with color gradually rising in his huge face.

He murmured to Hamilton: "Sorry, old fellow. . . . I was trying to break her down into naming her man. . . . And I overdid it. . . . The bigger we are the harder we fall. . . . Is she in the next room?"

"I suppose so," said Hamilton. "Lie still. Don't talk."

"Get the girl," said Bombi. "Make sure of her. . . ."

But when Hamilton went into the next room, she was not there. Sassan McGuire said that she had left a full hour before, slipping away as though she were hunted. When he told this to Bombi, the big man groaned aloud in despair.

"Have I ruined everything?" he said. "Get to her, Bob. Get to her before she leaves. Get to her place on the run! On the run, or the devil will be to pay!"

The telephone rang. Hamilton caught up the instrument and called impatiently: "Yes? Yes?"

"Mr. Hamilton?" said the voice of Cecilly Hampton.

"She's on the wire," he whispered to Bombi.

"Thank God!" answered Bombi.

"We're sorry you ran away," said Hamilton.

"I'm sorry, too," she said. "But I couldn't stay to answer the questions. I couldn't dispose of another human being's destiny besides my own. . . . And will you have to tell the police about me at once?"

"Will we have to tell the police about her at once?" said Hamilton to his companion.

"No, no!" cried Bombi. "I never intended to do more than bluff. I always knew that she was as innocent as a spring day."

Hamilton repeated this.

"Ah, God bless you!" said the girl. "Shall I come back there?"

"Yes, please. Right away."

"I think I can tell you everything now. But hold on and talk to me just a moment, will you? And tell me again that really you are friends."

"Of course we are," said Hamilton. "Don't doubt that, please."

"I won't," said the girl. "But the old shudders need some time to get out of my flesh. It's almost as though I felt some one standing and breathing at the head of the stairs, listening to me, Mr. Hamilton, and smiling, and hating me."

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"You'd better get out of the place quickly," said Hamilton. "And for a while you'd better not be alone. Bombi will arrange something. Your nerves are all shot."

"I think they are," she said, "and if . . ." But here her voice turned to a husky whisper which he could barely hear: "Ah, my God, the doorknob is turning . . . it's turning! . . ."

The scream came sharp as a stroke of lightning.

"Stop it!" Hamilton shouted. "I'm coming! I'm coming! . . ."

The outcry had stopped. He jammed down the receiver and started for the door.

"What is it?" called Bombi.

"Some one's come into Cecilly Hampton's room. . . . I heard her scream. . . ."

He paused at the door to shout back: "Shall I call the police?"

"They can't get there as fast as you'll go, if you take my car. Go—go!" shouted Bombi. "Damn the traffic rules. Get yourself there!"

HAMILTON forgot the traffic rules with a vengeance. He pulled up at the curb in front of the apartment house on the West Side, and bolted into the hall.

The elevator was not waiting. He thought of sprinting up the stairs, but nine flights would stall his speed.

The elevator's indicator showed it at last dropping gradually from the seventh floor. But it stopped at the fifth, and again at the third, while impatience put a heavy blood pressure behind his eyes and brought his heartbeat right up against the root of his tongue. At last the doors clanked open. A Negro maid came out pushing a baby carriage, looking up to collect admiration for the child.

Hamilton stepped into the elevator and passed a quarter to the little hunchbacked operator.

"Fast! Fast!" he pleaded. "Make no stops. . . . Has any one been at the ninth floor lately?"

"Why, some have," said the elevator boy.

Hamilton fingered the skeleton key in his pocket.

"What sort of people?" he asked.

"Old man with a red kind of a face and kind of a money look around him, like he was an army officer, maybe . . . and a couple more . . . . . fine-looking woman that I never seen here before. Why?"

"Nothing," said Hamilton.

He wished, now, that he had gathered half a dozen recruits to follow him into the danger that might be lying ahead.

The elevator stopped. The doors slowly parted. He was through them and down the hallway at a dead run, skidding to a stop before Cecilly's door, and glad of his gun as he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

There was no sound.

The wind-blown gauze curtains of the studio comforted him with their familiarity, and the desk waited in the corner with a sort of bowlegged dignity. Two whisky glasses and a bottle of whisky stood on a table in the living room. There was a faint stain of amber in the bottom of one of the glasses. There was no sound, except the click of the door as he shut it.

He turned from the vestibule into the kitchen. It was shining clean, with a washed dishcloth drying and stiffening on a wooden hanger beside the sink. The storeroom offered him nothing but big trunks and boxes. He went rapidly up the narrow flight of steps toward the bedroom and tapped on the door; then, at once, he pushed it open.

AT once he took a great breath of relief. For Cecilly Hampton lay on the bed on her side, looking straight at him and smiling a little, as though she were amused by some jest which was her own peculiar property.

He said: "Gad, Cecilly Hampton, that was quite a shock you gave me over the phone!"

And he stepped into the room. He saw, now, that the receiver was hanging from the telephone on the bedside table.

A burst of wind through the door behind him set the white billowing dress of the girl aquiver and ruffled her hair a little. But she remained exactly as before. Her eyelids did not flicker, her soft smile never altered. He knew that she was dead.

. . . . . .

He leaned over her. There was not a mark of blood. There was no bruise. Her very hair was not disarranged. She lay as though she were just wakening.

Terror itself might have killed her and left no mark, except that he had heard that the mark of fear remains on the faces of those who die of it. Cecilly looked years younger.

One strapped suitcase stood by the door. Another, partly packed, lay open on a chair near the closet, from which half the clothes had disappeared. He could see her hunting bargains in cheap stores. She had been a fighter all her life, he could guess. That little place in the country, in the sleeping peace of the farmlands, had been the beginning of the end.

He saw, in spite of himself, the figure that had walked up the stairs and paused outside the door, listening to her talk, then pushing the door wide. A man, most likely, since only the appearance of irresistible force could have brought that frightful cry from her.

He still could hear it, he thought. Then he was astonished to discover that a vague sound, almost like a voice, was issuing from the telephone.

He picked up the receiver. A shock of exquisite horror ran through him. For the same voice which had spoken to him over the wire while John Merriam lay dead in the room was speaking now. It was neither male nor female, but might have been a man's falsetto or woman's voice oddly disguised; it might have been a child speaking under the effects of some evil ecstasy that half closes the throat.

It said: "Hamilton! Hamilton! . . . Now do you hear me?"

"Yes!" said Hamilton.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" asked the voice. "But dead, dead, dead! Do you know why, dear boy? Merely because she was a fool. She had to pour out what she felt and what she knew."

Hamilton said: "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" said the thin small voice. "I am your friend, Hamilton. I was the friend of Johnny Merriam. I was the friend of Cecilly Hampton. And now I shall be your friend. So be confident. Be gay. For I shall not fail you, Hamilton. I shall be with you before long. I shall not miss again. Drink up the hours, Hamilton, because there are not many left in the cup."

Hamilton tried to speak. He only groaned.

"Ah, it's there, is it?" asked the voice. "Do you feel it and see it without turning your head, Hamilton? Fear . . . is it there, standing beside you?"

Hamilton started and put the receiver back on its hook. He understood, suddenly, why he was called and why the voice ran on through this ghastly half-laughing dialogue. For the law would be coming quickly to the dead body of Cecilly Hampton.

He got himself out of the room and quickly into the vestibule. There he gave one more glance at the studio which would be empty forever of the questing eyes and the eager, sure hands of Cecilly Hampton. That was when he saw, on an arm of the couch, a little ebony cigarette holder with a bright band of platinum plated around the holding end of it. He recognized it at once, and crossed the room to get it with the hasty steps of a man who dashes back into a fire to save one relic.

He got into the hall and rang for the elevator. It came, by the grace of chance, almost at once. As the doors slammed open, he steadied himself to see some of those flat-heeled men of the law walk out. But there was only the little hunchbacked elevator boy.

"Well, you were full of jump and go when you came, but it seems mostly to be out of you now, don't it?" asked the hunchback.

He laughed, and the laughter passed with a horror through the body of Hamilton, for it was almost exactly on that high-pitched, cracking key that the unknown on the telephone would have laughed.

"There was no one home," said Hamilton.

The boy looked Hamilton up and down, standing around and leaning his back against the handle that operated the car.

"Nobody home, eh?" he said. "That's too bad."

HAMILTON went straight to the house of Richard Barnes, and found Grace Barnes about to leave. She wore a featherweight linen suit of cream color.. Shoes and gloves and thin wisp of a hat all matched.

"Here's something you left behind you," he said.

She took the holder, looked it over, and nodded.

"Where in the world?" she asked.

"Don't you remember when you last had it, and where?"

"I've no idea in the world."

"It doesn't matter, then," he told her.

"It does matter. Where's the mystery?" she asked. She came up close. "What's the matter? Tell the old girl, Bob. What's happened?"

"Nothing," he said. "Can I take you somewhere?"

"I'm not going anywhere," she said. "I'm going into the next room to have a drink. You can take me there."

He followed her into a little old-fashioned waiting room. Three or four generations looked foolishly down from the walls.

She went out and came back with Scotch whisky and tall glasses and ice and bottled imported soda.

"Say when," she said, and began pouring. After a moment she looked up. "Well?"

"Another spot," said Hamilton. "No ice. Just a splash of soda . . . and here's to you, Grace my dear."

"That isn't a drink. That's a crutch to lean on," she said. "What's made a cripple out of you?"

"Be still and just let me look at you for a while, will you?" asked Hamilton.

She sipped her own thin drink and pirouetted obediently before him.

"You're a delicious thing," said Hamilton. "You don't have to stand up, though. Sit over here. . . . I wouldn't change anything. Not a thing."

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FATHER, three grown sons and a daughter in a not-too-large house! All the males go to work at the same time. In the single bathroom they must all shave. Imagine the fussing, the confusion and the irritations that spoil a breakfast and ruin the day.

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SCHICK SHAVER

"Do you know something, Bob?"

"I don't want to know anything."

"If there weren't so much past in my past, do you know what you'd do? You'd take me away and marry me, alimony and all."

"Would I?" he asked.

"No, you'd leave the alimony behind you . . . and we'd have four sons."

"Would we?"

She kissed him.

"Love me a little, Bob, will you?" she asked.

"Go back to your chair and sit down," he commanded.

She looked at him closely for a moment. Then she said: "Oh!" and slipped instantly back into her chair, from which she watched him with rather frightened eyes.

LISTEN to me, sweet lamb," said Hamilton. "Don't ever make love to me again like that."

"No, Bob, I won't," she said.

"Because I'm a rat," he told her. "A low hound. And don't forget it."

"All right, dearest," she said.

He swallowed the rest of his whisky.

"I'll take another bit," he said.

"No, you won't take another bit," she declared.

She took the glass away from him.

"About all the rest of it," she said. "You know I wouldn't care. I wouldn't care a bit. It wouldn't matter. I'd throw bushels of wedding rings out the window. And you'd be happy with me for thousands of hours. How many thousands of hours could I make you happy, darling?"

"Thousands of years of days," he said, "if . . ."

"Hush!" she said. "Don't finish it. If it isn't said, then it isn't said . . . and after a while, you'll forget her. The little, little, little fool! She just doesn't understand anything."

"I'll trot along," said Hamilton.

He went out into the hall with her.

"You're not just saying good-by and going like that, are you?" she asked, coming close to him.

"Don't touch me," said Hamilton.

She stepped back.

"No, I won't touch you," she said. "Good-by, dearest dearest."

He got out into the street and walked with his hat off into a good strong wind that was blowing into his face. He swore softly and continually. Finally he came back to the car, got into it, and drove back to Bombi.

But it was hard to drive the car away. The face of the house watched him with many eyes and invited him. It was the hardest thing he had ever done, leaving that house over his shoulder, and then behind his back, and then out of all seeing.

Evidently the same hand that killed Cecilly was also used in the murder of Merriam. But whose? What hidden part is Grace Barnes playing in the crime? Where will Bombi and Bob find a key to the tragic riddle? Next week's Liberty reveals an astounding turn to you.

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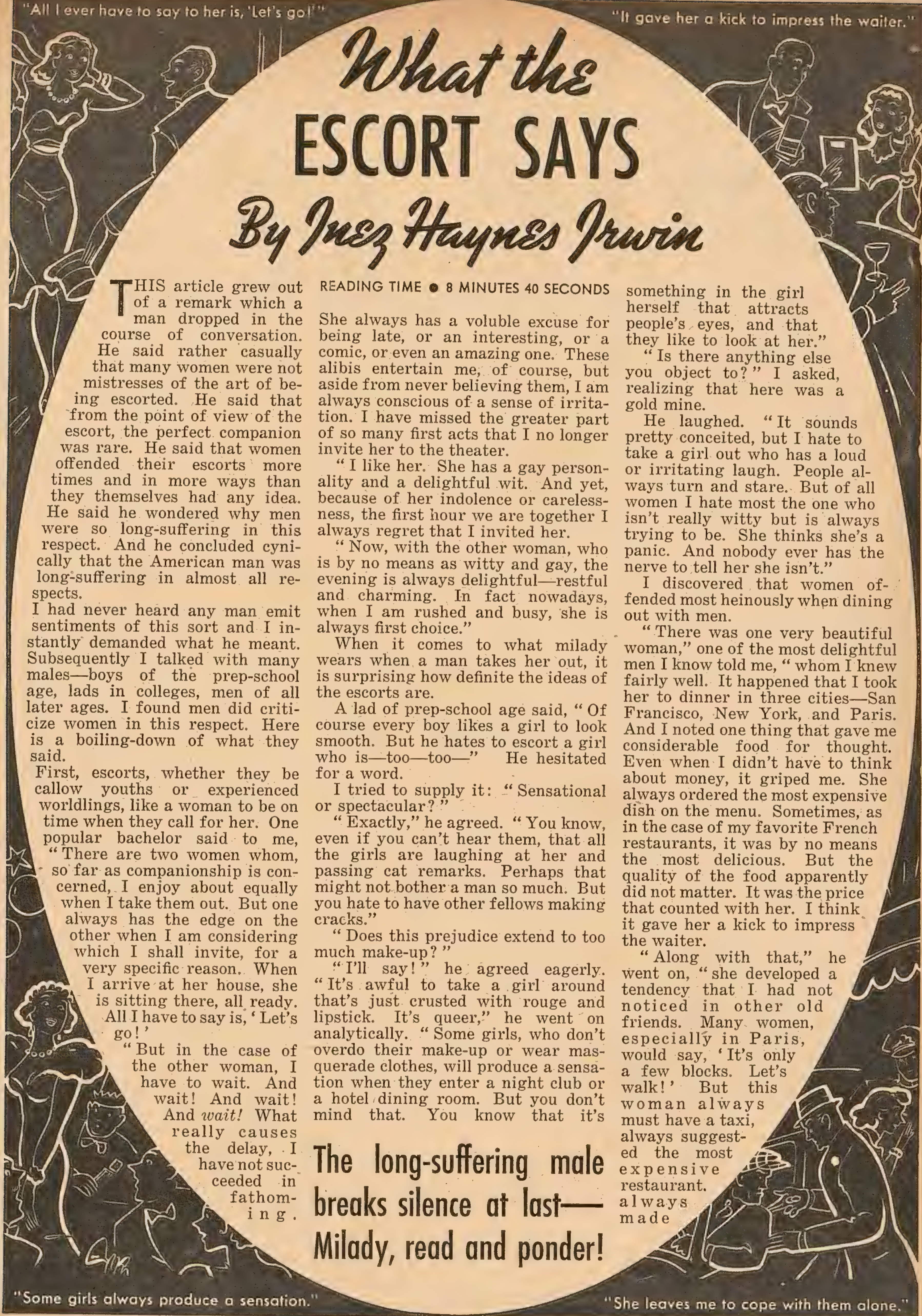
"All I ever have to say to her is, 'Let's go!'"
"It gave her a kick to impress the waiter."
"Some girls always produce a sensation."
"She leaves me to cope with them alone."

What the ESCORT SAYS

By Inez Haynes Irwin

The long-suffering male breaks silence at last—Milady, read and ponder!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THIS article grew out of a remark which a man dropped in the course of conversation. He said rather casually that many women were not mistresses of the art of being escorted. He said that from the point of view of the escort, the perfect companion was rare. He said that women offended their escorts more times and in more ways than they themselves had any idea. He said he wondered why men were so long-suffering in this respect. And he concluded cynically that the American man was long-suffering in almost all respects.

I had never heard any man emit sentiments of this sort and I instantly demanded what he meant. Subsequently I talked with many males—boys of the prep-school age, lads in colleges, men of all later ages. I found men did criticize women in this respect. Here is a boiling-down of what they said.

First, escorts, whether they be callow youths or experienced worldlings, like a woman to be on time when they call for her. One popular bachelor said to me, "There are two women whom, so far as companionship is concerned, I enjoy about equally when I take them out. But one always has the edge on the other when I am considering which I shall invite, for a very specific reason. When I arrive at her house, she is sitting there, all ready. All I have to say is, 'Let's go!'

"But in the case of the other woman, I have to wait. And wait! And wait! And *wait!* What really causes the delay, I have not succeeded in fathoming. She always has a voluble excuse for being late, or an interesting, or a comic, or even an amazing one. These alibis entertain me, of course, but aside from never believing them, I am always conscious of a sense of irritation. I have missed the greater part of so many first acts that I no longer invite her to the theater.

"I like her. She has a gay personality and a delightful wit. And yet, because of her indolence or carelessness, the first hour we are together I always regret that I invited her.

"Now, with the other woman, who is by no means as witty and gay, the evening is always delightful—restful and charming. In fact nowadays, when I am rushed and busy, she is always first choice."

When it comes to what milady wears when a man takes her out, it is surprising how definite the ideas of the escorts are.

A lad of prep-school age said, "Of course every boy likes a girl to look smooth. But he hates to escort a girl who is—too—too—" He hesitated for a word.

I tried to supply it: "Sensational or spectacular?"

"Exactly," he agreed. "You know, even if you can't hear them, that all the girls are laughing at her and passing cat remarks. Perhaps that might not bother a man so much. But you hate to have other fellows making cracks."

"Does this prejudice extend to too much make-up?"

"I'll say!" he agreed eagerly. "It's awful to take a girl around that's just crusted with rouge and lipstick. It's queer," he went on analytically. "Some girls, who don't overdo their make-up or wear masquerade clothes, will produce a sensation when they enter a night club or a hotel dining room. But you don't mind that. You know that it's something in the girl herself that attracts people's eyes, and that they like to look at her."

"Is there anything else you object to?" I asked, realizing that here was a gold mine.

He laughed. "It sounds pretty conceited, but I hate to take a girl out who has a loud or irritating laugh. People always turn and stare. But of all women I hate most the one who isn't really witty but is always trying to be. She thinks she's a panic. And nobody ever has the nerve to tell her she isn't."

I discovered that women offended most heinously when dining out with men.

"There was one very beautiful woman," one of the most delightful men I know told me, "whom I knew fairly well. It happened that I took her to dinner in three cities—San Francisco, New York, and Paris. And I noted one thing that gave me considerable food for thought. Even when I didn't have to think about money, it griped me. She always ordered the most expensive dish on the menu. Sometimes, as in the case of my favorite French restaurants, it was by no means the most delicious. But the quality of the food apparently did not matter. It was the price that counted with her. I think it gave her a kick to impress the waiter.

"Along with that," he went on, "she developed a tendency that I had not noticed in other old friends. Many women, especially in Paris, would say, 'It's only a few blocks. Let's walk!' But this woman always must have a taxi, always suggested the most expensive restaurant, always made

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

possessive gestures toward the flowers or the toys which vendors of various sorts in French cafés put on the tables. In the end I ceased to take her out. It lowered the temperature of pleasure to note the growth in her of little greedy gold-digging instincts."

"The thing I hate most to have a girl do," said a lively youth just out of college, "is a thing that is surprisingly common. Let us say that when we have seated ourselves at the table, the conversation begins with her saying, 'What have you been doing lately?' I answer as I suppose nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would answer, 'Oh, I don't know. Nothing in particular! Theater, movies, a dance or two!' But I add, merely in the way of politeness, 'What have you been doing?' Then, believe me, we're off! Her reply runs something like this: 'Oh, nothing much! Let me see. Monday, I went to tea with John Smith and to dinner with George Jones. Isn't the Merveille delightful? Such food! Such music! But how expensive! Then we ran over to Noel Coward's show and saw the last two plays. Tuesday—now what did I do Tuesday? Oh, yes. Henry Robinson took me out to dinner and the theater and a night club afterward. And Wednesday—that was yesterday, wasn't it?—Harry Brown and I went on a regular tear. We started at seven, and I give you my word we closed Harlem up.'"

My informant paused for breath.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I'm not the least bit interested in what she's been doing with other young men and what they have done for her. Not that it bothers me. I'm not that way about her. Her monologue simply bores me."

AN older man, a delightful widower in his late thirties, voiced this complaint: "The thing that most irritates me in the woman I am escorting is, after we have seated ourselves at a table and begun to eat, to find that she's only pretending to listen to what I say. Her eyes are all the time wandering to other tables. I realize that she's infinitely more interested in summing up the other guests, and even trying to catch fragments of their conversation, than in anything I have to tell her. Naturally, that type of girl is never a popular escortee. Of course no man wants a girl to sit with her eyes glued on his for the whole evening. But he does like to feel that she has come with him because she is interested in him and what's happening to him."

He paused and his eyes grew reminiscent. "When I was quite a bit younger, I used to amuse myself, the first time I took a woman out, by a little test of my own. It came out of the remarks of a cynical friend of mine to the effect that women never make good listeners. They are—he said—inveterate interrupters. They know neither courtesy nor fair play, neither logic nor continuity in conversation. I would say to the lady sitting across the table from me something like this: 'By the way, I had a strange adventure one night last week and— Oh, isn't that meat too well done? Would you like me to send it back? No? Sure? All right! Have you seen The Demon Eye? It's simply swell!' How many times do you think the escortee went back on the trail and asked me about my adventure? You admire your own sex. I won't tell you the percentage."

It is all natural enough. What the escort wants in the escortee is promptness; smooth but not dramatic dressing; a becoming reticence about what other men have done for her; no instinct to gold-dig; and the impulse to make the host the center of interest.

The man who made the last series of complaints is six feet two, a New Yorker, an ex-cowboy, an ex-center on the varsity team of his university, a man who went through the World War from, as he expressed it, "soup to nuts."

WHEN you take a girl to any public scramble like an art gallery or a dog show or Coney Island," he said, "you're expected to keep her located. But does it ever occur to any of your sex that she has any responsibility for keeping you located? Once I wandered over half of the Metropolitan Museum, asking attendants if they'd seen a brunette in a red hat. I found her four galleries away. She had just wandered on, with the idea, I suppose, that it was my business to keep my eye on her every instant."

Then my adventurous friend added what I consider is the comic relief of this article:

"A girl can do anything else, so far as I'm concerned," he went on, "if she only stands by at certain moments. I don't mind a bucking bronco, or a charging lion, or an active machine gun pointed in my direction. But waiters get me down and I'm a paralytic in the presence of taxi drivers. When I take a girl to a party, or a restaurant, or a theater, she always leaps out of the taxicab and skips up under the marquee into the lobby, foyer, or entrance hall, leaving me to cope with these ferocious creatures alone. I don't want her to pay the fare. I want her only to stand by while I try to do the addition and subtraction. She never does it, of course. And, in my terror, I can't add or subtract, I drop money in the gutter, I overtip, I undertip, I fail to tip at all. When, finally, I catch up with her, I am a broken and humiliated old man."

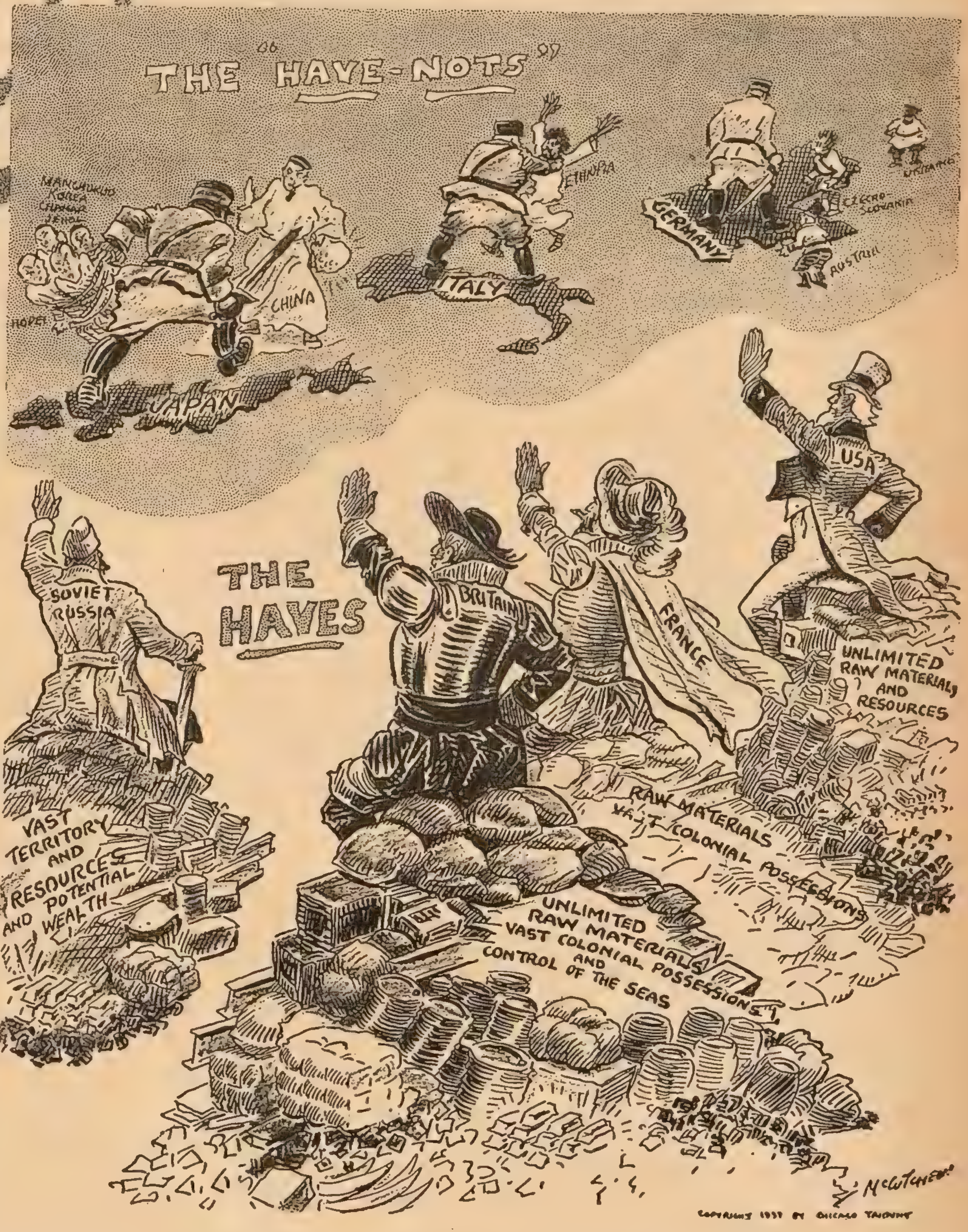
I could see, as I told him, surcease for the other complaining escorts, but there would never be any for him. No woman in a thin evening coat can stand by in the icy blasts of winter just because a man's afraid of the taxi driver. It's up to him to develop the courage to face these gentry. Otherwise the rest of his life will be one long line of retreats, ending in ultimate defeat.

THE END

A Liberty Article that was Heard Round the World

How a famous phrase—"the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'"—was given to the language of diplomacy

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS


"THE HAVE-NOTS"
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CHINA
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UNLIMITED RAW MATERIALS VAST COLONIAL POSSESSIONS AND CONTROL OF THE SEAS
McCUTCHEON

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TWO years ago Colonel House, writing in Liberty, divided the nations of the world into "haves" and "have-nots." Today it is hardly possible to open a newspaper without finding some reference to that trenchant phrase. Editors, statesmen, heads of nations adopt it because it succinctly describes the menace to world peace arising from the unequal possession of the world's raw materials and territorial possessions. England controls one fourth of the globe; Russia one seventh. The French colonies far exceed the area of France. Portugal, Belgium, and Holland—three small countries—control enormous colonial territories. Is it surprising that great countries with insufficient sources of raw materials—the "have-nots" among nations—covet their neighbors' possessions? Is it possible to adjust this problem without the sword? Colonel House not merely posed the question; he also proposed a remedy.

If Woodrow Wilson had heeded the advice of Colonel House in 1918, America—for better or for worse—would be a member of the League of Nations, and the League would not be the impotent thing that it is today. If the rulers of the world had heeded the advice of Colonel House given them in Liberty in the issue of September 14, 1935, there would be no miniature World War in Spain, and no threat of another world-wide conflagration in China.

What was the message of Colonel House entrusted to Liberty, which may well be known as the "House Doctrine" to history? "*Just as social peace cannot prevail without some adjustment of the capitalistic system, so,*" Woodrow Wilson's other self averred, "*international peace cannot be preserved without drastic territorial readjustments. Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States must receive Italy, Germany, and Japan on terms adjusted to present world conditions and recognize their insistence upon being given their proper part of the colonial resources of the world. Chaos and catastrophe will be upon us unless those that have among the Powers are willing to share in some way with those that have not.*"

"Germany," the Colonel went on to explain, "will be dissatisfied until she regains what the exile in Doorn has called her 'place in the sun.' The tension in Europe will lead to new disasters unless the imperial urge of Mussolini has the opportunity to spend itself on African soil. Japan will see red until her crying needs are acknowledged. The four Powers possessing the world—Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States

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—must realize that mankind can no longer be governed by the adage, 'He that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.'"

The Colonel's admonition, urging "a new deal among nations," was a shot heard round the world. His article evoked reverberations in England and in the headquarters of the League at Geneva, and an answering echo among the "have-nots"—Italy, Germany, and Japan. Sir Samuel Hoare, then Foreign Secretary of Great Britain (who now holds another, equally important, post in the new cabinet), made a statement hinting at a "consideration" of the redistribution of raw materials, immediately on the heels of the announcement by Colonel House of his enlightened doctrine. There was some discussion among the other "possessing" nations. But no one took action!

IN vain Colonel House pointed out that hate, suspicion, and economic disaster walk in the trail of the so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles. "The Peace Treaty deprived Germany of all her colonies; it did not fulfill the colonial promises made to Italy; and Japan was held in check. As a result, Germany produced Hitler, the overcompensation of her inferiority complex; Mussolini stirred up trouble in Europe; and Japan is looking for her easiest and most effective channel into which she may pour her superfluous population and trade. There can be no stability until the vital demands of these three great nations are met. I do not recommend annexation by force, nor the ruthless exploitation of native populations, but some satisfactory arrangement should be reached."

Many years ago Mussolini told the present writer: "Italy must expand or explode." He waited a long time before he marched into Ethiopia. He had already embarked upon that adventure when Colonel House uttered his warning. Colonel House accepted the situation philosophically. "If," said Colonel House, "Mussolini succeeds, Italy will expand in Africa without exploding in Europe." The problem of Germany and of Italy is important to the United States because the world is a living whole; but the problem of Japan is of even more immediate consequence.

"The yellow race, led by its most progressive members, will coalesce eventually. It is desirable that this bloc . . . should not be imbued with antagonism against the white race. But it will be thus imbued if we are unwilling to envisage a new deal internationally as well as nationally."

That was music to the ears of Nippon. In the December 7, 1935, issue of Liberty, Prince Fumimaro Konoye, then President of the House of Peers, now Prime Minister of Japan, endorsed the demand for a new deal voiced by Colonel House. "Under the existing world order," he said, "the apportionment of . . . essential resources has been made by powerful nations, with little regard for . . . less fortunate nations or peoples. . . . The forcible maintenance of the status quo," he warningly added, "in the distribution of land and resources must inevitably remain a source of international friction and conflict. . . . It is not wise to fill old bottles with new wine. New wines have been and still are fomenting in our modern world. . . . Cram them [the once backward and dormant nations] down in the old bottle of the status quo and the bottle may burst." This is obviously the Japanese version of Mussolini's "expand or explode."

In a book just off the press, The Far East Comes Nearer, Hessel Tiltman repeats a conversation with the spokesman of the Mikado's Foreign Office, the astute Eiji Amau, who accepts the House Doctrine and hails the response of Sir Samuel Hoare. The proposal, Amau admits, shows a great improvement in world ideas. While it may not be realized during our lifetime, it is something toward which all nations should work to effect the permanent peace of the world. "At present," Nippon's spokesman continues, "there are three types of nations: (1) those content with present conditions; (2) those who possess no vitality and are incapable of exploiting the natural resources within their boundaries; and (3) those who possess abundant vitality and are capable of exploiting natural resources, but do not have them, and are shut off from trying to get them."

Sure of her abundant vitality, Japan, unwilling to wait for the slow-moving, if not slow-witted, diplomats, is carving with the sword a new piece out of China. Her action may precipitate the second World War. The failure of the "haves" to respond realistically to the Colonel's suggestion has led to a perilous alliance between the "have-nots." Mussolini is linked to Hitler by the Berlin-Rome axis, and Japan is linked to Germany by a mysterious agreement, ostensibly aimed only against Bolshevism.

The "haves" cannot complain that they have not received sufficient warning. Every one who reads history in the light of economic facts knows that the international struggle in Spain is not merely a fight between Bolshevism and Fascism, but for raw materials. With infinite patience the Great Powers have prevented the battle in Spain from setting off a world-wide explosion. But will it be possible to check a world war if Japan collides openly with Russia in Asia? Will Hitler march in support of his Japanese ally? Will Mussolini march in support of the Berlin-Rome axis? Will Germany remain contented without action after her partners in misfortune successfully seize colonies and raw materials?

Dr. Schacht, the head of the Reichsbank, plagiarizing Mussolini, recently said that "Germany must expand or explode." Schacht quotes the House Doctrine in justification of Germany's colonial claims. He also cites certain secret messages between Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson in 1918, intercepted by the German Intelligence Service. From these messages it appears that Colonel House, at a time when Lloyd George still wanted to "hang the Kaiser," already urged upon his chief the equitable distribution of colonies.

Dr. Schacht points out that both Japan and Italy have helped themselves. Germany remains "the lone unsatisfied Power." "So long as the problem of colonial raw materials is not solved for Germany, so long will she remain a source of unrest, despite all her love of peace."

Schacht's reply to House appeared in Foreign Affairs for January, 1937. In the meantime the Führer himself evidently read the House article and digested it well. In a speech before the Reichstag, January 30, 1937, Adolf Hitler repeated the phrase immortalized by Colonel House, and protested against "the unreasonable division of the nations into those that 'have' and those that 'have not.'" Great problems, Hitler declared, cannot be solved by clever phrases. . . . "For thousands of years the nations asserted their vital claims by the use of power. If, in our time, some other institution is to take the place of this power for the purpose of regulating relations between the peoples, then it must take into account all natural vital claims and act accordingly. The League of Nations," the head of the Third Reich bitingly observed, "can no more guarantee the existing state of the world than it can regulate the ebb and flow of the tides of the Gulf Stream." There is an ominous ring in these sentences.

Italy has acted. Japan is acting. How long will Germany wait? Neither Italy nor Japan is completely sated. Once Germany marches, the fat will be in the fire. Queer doings in the Mediterranean presage disaster. Grumblings from Berlin, Rome, and Moscow may be the harbingers of a second World War. It may not be too late to prevent the final explosion, the vast conflagration that, leaping from continent to continent, will inevitably involve the United States, if the "haves" will get together with the "have-nots," and agree to a reasonable solution of the problem along the lines propounded by Colonel House.

The Quakers in America and the Labor Party in England recently adopted resolutions echoing the House Doctrine. But Foreign Offices move slowly. It seems easier to sacrifice millions of lives and billions of treasure than to surrender a few square miles of land in distant continents. If the "haves" are unwilling to make reasonable colonial and economic concessions, they must arm, as England is arming today, and must be ready to engage in a war that may dwarf the World War and leave civilization—as we know it—in ruins.

THE END

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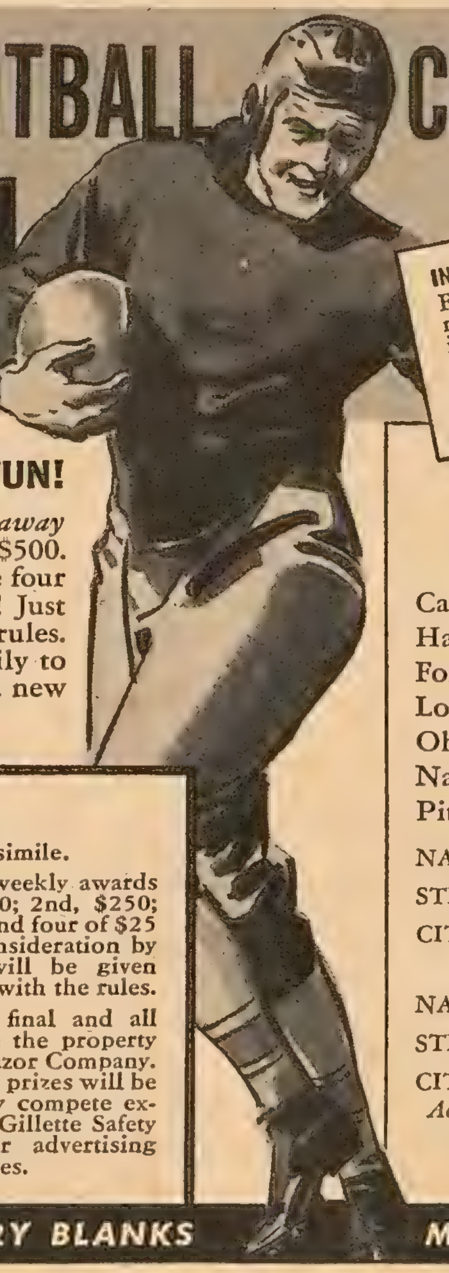

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Here's fun and cash for everybody! Gillette is *giving away* 8 big cash prizes—$1,000—*every week!* The first prize is $500. 2nd prize, $250. 3rd prize, $100. 4th prize, $50. There are four additional prizes of $25 each. And *you* can win! It's easy! Just fill out the entry blank at right and follow the simple rules. Submit as many entries as you wish. Get the entire family to compete. Your Gillette dealer has extra blanks. There's a new contest every week. Get going now—and cash in!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Check the 7 teams you predict will win the games listed in blank at right. Entries for October 23rd contest must be postmarked before midnight October 22nd.
2. Accompany each blank with a letter of not more than 50 words giving your reasons for picking any one team over its opponent.
3. Print your name and address and name and address of your Gillette dealer where indicated.
4. Attach to each entry blank an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package (not individual blade wrapper), or a reasonably accurate facsimile.
5. For best letters these weekly awards will be made: 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $100; 4th, $50; and four of $25 each. Full and fair consideration by independent judges will be given every letter complying with the rules.
6. Judges' decisions are final and all letters entered become the property of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Anyone may compete except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, their advertising agency and their families.

Games of October 23

Check Teams You Think Will Win.
Mail before midnight Friday, October 22nd to Gillette, P.O. Box 5, Boston, Mass.

California........☐	So. California....☐
Harvard..........☐	Dartmouth.......☐
Fordham.........☐	Texas Christian..☐
Louisiana State...☐	Vanderbilt.......☐
Ohio State.......☐	Northwestern....☐
Navy............☐	Notre Dame.....☐
Pittsburgh.......☐	Wisconsin.......☐

NAME.................................
STREET...............................
CITY.......................STATE.........

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CITY.......................STATE.........

Accompany this entry with an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package or facsimile. (L-2)

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MAIL ENTRY NOW AND WIN!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

"A BUSY woman can always spare a minute. Women who *never have a minute* are those who in reality have altogether too much leisure. . . ."

I'm quoting Elissa Landi, actress and authoress, screen star and sportswoman—one of the busiest girls I know. She writes novels, makes pictures, does leading parts in Broadway plays. That's her weekday schedule. On Sunday she gets up at eight thirty, rides horseback until noon, takes an hour off to arrange flowers from her garden, plays tennis until four thirty, then entertains her friends with music followed by a buffet supper. How can she stand the pace, I asked her, without collapsing from exhaustion?

"It's all easy enough," she said, "if you don't just sit around and pause. The *pausing* habit dissipates more of your time and energy than a dozen active occupations."

Elissa Landi

Her ideas on the subject of arranging flowers are interesting and practical. Cut the stems rather short, she advises, so the blossoms won't droop. Put delicate hothouse flowers, roses, lilies, et cetera, in crystal or cut glass. Inexpensive yet ideal for this purpose are ordinary goldfish bowls of different sizes. Simple outdoor flowers—daisies, marigolds, and the like—look best in pottery, Miss Landi believes. Her favorite combination is that of pure white flowers in a plain white porcelain vase.

Born in Venice, of Austrian parents, Elissa Landi was brought up in England by Russian friends of her family . . . which gives her an international background hard to match. Her latest achievement—the Broadway production of a Hungarian play called The Lady Has a Heart.

☆ At a recent dinner a certain senator from a Southwestern state revealed the secret of his famous popularity among the ladies. Greeting two women he had met at the same house a year before, he said to one, "Yes indeed; I remember you perfectly. You wore a most unusual yellow dress." Turning next to the other woman, he tickled her pink by recalling a smart pair of spangled gloves she had worn the previous year. They asked him how he did it.

Apparently in a confessional mood, he broke down and told all. "With notebooks," he said. "I keep notes on every one I meet at lunches, dinners, and receptions. Keep 'em indexed according to date and place. Where you ladies are concerned, I always jot down something about your clothes. Then when I meet you again I impress you with my marvelous memory."

No wonder the girls all vote for him at election time. Any man who yearns to be liked by the ladies can profit by using the senator's system. Keep notes, young man. Keep notes!

☆ Out of Africa and the big Paramount movie safari led by Osa Johnson, widow of the late Martin Johnson, I have just received a letter from Clark Getts, her lecture manager and rumored fiancé. Clark says: ". . . Her marksmanship is up to the best. I have seen her drop all kinds of wild animals with a single shot—and am being very careful what I say to her."

☆ With the troubles of present-day China being laid bare so horrifically now by our newsreels and newspapers, I have been looking up old Chinese customs just for the sake of contrast. One of them appeals to me immensely. It is the practice of giving young children a *milk name*—a first name which they are at liberty to change, later on, for a name of their own selection. . . . Surely that system is more civilized than ours. Many of us go through life detesting the first names inflicted on us, when we were babies, by well meaning but thoughtless parents. Many a lifelong inferior complex could be traced to such first names as Gwendolen or Llewellyn, Philomena or Percival, Horace or Hephzibah. . . . Seems to me the temporary *milk name*, which children can drop if they want to when they grow up, might be a Chinese custom well worth borrowing.

☆ *'Nother Oriental Note* . . . Have you heard about the enchanted undershirts being worn by Japanese soldiers for protection against Chinese bullets? They're really more like sashes than undershirts, but they're what the Nippon warriors wear next to their skin and are supposed to derive protective magic from the fact that each sash is embroidered with one thousand little red stitches, each stitch having been sewed in by a different woman of Japan. . . . A thousand stitches, a thousand women, a thousand separate feminine prayers for the soldier's safe and victorious return—that's the idea. Japanese mothers, wives, and daughters conduct a kind of *stitch exchange*, so that every fighting man can have a thousand-stitch sash—called a *sen-nin-bari*. Astrology comes in, too. Women born under the Japanese zodiac sign of the Tiger are privileged to sew five stitches on a soldier's magic sash. Other women can't put on more than one stitch apiece.

☆ Ray Giles has written a timely pamphlet entitled How to Beat the High Cost of Living. It tells 864 ways to save money. Published by Simon & Schuster.

☆ On the lookout for economical dinners to help balance the household budget, I discovered this exceptionally good recipe for baked salmon with eggs. . . . Use 1 large can salmon, the fish drained and separated from bones and skin. Slice 3 hard-boiled eggs and have ready 1½ cups cream sauce. Butter a fireproof dish; place a layer of salmon on the bottom; next a layer of the egg slices; then pour on a little of the cream sauce, which should be flavored lightly with onion juice and a dash of nutmeg. Repeat layers of salmon and egg until dish is full. Cover top with 1 cup buttered bread crumbs and dust over with grated cheese. Put dish in a pan of water and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with baked potatoes.

Broadway...and Broken Dreams

A poignant drama of footlight hopes comes movingly to the screen—Mr. Cagney trips the light fantastic

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and Adolphe Menjou in Stage Door.

★ ★ ★ ½ STAGE DOOR

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, Gail Patrick, Constance Collier, Andrea Leeds, Samuel S. Hinds, Lucille Ball, Franklin Pangborn, William Corson, Pierre Watkin, Grady Sutton, Frank Reicher, Phyllis Kennedy, Eve Arden, Ann Miller, Margaret Early, Jean Rouverol, Elizabeth Dunne, Norma Drury, Jane Rhodes, Peggy O'Donnell, Harriett Brandon, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntley Gordon, Olive Hatch. Screen play by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller from the stage play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS poignant, humorous drama of a theatrical boardinghouse—politely called the Rehearsal Club—wherein aspiration, hope, and heartbreak dwell in tiny hall bedrooms and subsist on synthetic lamb stew, hovers on the edge of four stars.

Terry Randall is the daughter of a Western wheat king. A little spoiled, she comes to the Rehearsal Club to find a place for herself on the stage. Unknown to Terry, her father's money paves the path for her to reach Broadway. So she makes her way to the electric signs—but the way brings tragedy to others.

Stage Door is the story of Terry's easy success—and the death of the penniless little actress who longs to play the role bought by the wheat king's fortune. Katharine Hepburn plays Terry with brittleness, some brilliance, an underlying sympathy.

The film is stolen by an unknown, Andrea Leeds, who does the little actress who loses her dreams to a wheat fortune.

Ginger Rogers is present, too, as a flippant, sarcastic, Broadway-wise stage aspirant. And Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the producer with his invaluable little telephone book.

Stage Door is one of the events of 1937, a shrewdly written panorama of stage-struck hopes and dreams.

VITAL STATISTICS: George S. Kaufman is America's richest playwright and most prolific collaborator, while Miss Edna Ferber is our most unmarried richest novelist. They split around $125,000 for screen rights to this. . . . Eccentricky megger Gregory La Cava had trouble with 14 young players who were inmates of the film's theatrical boardinghouse. They had to speak lines to topstars Hepburn, Rogers, and Patrick and were scared to death. So La Cava kept Hepburn, Rogers, and Patrick on the set just making friends and showing how stars are just humans like you and me—only richer. When the awe vanished, youngies went to work unafeared. . . . Ralph Forbes and his mother Mary Forbes play together for the first time in this. Forbes plays his maw's son-in-law but addresses no lines to her. Forbes is Ruth Chatterton's ex, has been around the Hollywood film mills for some time but not quite so active recently as he once was. . . . Connie Collier, who was born in a theatrical boardinghouse in the Duke of Windsor's home town, used to be a London Gaiety Girl. . . . Olive Hatch, world champion 100-meter and 50-yard free-style swimmer, does a bit somewhere among the boardinghouse Footlight Clubites. Olive is learning acting and writing at RKO. . . . Rather on the close-lipped New England social type, Kitty Hepburn got on pretty well with the other members of her cast. Hollywood lets her pretty much alone and she lets it alone. She lives simply in a 30-room house, has a swimming pool, many servants, two or three close friends. . . . Ginger Rogers won't dance till her next Astaire picture, her contract calling for four films a year, three dramatic, one with Fred. Ginger's really Virginia McMath, you know; she's tall, capable, red-haired naturally but blonde by adoption.

★ ★ ★ SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Evelyn Daw, Mona Barrie, Gene Lockhart, William Frawley, James Newill, Harry Barris, Cully Richards, Candy Candido, William Davidson, Richard Tucker, Marek Windheim, Dwight Frye, John Arthur, Philip Ahn, Kathleen Lockhart, Kenneth Harlan, Herbert Rawlinson, Ernest Wood. Screen play by Austin Parker from a story by Victor Schertzinger. Directed by Mr. Schertzinger. Produced by Grand National. Running time, 90 minutes.

HERE you have the hard brusque lad, James Cagney, as an orchestra leader who hoofs as he waves a baton. The movies sign him up as a novelty but Hollywood treats him pretty roughly. So he runs away from the galloping shadows, marries the pretty vocalist with his band, and the two depart on a tramp steamer to honeymoon in the South Seas. Meanwhile the picture is released and the hoofer-conductor Terry Rooney becomes an overnight National Idol. Imagine the worries of a studio trying to find a lost Glamour Boy!

That's the start of the story. Hollywood kids its own weaknesses and its own idiosyncrasies—and does it amusingly. Cagney gives a smooth performance, does his tapping with assurance. A newcomer, Evelyn Daw, plays the sweetheart of the band.

VITAL STATISTICS: Evelyn Daw is no relation to Marjorie Daw, now Mrs. Myron Selznick. Fact is her name's really Evelyn (Aw) Schuck, and Marjorie Daw's name wasn't Daw, either. Evelyn's of weeburg Geddes, S. D., she's a Dakota Wesleyan grad. She's 20, 5/4, 109 lbs., titian-crowned, has an alabaster cheek covered with freckles and dimples, her blue-gray eyes are almondy shaped, and she plays swell violin and clarinet. . . . Jimmy Cagney, the troubled Gaelic soul of Hollywood, hoofs for the first screen time. It's ten years ago since he last shook a hoof. First legit Bway role was in Little Red, he was a hobo in Max Anderson's Outside Looking In, scored with Joan Blondell in George Kelly's Maggie the Magnificent. Leaped to movie stardom overnight with Mae Clarke in Public Enemy, be-

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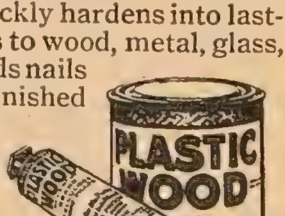


PLASTIC WOOD

stowing the famous grapefruit shower on her in that, and recently appeared with her again in Great Guy. His rise he attributes to his love of unrelentingly tough guys among whom he was raised on New York's tough streets, and in the various businesses which he tried to help support his family. . . . Candy Candido didn't make the name up—just had fond Italian parents. They thought him like candy and so they named him it. He's of N'Orleans, got to be the most entertaining fellow at Tulane, played bass fiddle for the late Russ Columbo for a time, until Ted Fiorito added him as bass fiddler and comedian. Has three voices, bad wolf, medium, and high female squeak. . . . Jimmy Newill heroed among the wolf howls of Renfrew—Recennnnnn-frrrreewww of the Mounted—before he debutted in this. He's a Pittsburgher, of the U. S. C. acting and football squads, was with Murphy's Comedians, Burns & Allen, Gus Arnheim. . . . The villain's double Jimmy Cagney always smacks about with such gusto and slambang is one Harvey Parry, who's been beaten up for years now by Cagney. Parry learned his acting in the ring, and he and Cagney have become expert at trading blows that would seem to need an ambulance after the scene was finished.

★ ★ ½ BIG CITY

THE PLAYERS: Luise Rainer, Spencer Tracy, Charley Grapewin, Janet Beecher, Eddie Quillan, Victor Varconi, Oscar O'Shea, Helen Troy, William Demarest, John Arledge, Irving Bacon, Guinn Williams, Regis Toomey, Edgar Dearing, Paul Harvey, Andrew J. Tombes, Clem Bevans, Grace Ford, Alice White, Eddie Gribbon. Screen play by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler from a story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 77 minutes.

THIS melodrama of a ruthless taxi war in Manhattan has the ingredients of good drama, yet it doesn't jell. Joe Benton is a tough, rough, humorous taxi driver. He has married a little French girl; a baby is in the offing. Then Joe and all his pals get mixed in the war; there is a framed dynamiting of a garage, Joe's wife is innocently involved. The girl is about to be deported when—

Far be it from us to kill surprises. But the climax involves a sport dinner at Mr. Dempsey's own restaurant attended by Jack himself, Jim Jeffries, Jimmy McLarnin, Maxie Rosenbloom, Man Mountain Dean, and a host of others.

The film misses, save in its climax. Luise Rainer fails to arouse your sympathy as the French wife. Tracy's chauffeur has tang and reality. This actor never misses.

VITAL STATISTICS: You can get Luise Rainer mad just by calling her a second Bergner, a new Garbo, another Dietrich. But doesn't mind being dubbed the Unglamour woman. Thinks worse than being typed is to be made a second, claims she's never in her whole life tried to imitate any one, just has slipped into the soul of each new characterization and been herself. Would rather be a bad Luise Rainer than a good imitation any one else. . . . Charley Grapewin, who plays the Mayor of New York, handed out copies of the Bronze Bull, one of many novels he's written, to the entire cast of Big City. That silk katy he totes around as the mayor is the same one he got married in to Anna Chance 41 years ago. It's been settin' in a hatbox ever since, it's called the Oscar Hammerstein block, because that gent introduced it at the time. . . . Spence Tracy keeps his hatband unstretched though it's generally agreed he's the best actor in Hollywood today. Tracy's a sailing nut, is going to night school to learn navigation. Is hardest working actor in Hollywood, will tell you his success is all luck. . . . The entire Quillan family—ten kids and all—used to do a vodvil act but Eddie was the only one of them who could crash Hollywood. Eddie used to be a big-pants and odd-shoed Sennett comedian. . . . Eddie Gribbon is a veteran of the old Keystone Cops, hasn't been on the M-G-M lot for 8 years, used to do quite a bit of clowning for Marie Dressler, Lon Chaney, deplores the death of custard drama. . . . All I can learn about Helen Troy is that she's eaten an apple a day for the past 8 years—it comes to about 3.000 apples—and that it's worked. . . . Blue-haired Janet Beecher's become a badminton fiend, has had a huge family tree painted showing her direct ascent from Colonial roots. . . . That's really Bull Montana, the old Doug Fairbanks menace. Known as the Man with the Cauliflower Face, Bull got that puss through wrestling, thought, and mental make-up. . . . Those are genuine old athletes populating that replica of Jack Dempsey's eating house—not doubles or dummies. And Man Mountain Dean's leg is in a real cast. He broke it the week before during a bout in which the wrestlers got mixed up in the script and put on some real action.

★ ★ ½ DOUBLE OR NOTHING

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle, William Frawley, Benny Baker, Sam Hinds, William Henry, Fay Holden, Gilbert Emery, Walter Kingsford, John Gallaudet, Harry Barris, Jimmy Notaro, Olaf Hytton, Bert Hanlon. Screen play by Charles Lederer, Erwin Gelsey, John C. Moffitt, and Duke Atteberry based on a story by M. Coates Webster. Directed by Theodore Reed. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

A MILLIONAIRE philanthropist wants to prove that folks are essentially honest. So, when he dies, twenty-five pocketbooks, each containing a hundred dollars, are tossed away at random. If the finders return the money, they are to be given $5,000. The first finder to double this honestly in thirty days gets a million.

The boopa-doop Bing Crosby is one of the honest finders, as are an ex-strip-tease belle, played brassily by Martha Raye, an amiable roughneck, otherwise Andy Devine, and a retired con man, portrayed by William Frawley. The events are mildly diverting, never quite dull, never hilarious.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mary Carlisle used to be ever so plump, has reduced by means of a deck of playing cards. Says it's the cheapest way she knows. When you see breakfast, instead of eating, you pick up a deck of playing cards, toss them abandonedly into the air anywhere, then pick each and every one up. Do this several times. . . . Martha Raye's marriage to Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore, $100-a-week make-up artist, has gone on the rocks after a few fevered months and a lot of fevered words and actions. . . . Andy Devine got mal de mer during the revolving night-club scene. . . . They call Samuel S. Hinds the Man with the Beautiful Voice and say he packs his tonsils in cotton wool at night. . . . The Calgary Bros. are Steve and André, they're of Budapest, where Paw Calgary once operated a fencing school, taught the bloodthirsty Dr. Frank Sarga a few pointers. . . . Fay Holden's been married to Dave Clyde for 22 years and it's still white-hot love between them. Life began at 41 for Fay. She'd been on the boards for 32 unrecognized undistinguished years—changed her name from Gaby Fay, took on a new acting disguise, that of a timid, tremulous wife, got a fat contract.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime.

★★★—Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day.

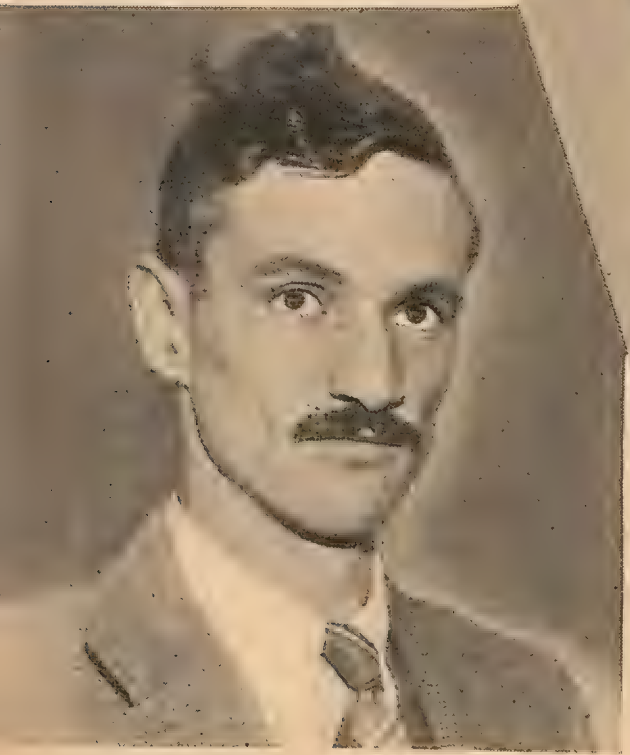
LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

LITTLEST MOUNTAINEER—Patsy Lee Parsons, a five-year-old product of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is probably the littlest little girl who ever came rolling down the mountains to a movie contract. After seeing her dance and hearing her sing in New York, scouts signed her for RKO's New Faces of 1937.

BROOKLYNITE — Eighteen-year-old Jean O'Neill (right) is one young radio songbird I'd put a bet on for future stardom. She has a contralto of fine quality and range, and she has that instinct for music which distinguishes future celebrities. Mark her down on your list, and we shall see what we shall see.

PRINCETONIAN — Thirty-one-year-old William Sloane was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and graduated from Princeton in 1929. He is now an associate editor with Farrar & Rinehart. His first novel, To Walk the Night, makes him an important addition to our American novelists.



ARCHITECT—George Lyman Paine, Jr., demonstrated his promise when his design for a "typical building" for the New York World's Fair won first prize. He is a Harvard graduate, thirty-five; lives in New York City.

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IF you want to win $500 cash, get into the "count 'em" game. Everything you need in order to start an entry is right on this page. Simply count the rubber bands in Group No. 3 at the right and enter your total on the official scoring coupon. What easier way toward a prize could you imagine? No research, nothing to buy, no obscure tricks. Just concentration and accuracy. Your chance to get into the money is excellent if you get started without further delay. When you are satisfied that your count is correct, clip the scoring coupon and save it until the end of the contest.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Reprints of the first two groups, together with their official scoring coupons, are available for late entrants. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can complete the first two counts, enter them on the coupons, and be even with the leaders in the game. Do not send in any coupons until your set of six is complete.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.

2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.

3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining "Why I read Liberty."

4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Ten Prizes, each $10; Fifty Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

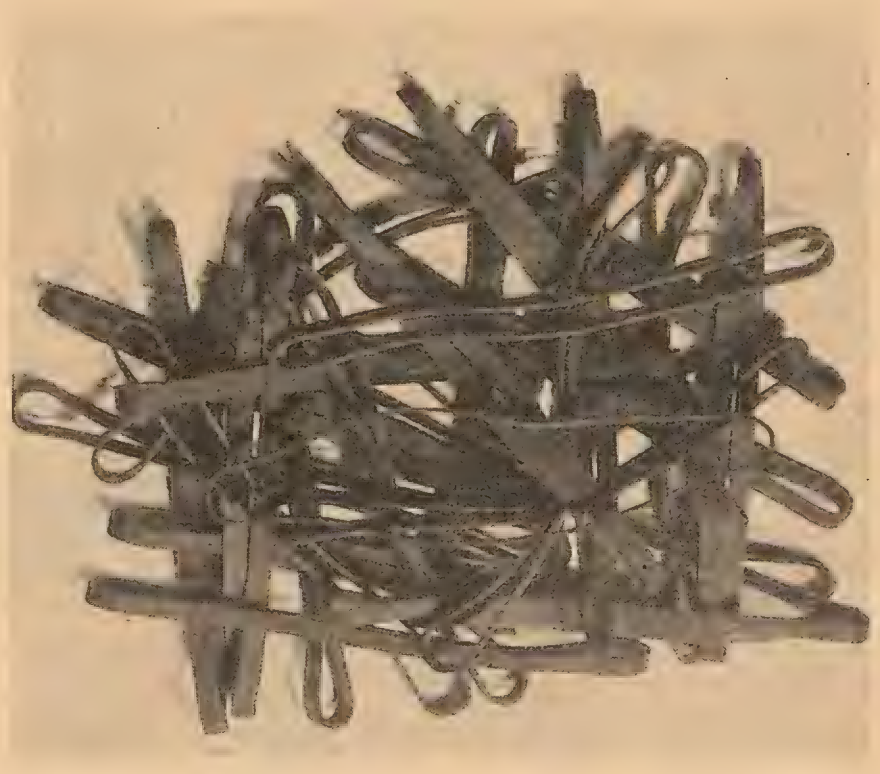
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.

8. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

GROUP NO. 3



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Submitted by

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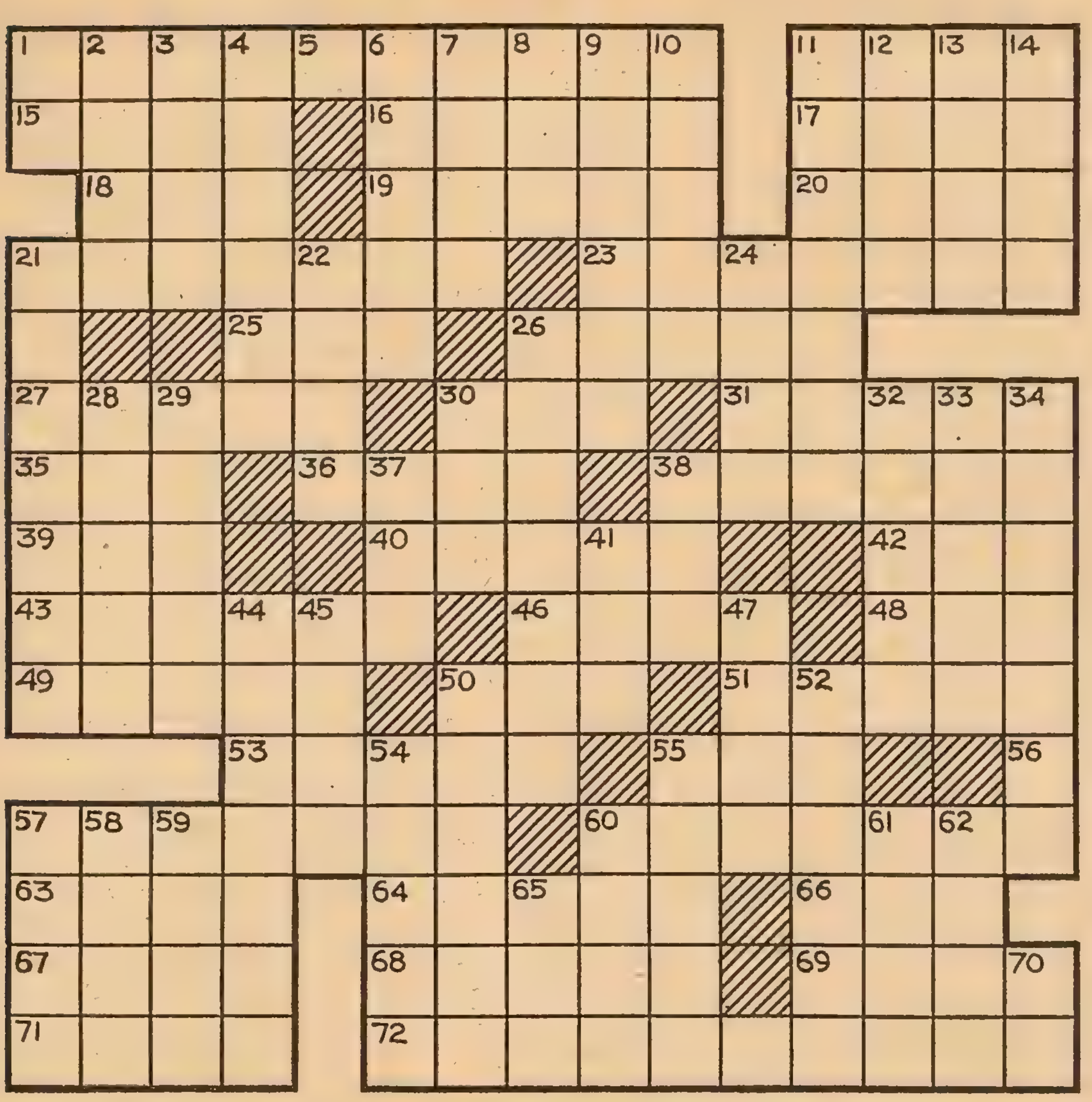
CITY.................................STATE..............

(Save this coupon until the end of the contest and submit a complete set of six with statement)

WATCH FOR COUNT 'EM PICTURE No. 4 NEXT WEEK!

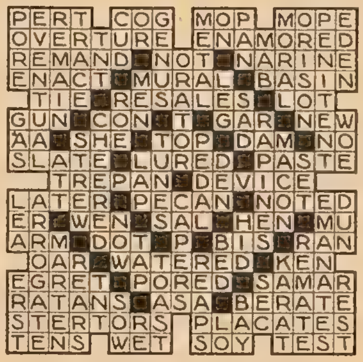
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A whopping big fish story (two words)
11 Exercise (feminine)
15 It's banned in Polynesia
16 The branch Mussolini uses as a war club
17 Well known agent
18 Society for the Eradication of Soupsnuffling (abbr.)
19 What makes a good poker?
20 The hole in the wall plug
21 Recalled dinner
23 They see lip to lip
25 Angeles
26 Exterior decoration
27 Recesses
30 This makes a lier out of an honest man
31 Loam stooges
35 Unnnh!
36 A dull flop—isn't it sickening?
38 Head rest and pearl chassis
39 Compass pernt
40 To do a Jack Benny
42 What to give a windy young man
43 What the Old Crows collected
46 The Good Earth
48 Kind of Magnon
49 Spasm
50 What a pair of sneaks are
51 A gal with lots of zip
53 A gal you rarely hear from
55 Hiss-hiss
56 Well known hot spot
57 Backward South American country
60 Arched supporters
63 Some old, old Scotch
64 A Hoover
66 Lena's had the l— knocked out of her here
67 Eye want (feminine form)
68 Character in Julius Caesar —he sounds immoral
69 What Winchell collects in Brooklyn



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PERT COG MOP MOPE
OVERTURE ENAMORED
REMAND■NOT■NARINE
ENACT■MURAL■BASIN
 TIE■RESALES■LOT
GUN■CON■T■GAR■NEW
AA■SHE■TOP■DAM■NO
SLATE■LURED■PASTE
  TREPAN■DEVICE
LATER■PECAN■NOTED
ER■WEN■SAL■HEN■MU
ARM■DOT■P■BIS■RAN
 OAR■WATERED■KEN
EGRET■PORED■SAMAR
RATANS■ASA■BERATE
STERTORS PLACATES
TENS WET SOY TEST
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Answer to last week's puzzle

71 American youth's greatest need
72 By these do we reckon intellectual progress in the fall

VERTICAL

1 Treeless street
2 Negroes can take a lot of this on their backs
3 First tabloid victim
4 What you'll find between brawny men's ears
5 There's nothing to this
6 They smell beautifully in the summer and turn red in winter
7 What the Scotch ballplayer did into the collection plate
8 Sound metal
9 Squared up the old score
10 Altared after being Renovated
11 He'll come to grips with his fellow man this fall and try to get in the way of progress
12 Kind of seaman the gals like
13 Fabulous fellow
14 Entrees into the most social homes
21 Least careful
22 Mine drink buyer
24 When better business is done, it'll be passed around
26 Oblongata
28 Cops are at their best in one
29 Berserk brushwork
30 He wants relief from work
32 Well known habitué of dirty restaurants
33 Tall tales for tots
34 What the Spanish workman rarely does along the Prado warm evenings
37 Lots of laughs
38 What women take cocktails for nowadays
41 The old bean they use in China
44 You'll find them around the jam
45 Forward South American country
47 Today's this is tomorrow's violin squeak
50 Where the stars go during the day
52 Steel town ringed with steel
54 The only stand for soldiers to take
55 Timber to plug the White House hole in 1940
57 Stimulus to speed up athlete's foot
58 It covers a lot of ground yet stands still
59 They're awfully sweet in adversity
60 Kind of note the French like to get
61 It was enough for Byron and it should be enough for you—but isn't
62 The end of all business
65 He's old but sounds new to X-worders
70 And that's all this week, folks—yrs. truly signing off

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Vox Pop

Tom Mooney's Lawyer States His Side

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have read with interest the article which appeared in July 24 Liberty entitled Can John L. Lewis Free Mooney? The real question is whether the California Supreme Court will grant Mooney unconditional freedom this year or reject his plea. Mooney's petition for a writ of habeas corpus was submitted to the California Supreme Court on April 16, 1937. The present Acting Chief Justice, Honorable Emmet J. Seawell, was trial judge in two of the five original bomb trials in which defendants Rena Mooney and Israel Weinberg were acquitted. The facts of the Mooney case have never before been presented to a court of law. All prior Mooney hearings have been extrajudicial.

In view of this situation I respectfully call your attention to several misstatements of fact, some of them gross and prejudicial, which appeared in your magazine.

Statement 1. "Right now, embattled Labor has no time for Mooney."

The facts: The California State Federation of Labor in state convention on August 18, 1936, declared its unequivocal support of the fight by Mooney and Billings for vindication and freedom. It further declared its intention to finance all legal proceedings in connection with that fight, not only in the California State Courts but, if necessary, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Statement 2. "Only when it appeared that some witnesses against him had lied did Labor's fight to free him begin."

The facts: Mooney was convicted on February 9, 1917. Labor's fight to free him began as early as April 14, 1917, when the first public knowledge was obtained that witness Oxman attempted to suborn the perjury of Ed Rigall. Thus Labor's fight began when it appeared that Oxman was a suborner of perjury.

In October of 1917 the perjury of Mellie Edeau and Sadie Edeau, state witnesses in the Mooney case, was exposed by Chief of Police Peterson of the Oakland Police Department. On February 7, 1921, John MacDonald, a witness in the Mooney case, swore to an affidavit confessing his perjury. On May 28, 1921, Oxman's partner in the cattle business, Earl K. Hatcher, testified before the Grand Jury in San Francisco that Oxman was in Woodland, California, ninety miles from San Francisco, at the time of the explosion, and not in San Francisco as had been testified to by Oxman, thus exposing Oxman as a perjurer.

These are the only witnesses who testified to material facts in the Mooney case. Since the Mooney case was not a conspiracy case or a circumstantial evidence case, but a direct evidence case based on the testimony of these witnesses, the appearances are that no witness who testified in the Mooney case told the truth.

Statement 3. "Mooney was the son of an immigrant miner. . . . He worked all over the country. . . . He believed in the use of dynamite. He helped found the Red magazine the Revolt, which fomented strikes, preached violence, and breathed hatred of all United States institutions."

The facts: Mooney's father was born in Montgomery, Indiana. His mother was born in Fall Moor, County Mayo, Ireland. Mooney worked for a short time in Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he learned his trade as an iron molder. He took up permanent residence in San Francisco in 1908. Mooney did not believe in the use of dynamite, nor in its implications of violence.

TOM MOONEY

["The very thought of anybody losing their life in any kind of way is repugnant to me. I cannot conceive of it. I have always been violently and bitterly against capital punishment. I have always been against war because it is abhorrent. It is repugnant. The idea of killing people, slaughtering them; and I have never, as I said, in my life, had even a fist fight with another human being. . . .

"I never had any intention of assassinating anybody. I wouldn't even harm a hair on the head of the man who was probably responsible for my terrible predicament for the last twenty years. I have no malice toward him. I have no malice toward any man."—Mooney testimony, habeas corpus proceedings.]

He helped found the magazine Revolt, which was a Socialist publication and was not a Red magazine. The magazine which fits the description in your article, and with which Mooney has been falsely connected for years, was the Blast, an anarchist publication. Mooney had no official connection whatever with the Blast. During its entire life he wrote one article, entitled Will Organized Labor Help? That article was an attack upon compulsory military training in grammar school and had no relationship at all to the Preparedness Day parade.

Statement 4. "He was a friend of Emma Goldman and other noted anarchists."

The facts: Mooney knew Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, particularly Berkman. He did not agree with their ideas or political theory.

["... . But so far as Berkman's political beliefs and mine were concerned, they were in eternal conflict with each other. He was an anarchist and I was a Socialist, and we were in eternal conflict when it came to the question of the final solution of the problems that confronted the working class."—Mooney testimony, habeas corpus proceeding.]

Statement 5. "He had been arrested before when found with an infernal machine."

The facts: Mooney was arrested on July 27, 1916, while vacationing with his wife at a summer resort. He volunteered information of his whereabouts to the San Francisco police. Only once before in his entire life was he arrested, and that was in December, 1914, at Martinez, California, where he was accused of having wire and fulminating caps, but not high explosives, in an open rowboat. After three trials in a prejudicial atmosphere created through the newspapers, he was acquitted. He was never found at any time with an infernal machine.

Statement 6. "Billings, Oxman testified, left the suitcase against a wall about 1.50 P. M. Later he said 1.30 or 1.40."

The facts: Oxman only appeared once as a witness in the bomb case, and that was in the Mooney trial. He testified that the suitcase transaction at Steuart and Market Streets took place at 1.45 P. M. It was witness MacDonald who testified in the Billings trial that the suitcase transaction took place at 2 P. M. and who later changed his testimony in the Mooney trial to 1.30 P. M. The obvious reason for this change of testimony was the fact that between the two trials the Eilers Building photographs had been discovered, showing Mooney on the roof of a building over one mile away from the scene of the explosion at 1.58 P. M.

Statement 7. "Dozens of honest people had seen the suitcase lying against the wall."

The facts: No one claimed that he saw the suitcase lying against the wall except MacDonald and Oxman. Four other witnesses saw a suitcase at Steuart and Market Streets, but saw it in places other than the wall and at times other than the time in question.

Statement 8. "Later, Oxman was tried for perjury and was acquitted."

The facts: Oxman was never tried for perjury, but was tried for an attempt to suborn the perjury of Ed Rigall. His acquittal on that charge has nothing to do with the fact that he was not in San Francisco at the time he testified he saw Mooney. This was the perjured testimony given by Oxman for which he was never tried or even indicted.

Feeling that you would not intentionally misstate the facts, I call this matter to your attention, so that you may be informed and in turn may inform your readers.—*George T. Davis, Attorney for Tom Mooney.*

WHO GETS ALL THE GRAVY?

PORTLAND, ORE.—That bit in August 28 Vox Pop, F. D. R. Is a Balloon, told more truth in less words than any article offered to the public by anybody, anywhere, any time; it was a gem.

Balloon juice has been dished up to the common fry since 1933, at the highest price, per, yet. All charged? Yes, but payday comes, and how.

Millions of morons and hungry millions have always been easy to lead, even if the lure is nothing but hot air all dolled up in pretty words and phrases. But who is getting the gravy while the crumbs go to the poor?

So long as toilers refuse to hang together, they will go on "hanging" one at a time—financially. Yes, I am 100 per cent Democratic.—*G. E. W.*

BALLOON JUICE
TIME PAYMENTS

ACHMED ABDULLAH AND DUVAL IS THE NAME

CHICAGO, ILL.—I don't know whether it serves any good purpose to point it out, but the Two-Minute Story, Duval Is the Name, by Achmed Abdullah (August 28 Liberty), was plagiarism, if I understand the word. An almost identical story was published in the volume Tales of Mystery and Horror, by Maurice Level, shortly after the war.

It is obviously an unwitting case of appropriation of a previously conceived plot. A writer with the reputation of Abdullah would not be likely to stoop to such a practice, in the first place; and in the second place, would at least have had the sense to go to the trouble of changing the locale, city, and even the name of the river.

My guess is that some one told him the story and he grabbed it up, as he heard it, for a story.—*William A. Rutledge III.*

[Exactly, Mr. Rutledge. As Achmed Abdullah said in the opening of that Two-Minute yarn, and later confirmed to us by telegram, "A Frenchman, I believe, told me the story."

We are grateful to a number of other readers who called our attention to this, among them John S. Myers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Caroline Hunter of Philadelphia, Pa., Jacques Chambrun of New York, N. Y., J. Goldenberg of Wildwood, N. J., Helen Sappington of Baltimore, Md., Ned Mauston of Los Angeles, Calif., and Frederica R. Stack of Newport, R. I.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LIFE AMONG THE HALF-BAKED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Jane Anders' article in September 11 Liberty *re* Gents, It's Your Move Now, hits the spot.

You see, such a half-baked husband sits serenely happy in his half-baked job as Mrs. Wife continues to keep him so while she continues contributing to the household upkeep via her half-baked position.

Her said niggardly job is brought about by the "ambitious" wife who "just must have something to do" until along about the age of forty, when she cries: "We wanna have babies, men!" —*Joseph Dunphy.*

UP A TREE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—To the "something-otta-be-done" department: What manner of strange lands and vegetation does your cover artist of September 4 Liberty depict?

A pretty young miss is shown seated in what looks like an apple tree. The catch is that she is picking huge red tomatoes.—*Lee Heinsch.*

KNOXVILLE, IA.—We all enjoy your Liberty, but every once in a while we find a puzzle that stumps us. The last one is the picture on the cover of your September 4 issue.

Please tell us how the lady is going to get the basket off the ladder when she is ready to descend? We're worried. —*H. K. Acton.*

ASKS MACFADDEN TO SUPPLY DOCTRINE OF PHYSIOCRATS

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have just read the editorial in September 4 Liberty, entitled When Good Jobs Go Begging, in which Mr. Macfadden justly criticizes the WPA.

Since he is undoubtedly in the position to obtain all kinds of information, both historic and otherwise, I sincerely request that Mr. Macfadden supply his readers with a synopsis of the doctrine taught by the eighteenth-century physiocrats of France.

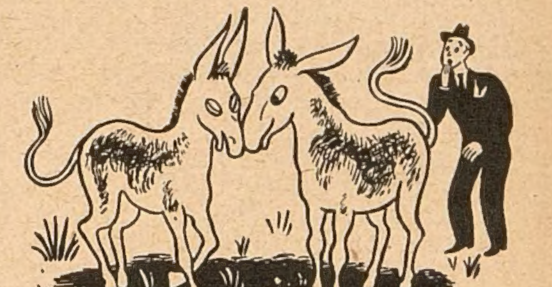
It was from these same physiocrats, while acting as American Minister abroad, that Thomas Jefferson imbibed his knowledge on the economic question which later made him so justly popular with the American people, and which prompted President Abraham Lincoln to assert, "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a Free Society."

Were those principles in operation today, there would be no need for the WPA, the CCC, or any other similar organization in the United States, since every able-bodied man, if he so desired, could employ himself, and be independent of all overcrowded labor markets. — *Eugene W. Way.*

DONKEYS DO LOVE, MR. SHANE

PUEBLO, COLO.—Please take Ted Shane to one side and inform him confidentially that donkeys are not sexless and they *do* love each other.

See September 11 Liberty Cockeyed Crosswords, horizontal 43.—*Don Roof.*



JIM FARLEY AND GYPSUM

PORT CLINTON, OHIO—Just reading your article on James A. Farley, and must hasten to call your attention to at least one omission. Surprised you had not noticed it.

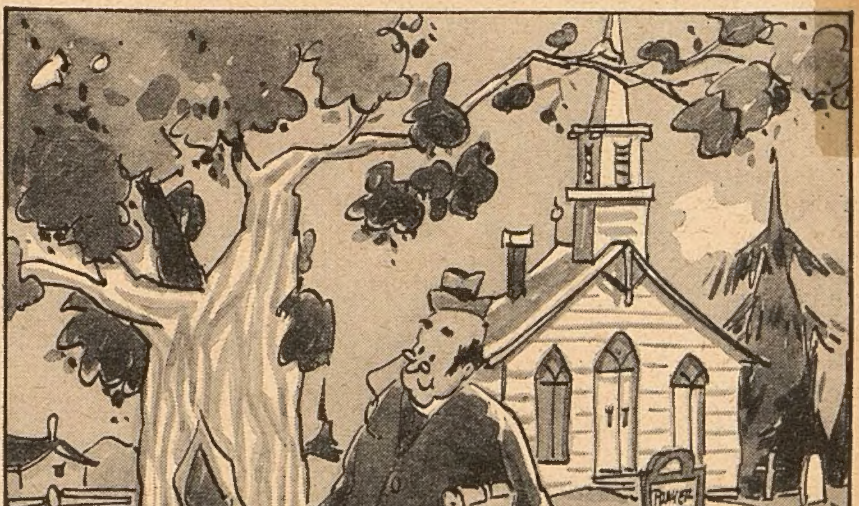
You tell us that he began life selling gypsum, but did you know that he is still at it—only has slightly changed the pronunciation? He now spells it gyps 'um.—*Ann Other Kelly.*

3,409 WORDS REDUCED TO 10!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A district attorney spills 3,409 words to tell why the Dot King murder was never solved. I can tell the district attorney why in 10 words. Lookit: No stool pigeon told the dumb cops who did it.—*Veritas.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER



"Just tell my folks I was in church Sunday, Reverend—I'll do the same for you some day."

A Great Story But—He Couldn't Read a Word

WHAT A SITUATION! Time: Only a few months ago. Place: Far out in the equatorial Pacific. Person: Charles J. Hubbard, former football star and coach of the Harvard eleven when Harvard really had an eleven. There was Hubbard with the manuscript of a great story for Liberty—but it was in German script and he could not read German!

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED: One afternoon about a year ago I dropped in for tea at the Cape Cod home of Hubbard and his wife, Dorothy Speare, on the shores of Buttermilk Bay. A gay little party sat by the fireplace while Hubbard held us entranced with stories of his adventures in the wilderness of Labrador. From that we fell to discussing other strange places of the earth, and I asked if he had ever been to the Galapágos. Soon we were talking about that strange colony on Floreana Island; the sudden death of Dr. Ritter, the German philosopher who had settled there; the inexplicable disappearance of the blonde baroness who had terrified other inhabitants; and, finally, the riddle of the two dead men on the sandy shore. As the shadows filled the room we became more and more absorbed in this great modern enigma, and before I left we had reached an agreement by which Liberty would send Hubbard to the Galapágos Islands to see what could be found.

HE SAILED IN A FORTY-SEVEN-FOOT SLOOP called Zavorah, and the tale of what happened on that exciting voyage is only a little less exciting than the romance and tragedy revealed in the manuscript he brought home. That manuscript is the self-told story of Mrs. Heinz Wittmer, the last woman still living on the death-haunted island. In Liberty next week Mr. Hubbard begins the story of his voyage to the Galapágos in his own small sailing ship. His will be an introduction to Mrs. Wittmer's own great story, to follow immediately, one of the most fascinating fact yarns we have ever given you in Liberty.

* * *

AN HONEST HOLLYWOOD STORY AT LAST. It is always an event when a new writer is found. Some weeks ago I told you about Robert Ray and his manuscript Ambush, which will be published in Liberty within a few weeks. Now, another new writer for whom we predict great things. His story, What Makes Sammy Run? will appear in Liberty next week. The name of the author is Budd Wilson Schulberg, and in spite of the fact that his father is B. P. Schulberg, a motion-picture producer, this young man's first story is about Hollywood, handled with disconcerting and forthright frankness. Here is young Mr. Schulberg's own opinion of himself:

"Aside from short short and playwriting contests won at Dartmouth College last year, and my salary as editor of the daily paper there, my only writing profits have come from the sale of one story to a little magazine called Literary America, and the future production of a musical comedy, Banned in Boston, at the San Francisco Golden Jubilee. I recently submitted a short story to Story Magazine, called Man Without a Country—1937, which I am very much afraid will hardly eclipse the original version.

"Since coming to work in Hollywood, where I am known, if at all, as a 'junior writer,' I have become increasingly interested in getting something down on paper about Hollywood, something which is neither exposé nor gaga, something which can attempt to integrate the serious labor, the glamour, the phoniness, the spurts of honesty, the whole mad scramble of achievement and waste, industrial as well as personal, that makes Hollywood unique in the world. I mean that out of this place must come a great book. I have never understood why some of the better Hollywood writers have not understood the town that way. I feel that at this stage I have neither the time nor the experience to try anything complex, but I am going to try to write more sketches like Sammy, linking them together loosely, with the outside chance that they may compose some kind of book sometime.

"Whether I can sustain the quality of the Sammy story is not yet proved. I feel I have learned a lot about writing from plugging away on screen work here at the studio, and I feel I am improving."

* * *

THERE ARE MANY OTHER EXCITING features in Liberty next week. Eddie Cantor writes hilariously on Get Thee Behind Me, Trailer; Steve Owen has a fine piece on professional football. Elita Wilson discusses a subject of interest to every woman: Live Alone and Look it. Frederick Collins, in an important article, asks, Can the Legal Profession Clean House? Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Ethel Doherty, Louise Long, Bert Green, Fred MacIsaac, Will Irwin, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Max Brand, and many others help to make up one of the strong issues of the year.

* * *

LIBERTY IS ONE OF THE MOST QUOTED of contemporary American magazines. Almost every article that appears is reprinted many times in various special publications. Some are most significant, as, for example, the reprinting of the article by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, What Would Jesus Teach About Social Hygiene? by the Parent-Teachers Association of Manhattan, Kansas. The Student Voice, official monthly publication of the Chinese Students' Forum in Mott Street, New York's famous Chinatown, is reprinting our articles by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, the proceeds to go toward a fund to aid the refugees of the Sino-Japanese War.

* * *

ANOTHER LITERARY SCOOP. Some years ago Liberty published an interesting serial by Zona Gale, Afraid to Marry. Later the story appeared in book form under the title Light Woman. Now, in his customary selection of Books of the Year, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University acclaims Miss Gale's story as one of the eight novels published in 1937 which he considers best worth reading.

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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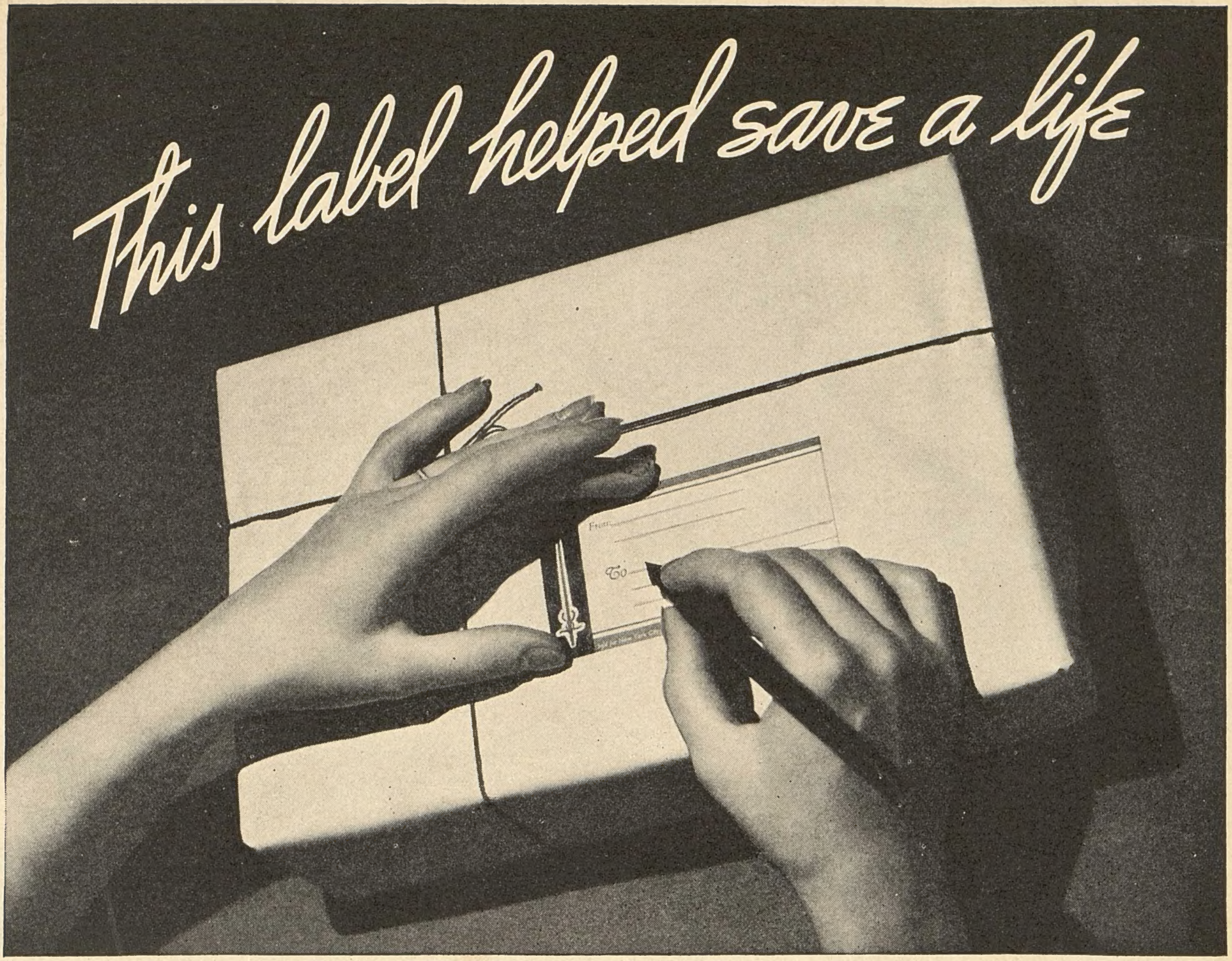

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PRIVATE SECRETARY, Rosamond Morse (*right*): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."

COL. ROSCOE TURNER (*above*): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"

RALPH GULDAHL, (*above*) Golf Champion: "Camels *are* different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."

TEXAS RANCHER (*above*), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (*left*): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

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